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The Herbarium of the University of Cambridge

The Roxburghe Ballads.

The following is a list of the

The
Roxburghe Ballads.

WITH SHORT NOTES BY
WM. CHAPPELL, F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF
"HISTORY OF THE BALLAD LITERATURE AND POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME."

AND COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS, DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY
MR. W. H. HOOPER.

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☞ No publication will be sent to any Member till his Subscription for 1873 is paid.

The Ballad Society.

Fourth Report.

(BY MR. FURNIVALL.)

OCTOBER, 1873.

THOUGH this Report is sadly late in its appearance,* yet it brings with it the first Part of this year's issue, as well as the last Part of last year's. Part IV. of the Roxburghe Ballads for 1872 starts the second volume of our reprint of this well-known collection, while Part V. continues that volume. I had hoped that Part VI. would have been our second issue for 1873, thus completing Volume II.; but Mr. Chappell's work at his *History of Music* compels him to shorten the time he can give to Ballads; and Part VI. of the 'Roxburghe' is therefore put off till 1874. Its place for 1873 will be filled, I hope, by the second Part of the second volume of *Ballads from Manuscripts*, the appearance of which has been so long deferred from want of funds, and which Mr. Morfill of Oriel has kindly undertaken to edit. It will contain an Introduction, etc., to Richard Williams's *Poore Man's Pittance* issued by the Society as its No. 3, in 1868, together with Ballads on Queen Elizabeth, Essex, Campion, Drake, etc. That any of these Ballads possess high poetic

* A severe dispute as to large charges for 'corrections' led to a change of printers early in the year. It was a long time before we could get the woodcuts set free from the old forms of type; then our new printers, Messrs. Austin & Sons, of Hertford, could give us only three sheets of proof at once; occasional delays for new cuts, for settling some doubtful point, or collating another copy of a Ballad, have occurred; so that we have not been able to get the two Parts out before the present time.

merit, none of us can hope. Experience has taught us that, when Ballad-writing became a trade, and ceased to be the spontaneous expression of high emotion, geniuses didn't write ballads, nor did imagination and poetic fervour inform their lines. None the less, however, do the more prosaic utterances of the Deloneys and Martin Parkers—or their representatives—of the Elizabethan and Stuart times, reflect the feelings of the common folk they were written for, and sung to; none the less valuable, therefore, are they to us, students of the history of the social and political life of former times. Look at our first Part for last year, the completion of my *Ballads from Manuscripts* on the social condition of Tudor England: see in it the fierce invectives (in 1528) against Wolsey by one of those commoners of England whom he had “gnawen as a Dogge dothe a Catte”; see the Northern Papist's call to rebellion (in 1536) against Henry VIII.'s Reformation, and his minister Cromwell's exactions; see the glad procession on Anne Boleyn's coronation, the hopes that such men as Leland and Udal had of the results to spring from it; then read the Ballad of her Fortune, and witness her end; see the guiltless student of Plato at the scaffold, read her ‘Lamentation’ and ‘Lament’ before she ‘mekely’ took her death; turn to the earlier denunciation of the ‘Galaunt's’ silly vicious ways, imported from France into England;—in all you have witness of the feelings, the life, of the times, and are helpt in your judgment of what those times were. Nor does the case alter, save in aspect, when you turn to the *Roxburghe Ballads*. There you have seldom the fierceness of political dispute; but you find pictures of home life. You see on one hand the ‘Lover Forsaken’ lamenting his lost Love; on the other, ‘The Maiden's Complaint of her Love's inconstancie’; you see ‘The merry-conceited Lasse, Whose heart's desire was set on fire, A husband for to have’; ‘A Messe of Good Fellowes,’ who *will* have ‘the other odd quart’; ‘John Tomson and Jakaman his Wife’ discussing whether husbands or wives are most in fault; ‘Mock-beggar Hall,’ with its satire on the show, the pretentiousness, and stinginess, of upstarts striving to ape nobles; you hear the praise of ‘The Milkmaid's Life,’ the Blacksmith's trade; you hear the old old story of Grisild's constancy re-told, the Lord of Lorn's sorrows re-sung, the love of ‘Maudlin, the Merchant's Daughter,’ re-celebrated; and you can enter into the feelings and mind of those to

whom these Ballads were books. Poor the lines may be; but they have interest for men who not only can read the lines, but read between them.

My attention has been called by some of our Members to a Reprint of the Roxburghe Ballads publisht in parts—of which the first appeared last summer—by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, of the Strand. Having had no previous notice of the intention of any one to repeat (almost) our Society's work—a notice which I should have expected any literary man to give Mr. Chappell or me—I was led to inquire into the circumstances of the new publication, and was informed that it was a matter of trade, undertaken by the son of a bookseller at Brighton, who, having previously modernized some old printed texts,—spoiling correct sentences occasionally, altering good words like 'dung' (perf. of *ding*, batter down) to 'dug,' and introducing into one text, at least, passages written by himself,* as the original author's,—had resolved to discontinue these reprehensible practices, and adopt the better one of reprinting old Texts as he found them†; and that he had resumed a formerly-entertained scheme of taking the Roxburghe Ballads as his to-be-let-alone texts. While applauding the resolve not to modernize old spelling, and spoil old words and sentences, and while recognizing the soundness of the trade judgment which took advantage of the fresh publicity given to the worth of the Roxburghe Ballads by our Society's edition, and the notices in the Percy Folio Romances, one would still have been glad if the new reprinter had thought the Bagford or some other collection likely to pay, and so cleared it out of the Society's way. But as it would doubtless not have paid so well, and as the Roxburghe Collection was, and is, of course, open to any one to reprint, the Members of the Ballad Society can only rest well content that the readers of the Roxburghe Ballads are largely increast in number by the new reprint, and can only hope that the interest created in them by that publication will make them want to know more about the Ballads than they find in the reprint, and thus induce them to buy the Society's *edition*, by that most competent Ballad-editor, Mr. William Chappell.

* This was confesst by the writer—much to his credit—to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, and the confession was made public by an editorial 'Notice to Correspondents.'

† A like course would have removed the temptation in other editors to compose those interesting additions to Dulwich Letters, Revels at Court, etc., from which Shakspeare students so long suffered.

I ask all Members to try and get fresh ones for the Society, and all Members in arrear to pay their subscriptions at once.

The Ballad Society's books are printed in demy 8vo., like those of the Early English Text Society and the volumes of the Percy Folio (but on toned paper for the sake of the woodcuts), and also in super-royal 8vo. on Whatman's eighty-shilling ribbed paper, tinted expressly for the Society. The subscription for the demy octavos is *One Guinea* a year; that for the super-royal ribbed papers *Three Guineas*. The subscriptions date from Jan. 1, 1868. The Society's books can be had only by Subscribers. The Society's printers are Messrs. Austin & Sons, Fore Street, Hertford, and to them all complaints as to non-delivery of Texts should be made.

Local Secretaries are wanted.

Subscriptions should be paid either to the account of *The Ballad Society* at the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, E.C., or to—

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Ballad Society.

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Petty Cash ...	£ 0	14 0	Taylor & Co. for Ballads		
Cash at Bankers	13	10 4	from MSS., Vol. I.,		
			Part II., etc. ...	119	0 6
Members' Subscriptions ...	220	9 3	Sundries ...	1	8 8
				120	9 2
			Postage, Packing, etc. ...	6	4 11
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				136	14 1
			Balances Dec. 31st, 1872—		
			Petty Cash ...	0	10 1
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				97	19 6
				£234	13 7
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ARTHUR G. SNELGROVE,
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The Ballad Society.

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Live with me, and be my Love.

Two famous songs are here united in the form of a street-ballad, of which this is perhaps the only extant copy. The first, "Come, live with me, and be my Love," has been attributed to Shakespeare, although there seems to be but little doubt of its being by Christopher Marlowe. The second is the reply to it by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The earliest known appearance of the first is in Marlowe's tragedy, *The Jew of Malta*, written in or before the year 1591. The first lines are there printed with the following preamble:—

"Thou, in those groves, by Dis above,
Shall live with me, and be my love."

It is to be inferred therefore that the entire song was sung in the play.

Again, it is included in *England's Helicon*, published in 1600, with the subscription "Chr. Marlow," and the answer follows it, as "The Nymph's reply to the Shepheard." The latter is subscribed "Ignoto." It begins:

"If all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every Shepherd's tongue."

The subscription of Ignoto is translated "Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days," by Izaak Walton, the first edition of whose *Angler* was printed in 1653. Walton introduces also the original, which called forth this reply, as "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow at least fifty years ago."

The cause of its having been attributed to Shakespeare is that W. Jaggard, the publisher, included it in *Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musicke*, appended to "*The passionate Pilgrime*, by Mr. William Shakespeare," in 1599. But the title-page does not declare that all or even any of the Sonnets are by Shakespeare. Marlowe's song and its tune were evidently very popular about that date, as is proved by the numerous ballads that were written to be sung to the tune of *Live with me, and be my Love*. Among them is "Jane Shore," already reprinted in this collection. "The Imprisonment of Queen Eleanor" and others to the same tune are enumerated in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 213 to 215.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 3, Scene 1, Sir Hugh Evans sings four lines, which form a part of the second and a part of the third stanza of the song:

“To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.”

There were two tunes to the ballad, and one of them had a burden for the repetition of the third and fourth lines of each stanza, but this has not yet been identified. The second tune was composed by Dr. Wilson.

The title in *England's Helicon* is “The passionate Sheepheard to his love”; and of the Second Part, “The Nymph's reply to the Sheepheard.”

[Roxb. Coll. I. 205.]

A most excellent Ditty of the

Lover's promises to his beloved.

TO A SWEET NEW TUNE, CALLED *Live with me, and be my Love.*



[Come¹] Live with me, and be my Love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That vallies, groves, hills, and fields,
 Woods, or steepy mountaines yeelds:
 That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
 Woods, or steepy mountaines yeelds.

3

6

¹ The copy in *England's Helicon* (Reprint by J. P. Collier, pp. 213 to 215) begins the line with the word "Come," as it is now invariably printed.

And we will sit upon the rockes,
 Seeing the Shepheards feede their flockes
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

By shallow rivers, to whose fals, &c.

11

And I will make thee beds of roses
 And a thousand fragrant pos[i]es;
 A cap of flowers and a kirtle
 Imbrodred all with leaves of mirtle,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle, &c.

16

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
 Faire lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

Faire lined slippers for the cold, &c.

21

¹Thy silver dishes, fil'd with meate
 As precious as the gods doe eate,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

Shall on an ivory table be, etc.

26

The shepherd swaines shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each faire² morning,
 If these delights thy minde might³ move,
 To⁴ live with me, and be my love.

If these delights, &c.

31

Finis.

¹ This stanza is different in *England's Helicon*. It there stands thus:

“A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
 With corall clasps and amber studs,
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me, and be my love.”

² May.

³ may.

⁴ Then.

The Ladies prudent answer to her Love.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

If all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moove,
To live with thee and be thy love.

These pretty pleasures, &c.

5

But flowers¹ fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckning yeelds;
A hony tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancies Spring, but sorrowes fall.

A hony tongue, &c.

10

Time drives the flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage and rockes grow cold,
And Philomel becommeth dumbe—
The rest complaines of times² to come.

And Philomel becommeth, &c.

15

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy pos[i]es
Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Soone breake, &c.

20

³ What should you talke of dainties then?
Of better meate than serveth men?
All that is vaine; this onely good
Which God doth blesse and send for food.

All that is vaine, &c.

25

¹ "The flowers doe fade." This second and the third stanza are transposed in *England's Helicon*.

² cares.

³ In *England's Helicon* thus:

"Thy belt of straw and ivie buddes,
Thy corall claspes and amber studdes,
All these in mee no meanes can move
To come to thee, and be thy love."

If you[th] could last, and love still breede,
 Had joyes no date, nor age no neede,
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee and be thy Love.
Then these delights, &c.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

Love's Lunacy.

ONE would suppose that Mr. Richard Climsell, the author of this ballad, had been studying the Lemprière of his day, for the purpose of finding materials to work up into ballads. His learned allusions to classical fables must have bewildered some of his readers, while others, perhaps, would have been better pleased if he had studied English grammar. It is however but fair to suppose that the printer is accountable for much of the last, since there is at least one line that the author cannot have written.

The second title of "Mad Bessie's *Fegary*" means "Mad Bessie's *Vagary*."

This is perhaps the only extant copy of the ballad.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 206, 207.]

Love's Lunacie ;

Dr,

Mad Bessie's Fegary.

Declaring her sorrow, care, and mone,
Which may cause many a sigh and grone:
A young man did this maid some wrong,
Wherefore she writ this mournfull song.

TO THE TUNE OF *The mad man's morris.*



Poore Besse, mad Besse, so they call me,
I'm metamorposéd ;
Strange sights and visions I doe see,
By Furies I am led :
Tom was the cause of all my woe,
To him I loudly cry,
My love to him there's none doth know,
Yet heere he lets me lie.

This Bethlem is a place of torment;
 Heere's fearfull notes still sounding;
 Heere minds are fil'd with discontent,
 And terrors still abounding. 12
 Some shake their chaines in wofull wise,
 Some sweare, some curse, some roaring,
 Some shrieking out with fearfull cries,
 And some their cloaths are tearing. 16
 O curst Alecto! that fierce fury
 Megara, [and] Tysiphon,
 Are governours of my late glory—
 Wise Pallas me doth shun. 20
 My jems, my jewels, and my earrings,
 Are turnd to iron fetters;
 They now doe serve for others' wearings—
 Such as are now my betters. 24
 Oreades¹ Fairies now doe lead me
 Ore mountaines, hils and valleys;
 Naiades doe² through waters drive me,
 And Brizo³ with me dallies: 28
 O sometimes I dreame of my Tom,
 Then with my folded armes
 I him embrace, saying "welcome,"
 But waking breeds my harmes. 32
 Adrastea⁴ now robbeth me
 Of all my wit and patience;
 Angarona⁵ will not receive me,
 To live in peace and silence: 36
 My mind runs on my fine apparell,
 Which once did fit my wearing;
 Then with my selfe I seeme to quarrell,
 My rags I fall to tearing. 40

¹ Oreades, the Nymphs. The original has "Orcades."

² *Orig.* doth.

³ Brizo, a prophetic goddess of Delos, who sent dreams and revealed their meaning to man.

⁴ Adrasteia, a Cretan nymph, to whom Rhea entrusted the infant Zeus to be reared.

⁵ Angerona, a Roman divinity, the goddess of anguish and fear, "who not only produced this state of mind, but also relieved men from it."

O once I was as faire as Briseis,
 And chast as was Cassandra,
 But living voyd of joy and blisses,
 I'm Hero to Leander :
 For as chast Hero herselfe drowned,
 So I am drown'd in sorrow ;
 The Fates on me hath sorely frowned,
 No patience I can borrow.

44

48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



I'm like to faire Philomela
 By Tereus basely ravished ;¹
 Yet when his burning lust did thaw,
 He closely her imprisoned :²

52

¹ Philomela, changed into a nightingale, and Tereus into a hawk, or, as some say, into other birds.

² Something is wrong here, but there is no other copy to collate by. "Imprisoned" cannot have been intended to rhyme with "ravished." One would suspect such a line as "He hatred on her lavished," for the fable is that Tereus cut out Philomela's tongue, to prevent her telling.

And even so I'm quite defloured
 By Tom of all my senses :
 My love and meanes he hath devoured,
 Making no recompences. 56

You Gods, and all you Goddesses,
 Pray listen to my mourning,
 And grace me with this happinesse,
 To see my Tom's returning. 60
 Or, if you will not grant me this,
 To send him hither to me,
 Send me but word whereas he is,
 And, Tom, Ile come unto thee. 64

If that he be in God Marses traine,
 Where armour brightly glisters,
 Be sure Ile fetch him home againe,
 In spite of the Three Sisters : 68
 Or if he be in Venus' Court,
 Where Cupid shoots his arrowes,
 Ile fetch him thence, from all his sport,
 Onely to ease my sorrowes. 72

Stay, who comes here? 'tis the Sisters Three,
 Which lately I did mention,
 I doubt they come to chide with me,
 And hinder my intention. 76
 Clotho brings wool, Lachesis doth spin,
 Atropos cuts asunder ;
 Now Ile away, and not be seene,
 Each one is my commander. 80

You Maids and Virgins faire and pure,
 Note well my carefull calling,
 You cannot thinke what I endure,
 Cupid hath caus'd my falling : 84
 When I was as now many be,
 Free from God Cupid's arrowes,
 I would have smil'd at any shee,
 That should tell me of sorrowes. 88

My lodging once was soft and easie,
 My garments silke and sattin :
 Now in a locke of straw I lie,
 This is a wofull pattin :¹ 92
 My diet once was choice and fine,
 All which did not content me;
 Now I drinke water, once good wine
 Was naught, unlesse 'twere sent mee. 96

Thus pride and love together joyn'd
 To worke my utter ruine ;
 They wrought my discontent in mind,
 Which causes my undoing. 100
 And thus, good people all, adue,
 Perhaps you nere may see me ;
 Farewell, I bid once more to you,
 I'm grieved sore, believe me. 104

But if you chance once more to come,
 Bring tidings from my dearest,
 By all meanes bring my true love Tom,
 Hee's welcomst when hee's neerest : 108
 The day is past, and night is come,
 And here comes our commander ;
 Hee'le locke me into a darke roome,
 'Tis sorrowes chiefest chamber. 112

Finis.

Richard Climsull.

At London, Printed for John Wright the younger, and are
 to bee sold at the upper end of the Old-Bayley.

¹ "Pattin" for "pattern," to make a rhyme.

Pretty Comparisons.

THIS again seems to be the only extant copy of an amusing ballad. Scornful maidens have here strong inducements held out to them to marry while they can. They are like everything that is out of order as they now are, but if they would only marry, they would become everything that is right and proper.

Francis Quarles, who was contemporary with the publisher of

[Roxb. Coll. I. 208, 209.]

Pretty Comparisons wittily grounded,
Which by scornfull Maidens may best be expounded.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Like to the Damask Rose.* THE SECOND
STRAINE TO BE SUNG TWICE OVER.



Like to a dove-cote never haunted,
Or a petition never granted,
Or like broad-cloth without a taylor,
Or like a jayle without a jaylor,
Or like a lanthorne without a light,
Or wedding-day without a night:

3

6

the ballad, moralized in the same style of comparisons. One of his productions begins thus:

*By Francis
Quarles,
contemporary
with the
ballad -
put together*

"Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flowers of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shades,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Even such is man whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning wasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies."

Just such as those
may shee be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a maid. 10
 The dove-cote haunted,
 yeelds much profit;
 The petition granted,
 good comes of it; 14
 The taylor puts
 broad cloth in shape;
 The jaylor lets
 no prisoner 'scape; 18
 The candle light
 is the lanthornes treasure;
 The wedding-night
 crownes all the pleasure: 22
So is that maiden
in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes
ere shee dyes. 26

Like to a ring without a finger,
 Or like a bell without a ringer,
 Or like a horse that's never ridden, 29
 Or like a feast, and no guests bidden,
 Or like a well without a bucket,
 Or like a rose, and no one plucke it: 32
Just such as those
may she be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a maid. 36
 The ring, if worne,
 the finger decketh;
 The bell, if rung,
 good musicke maketh; 40
 The horse doth ease,
 if it be ridden;
 The feast doth please,
 if guests be bidden; 44
 The bucket drawes
 the water for thee;
 The rose, when pluckt,
 is then most worthy:
So is that maiden, &c. 49

Like to stock not grafted on, Or like a lute nere played upon, Or like a jacke without a weight, Or like a barke without a freight, Or like a locke without a key, Or like a souldier without pay :	52
<i>Just such as those may she be said, That time doth lose, and dyes a maid.</i>	59
The stocke that's grafted, yeelds best fruit ; Best musick's in The fingered lute ; The weight doth make the jacke goe ready ; The freight ¹ doth make the barke goe steady ; The key the locke doth open right ; The souldier paid is prone to fight : So is that maiden, &c.	63 72
Like to a needle without thread, Or like a word without a deed, Or like a warrant never seal'd, Or like a thought that's nere reveal'd, Or like a line without a hooke, Or like good meate without a cooke :	75
<i>Just such as those may she be said, That time doth lose, and dyes a maid.</i>	82
The thread with needle yeelds much pleasure ; The deed and word make decent measure ; The seale in force the warrant makes ; The thought reveal'd all doubt forsakes ;	86 90

¹ Original fraught.

The hooke with line
doth catch the fishes ;
The cooke of meat
makes wholesome dishes :
*So is that maiden
in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes
ere she dyes.*

94

98

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Like to a question and no answer,
Or like a call without "Anon, Sir,"
Or like a ship was never rig'd,
Or like a mine was never dig'd,
Or like a wound without a plaister,
Or like a household, and no master :

101

104

*Just such as those
may she be said,
That time doth lose
and dyes a maid.* 108

The question answered,
strife appeaseth ;
“ Anon, Anon,”
the caller pleaseth ; 112

The riggèd ship
sayles with the wind ;
Who digges the mine,
shall treasure find ; 116

The wound is by
the plaister cured ;
The house by th’ master
is secured : 120

*So is that maiden
in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes
ere she dyes.* 124

Like to a marrow bone nere broken,
Or commendations, and no token,
Or like a fort, and none to win it, 127
Or like the moone, and no man in it,
Or like a schoole without a teacher,
Or like a pulpit, and no preacher : 130

*Just such as those
may she be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a maid.* 134

The marrow bone
that’s broke eates pleasant ;
The token makes
a gratefull present ; 138

There’s triumph in
the fort that’s won ;
The man rides glorious
in the moone ; 142

The schoolle is by
the teacher still’d ;
The pulpit’s by
the preacher fill’d :
So is that maiden, &c. 147

Like to a pistoll, and no shot,
Or like a promise quite forgot,
Or like a hawke that's never man'd, 150
Or like a hide before 'tis tan'd,
Or like a coach, and nere a horse,
Or like a coffin, and no corse : 153

*Just such as those
may she be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a maid.* 157

The pistoll charged,
helpes in danger ;
Hee that keepes promise,
is no ranger ; 161

The hawke that's man'd
yeelds princely sport ;
The hide well tan'd,
there's much use for't ; 165

The horse doth cause
the coach to carry ;
The coffin's us'd
the corse to bury :
So is that maiden, &c. 170

Like to a house by no one kept,
Or like a corne field never reapt,
Or like a wind-mill without sayles, 173
Or like a horse-shooe without nayles,
Or like a cage without a bird,
Or like a scabberd, and no sword : 176

*Just such as those
may she be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a maid.* 180

The house well kept,
guests entertaineth ;
The corne-field reapt,
man's life sustaineth ; 184

The wind-mill sayles
the graine well grindeth ;
Horse-shooes with nayles,
sure footing findeth ; 188

The bird in cage	
sings merrily ;	
The sword in sheath,	
shewes decently :	192
<i>So is that maiden</i>	
<i>in mine eyes,</i>	
<i>Who loves and marryes</i>	
<i>ere shee dyes.</i>	196

Printed at London for Fr. Coules, dwelling in the Old-Bayly.

A light heart's a jewel.

HERE again a ballad of which there is perhaps no other extant copy. Happy was the man who could keep his "vagaries" under such control as did the "honest good blade" of the ballad. He was no "Gravesend traveller," and therefore did not assume a license to tell "strange stories" of his adventures, like those who had visited such distant parts. He was no Kent-street maunder, no forger of Corantos, no roaring boy, no whisk, no lift, no decoy, no city-shuffler, no pettyfogger, no common-bail, no bowling-alley rook, no bum-bailiff, and he would not even wear the fine rags of gallants. He would have his dance upon the village green, and his cup of old Canary when he required it. Such was the "honest upright heart," who would have his own vagary, and whose account of himself is here presented to the reader.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 210, 211.]

A light heart's a jewell ;

Dr,

The honest good blade who a free heart doth carry,
And cares for nothing but to have 's owne vagary.

To THE TUNE OF *Jacke Pudding's vagary.*



All you that merry lives doe lead
although your meanes bee little,
That seldome are o'erseene¹ in bread,
nor take much thought for vittle :
Attend while I'le exemplyfie
the mind that I doe carry,
I take delight both morne and night
to have mine owne vagary.

4

8

Though fortune have not lent me wealth,
as shee hath done to many,
Yet while I've liberty and health,
I'le bee as blith as any :
I'le beare an honest upright heart,
there's none shall prove contrary,
Yet now and then abroad I'le start,
and have mine owne vagary.

12

16

¹ "Overseen" is more usually applied to the effects of drinking, as "being tipsy," but here it seems to mean "overcome with eating."

No base profession will I chuse,
 thereby to get my living,
 No Kent-street maunding will I use,
 my mind's more bent to giving : 20
 I will not say I'm this and that,
 with bug-beare boasts to scare ye,
 Let coxcombs prate they know not what,
I'le have my owne vagary. 24

I am no Graves-end travailour—
 No teller of strange storyes;
 No forger¹ of Corantos, nor
 a man that evermore is 28
 Extolling of his owne deserts,
 and with proud words will dare ye;
 Let such as these are act their parts,
I'le have my owne vagary. 32

I am no haunter of the playes
 to picke poore people's purses,
 Nor one that, every word he saies,
 doth coyne new oathes and curses : 36
 If I doe runne on tapsters' scores
 to pay them I am wary,
 Let others spend their means on whoors,
I love mine owne vagary. 40

I am no blade nor roaring boy,
 aboading in the city,
 No whiske, no lift,² nor no decoy,
 nor one that asks for pittie : 44
 My education's not the best,
 yet such a heart I carry
 That what my humour ca'nt digest,
it fits not my vagary. 48

¹ Forger=inventor. The Coranto, a swift and lively dance in triple time, (three dactyls), with sliding passages close to the ground, and with turns and winds of unexpected change and traverses. This line in the ballad may be summed up as, "I'm not a dancing-master."

² The coupling together of "No whiske, no lift," seems to refer to card-playing. Whisk is in one sense "an impertinent fellow," and in another, "the game of whist." A "lift" is "a trick at whist, or other games at cards," in lifting for the deal. Again, "The lifting law," says Dekker, "teacheth a kind of lifting of goods cleane away," still called shop-lifting.

No city shuffler, scarce of age
to have what fate hath left me,
No haire-braind asse that's full of rage;
reason hath not bereft me:
No great bum-bayly that may fright
my fearefull adversary,
But one that loves and takes delight
to have his owne vagary.

52

56

No usurer that hords up trash,
nor yet a noted spender,
No borrowing sharke that never payes,
but to a friend a lender:
No petyfog, nor common-bayle,
for no such fellowes care I,
In honest sort I'le never faile
to have mine owne vagary.

60

64

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



- No bowling-alley rooke am I
 that sweareth all by "dam mee,"
 By such I'le not o'er-reached bee—
 in this there's none can blame mee; 68
 No swaggering pimp, that champion is
 to Doll, to Kate, and Sary,
 I hate such slavish offices,
those fit not my vagary. 72
- Those painefull swaines, that on the greene
 doe dayly take their pleasure,
 The pleasant'st life that can bee seene
 though not so stor'd with treasure; 76
 When husbandmen and sheapheard swaines
 with lasses of the dary
 Doe sportingly trip ore the plaines,
O that fits my vagary. 80
- I care not to weare Gallant raggs,
 and owe the taylour for them,
 I care not for those vaunting brags,
 I ever did abhore them: 84
 What to the world I seeme to bee
 no man shall prove contrary,
 My suites shall suite to my degree,
O that fits my vagary. 88
- I care not for those scarre-crowe blades
 whose valour lyes in speeches,
 That in discourse of manhood wades
 oft-times above their reaches: 92
 If I have not a minde to fight
 I'le urge no adversary,
 When word and deed both jump aright,
O that fits my vagary. 96
- I care not for the broaker's booke,
 my name's not there inrouled;
 I nothing owe, therefore I looke
 by none to be controuled: 100
 I doe not feare the sergeant's mace,
 walke by the counter dare I
 And looke at bayliffe in the face,
O this is my vagary. 104

I care not much in company
to spend what is allotted ;
I'le drinke but for sufficiency,
I'le never be besotted : 108
When I doe feele my spirits dull,
a cup of old Canary
Will fill my heart with courage full,
and this is my vagary. 112

I care not for sad malcontent
that is the bane of nature ;
I love good honest merriment,
and I'le despise no creature 116
That's for my use and sustinence ;
and still I will bee wary
Least I exceed in my expence ;
that fits not my vagary. 120

Still will I have an honest care
that none lyes wronged by mee,
I'le not build castles in the ayre.
Whoever lists to try me 124
Shall find in all that's promis'd heere
not any word contrary,
I envious censure doe not feare,
I'le have mine owne vagary. 128

[Roxb. Coll. I. 212, 213]

London's Ordinarie ;

Or,

Every man in his humnour.¹

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



Through the Royall Exchange as I walked,
 Where gallants in sattin doe shine ;
 At midst of the day they parted away
 To severall places to dine.

4

¹ The tavern signs of London, as they existed in the reigns of

The Gentry went to the King's-head,
The Nobles unto the Crowne;
The Knights went to the Golden Fleece,
And the Plough-men to the Clowne. 8

The Cleargie will dine at the Mitre,
The Vintners at the Three Tunnes;
The Usurers to the Devill will goe,
And the Fryers to the Nunnes. 12

The Ladyes will dine at the Feathers,
The Globe no Captaine will scorne;
The Hunts-men will goe to the Gray-hound below,
And some Townes-men to the Horne. 16

The Plummers will dine at the Fountaine,
The Cookes at the Holy Lambe;
The Drunkards by noone to the Man in the Moon,
And the Cuckolds to the Ramme. 20

The Roarers will dine at the Lyon,
The Water-men at the Old Swan;
The Bawdes will to the Negro goe,
And Whores to the Naked Man. 24

James I. and of his successor, are enumerated in this ballad. As it was reprinted without change in the reign of Charles II., we may infer that the same signs remained, in spite of the changes of proprietors. Perhaps the earliest copy of the ballad now extant is in the Pepysian Collection, Vol. I., No. 97, p. 192, "Printed at London for John Wright, dwelling neere the Old Baily," 1605-1628. The Roxburghe Collection includes two editions, the earlier of which was issued by "the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke," who began publishing in 1620; and the second by Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke, of Charles II. date. Other copies of the latter edition are included in the Bagford and in the Rawlinson Collections, and Evans reprinted from it, in his *Old Ballads*, 1810. He omitted a stanza, but that is not a rare occurrence in Evans's Collection. It is probable that he had the ballads but for a short time in his possession before dispersing them by the hammer, and therefore had not time to collate. No collation can have been made. At p. 168 of Vol. I. he left "scoop" to rhyme with "brush," in consequence of his copyist having transcribed the last line from the stanza immediately below the one which he ought to have followed.

The Keepers will to the White Hart,
 The Marchants unto the Shippe;
 The Beggers they must take their way
 To the Egge-shell and the Whippe.

28

The Farryers will to the Horse,
 The Black-smiths unto the Locke;
 The Butchers unto the Bull will goe,
 And the Carmen to Bridewell Docke.

32

The Fishmongers unto the Dolphin,
 The Bakers to the Cheat Loafe;
 The Turners unto the Ladle will goe,
 Where they may merrily quaffe.

36

The Taylors will dine at the Shears,
 The Shooe-makers will to the Boote;
 The Welshmen they will make their way
 And dine at the signe of the Gote.

40

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The Hosiers will dine at the Legge,
The Drapers at the signe of the Brush ;
The Fletchers to Robin Hood will goe,
And the Spendthrift to Beggers Bush. 44

The Pewterers to the Quarte Pot,
The Coopers will dine at the Hoope ;
The Cobblers to the Last will goe,
And the Bargemen to the Scoope. 48

The Carpenters will to the Axe,
The Colliers will dine at the Sacke ;
Your Fruterer he to the Cherry Tree,
Good fellowes no liquor will lacke. 52

The Gold-smith will to the Three Cups,
For money they hold it as drosse ;
Your Puritan to the Pewter Can,
And your Papists to the Crosse. 56

The Weavers will dine at the Shuttle,
The Glovers will unto the Glove ;
The Maydens all to the Maiden Head,
And true Lovers unto the Dove. 60

The Sadlers will dine at the Saddle,
The Painters will to the Greene Dragon ;
The Dutchmen will go to the Froe,
Where each man will drinke his Flagon. 64

The Chandlers will dine at the Scales,
The Salters at the signe of the Bagge ;
The Porters take paine at the Labour-in-vaine,
And the Horse-courser to the White Nagge. 68

Thus every man in his humour,
That comes from the north or the south ;
But he that hath no money in his purse
May dine at the signe of the Mouth. 72

The Swaggerers will dine at the Fencers,
But those that have lost their wits
With Bedlam Tom, let that be their home,
And the Drumme the Drummers best fits. 76

The Cheater will dine at the Checker,
 The Picke-pockets in a blind Ale-house
 Till taken and tride, then up Holborne they ride,
 And make their end at the Gallows. 80

Finis.

Printed at London by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The little Barley-corn.

THIS ballad is proved to be of the reign of Charles I. by the allusion to the King's great Porter. The reference to the unfortunate Banks is in the past tense. After great successes at home and wherever he went. Banks was induced to extend his tour to Rome, in order to exhibit there the tricks which he had taught to his horse, and both he and the horse were there burnt as sorcerers.

The ballad is an amusing enumeration of the good and bad effects of ale-drinking, and the Roxburghe seems to be the only extant copy of any authority. Evans reprinted from it, but carelessly, as usual. He allowed any nonsense to pass, as if it had been in the original. "'T will make a *weeping-willow* laugh," says Evans (I. 159), instead of "a *weeping widdow*."

The tune is reprinted in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 214, 215.]

The little Barly-Corne.

Whose properties and vertues here
Shall plainly to the world appeare,
To make you merry all the peere.

TO THE TUNE OF *Stingo*.



Come, and doe not musing stand,
if thou the truth discernes,
But take a full cup in thy hand,
and thus begin to learne—
Not of the earth, nor of the ayre,
at evening or at morne—
But joviall boyes your Christmas keep,
with the little Barly-Corne.

4

8

It is the cunningst alchymist
that ere was in the land;
'Twill change your mettle, when it list,
in turning of a hand—
Your blushing gold to silver wan,
your silver into brasse—
'Twill turne a taylor to a man,
and a man into an asse.

12

16

- 'Twill make a poore man rich, to hang
a signe before his doore ;¹
And those that doe the pitcher bang,
though rich, 'twill make them poore ; 20
'Twill make the silliest poorest snake
the King's great Porter scorne ;
'Twill make the stoutest lubber weak,
this little Barly-Corne. 24
- It hath more shifts then Lambe e'er had,
or *Hocus Pocus* too ;
It will good fellowes shew more sport
than Bankes his horse could doe : 28
'Twill play you faire above the boord,
unlesse you take good heed,
And fell you, though you were a Lord,
and justifie the deed. 32
- It lends more yeeres unto old age
than e'er was lent by nature ;
It makes the poets fancy rage
more than Castalian water : 36
'Twill make a huntsman chase a fox,
and never winde his horne ;
'Twill cheere a tinker in the stockes,
this little Barly-Corne. 40
- It is the only Will o'th' wispe
which leades men from the way ;
'Twil make the tongue-ti'd lawyer lisp,
and nought but "hic cup" say ; 44
'Twill make the steward droope and stoop,
his bils he then will scorne,
And at each post cast his reckning up,
this little Barly-Corne. 48
- 'Twill make a man grow jealous soone,
whose pretty wife goes trim,
And raile at the deceiving moone
for making hornes at him : 52
'Twill make the maidens trimly dance,
and take it in no scorne,
And helpe them to a friend by chance,
this little Barly-Corne. 56

¹ To sell ale will make the poor man rich.

It is the neatest serving-man
to entertaine a friend ;
It will doe more than money can
all jarring suits to end : 60
There's life in it, and it is here,
'tis here within this cup,
Then take your liquor, doe not spare,
but cleare carouse it up. 64

**The second part of the little Barly-Corne
That cheareth the heart both evening and morn.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



If sicknesse come, this physick take,
it from your heart will set it ;
If feare incroach, take more of it,
your heart will soone forget it : 68
Apollo, and the Muses nine,
doe take it in no scorne ;
There's no such stufte to passe the time
as the little Barly-Corne. 72

'Twill make a weeping widdow laugh,
 and soon incline to pleasure;
 'Twill make an old man leave his staffe,
 and dance a youthfull measure: 76
 And though your clothes be ne'er so bad,
 all ragged, rent, and torne,
 Against the cold you may be clad
with the little Barly-Corne. 80

'Twill make a coward not to shrink,
 but be as stout as may be;
 'Twill make a man that he shall thinke
 that Jone's as good as my Lady: 84
 It will enrich the palest face
 and with rubies it adorne,
 Yet you shall thinke it no disgrace,
this little Barly-Corne. 88

'Twill make your gossips merry
 when they their liquour see—
 "Hey, we shall ne'er be weary,
 sweet gossip, here's to thee!" 92
 'Twill make the country yeoman
 the courtier for to scorne,
 And talk of law-suits o'er a can
with this little Barly-Corne. 96

It makes a man that write cannot
 to make you large indentures;
 When as he reeleth home at night,
 upon the watch he ventures; 100
 He cares not for the candlelight
 that shineth in the horne,
 Yet he will stumble the way aright,
this little Barly-Corne. 104

'Twill make a miser prodigall,
 and shew himselfe kind hearted;
 'Twill make him never grieve at all,
 that from his coyne hath parted; 108

'Twill make a shepheard to mistake
his sheepe before a storme ;
'Twill make the poet to excell ;
this little Barly-Corne. 112

It will make young lads to call
most freely for their liquor ;
'Twill make a young lasse take a fall,
and rise againe the quicker ; 116
It will make a man that he
shall sleepe all night profoundly,
And make a man, what e'er he be,
goe about his businesse roundly. 120

Thus the Barly-Corne hath power
even for to change our nature,
And make a shrew, within an houre,
prove a kindhearted creature : 124
And therefore here, I say againe,
let no man tak't in scorne
That I the vertues doe proclaime
of the little Barly-Corne. 128

Printed at London for E. B.

Lamentation of a new-married man.

HERE we have the lamentation of the newly-married man, and with the wife's answer, which is to prove to him how much more respectable a member of society he has become by marriage. His acquaintance will henceforth be sought by the chief men of the parish, and he is likely to rise progressively through the dignities of Head-borough, Constable, and Sidesman, even to that of Church-warden.

A second copy of this ballad is included in the Pepys Collection, I. 380, printed by A. M[ilbourne], but it is of later date than the Roxburghe copy.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 216, 217.]

The Lamentation of a new-married man, briefly declaring the sorrow and grief that comes by marrying a young wanton wife.

TO THE TUNE OF *Where is my true Love.*

You Batchelors that brave it
So gallant in the street,
With muske and with rose water
Smelling all so sweet; 4
With shooes [of] Spanish leather,
So stately to your feet,
Behold me, a married man! 7

Before that I was wedded,
I livèd in delight;
I went unto the dancing schoole,
I learn'd at fence to fight; 11
With twenty other pleasures
That now are banisht quite,
I being a married man. 14

When I livèd single
I knew no cause of strife;
I had my heart in quiet,
I led a pleasant life; 18
But now my chiefest study
Is how to please my Wife,
I being a married man. 21

Quoth she, "You do not love me,
To leave me all alone;
You must goe a gadding,
And I must bide at home, 25
While you, among your minions,
Spend more than is your owne."
This life leads a, &c. 28

“Do you think to keep me
So like a drudge each day,
To toile and moile so sadly,
And lame me every way? 32
Ile have a maid, by 'r Lady,
Shall work while I do play.”
This life, &c. 35

Then must I give attendance
Upon my mistris' heeles;
I must wait before her
While she doth walk the fields; 39
Shee'l eat no meat but lobsters
And pretty grigs¹ and eeles!
This life, &c. 42

Then I must get her cherries
And dainty Kathern-peares,
And then [she] longs for codlings,—
She breedeth childe, she sweares, 46
When God knowes 'tis a cushion,
That she about her beares.
This life, &c. 49

She must have rabbet suckers²
Without [a] spot or specke,
[And] I must buy her pescods³
At sixteen groats the pecke; 53
She must have eggs and white wine
To wash her face and neck:
This life, &c. 56

If once to passe it commeth
That she is brought to bed,
Why, then with many dainties
She must be dayly fed; 60
A hundred toyes and trifles
Comes then within her head.
This life, &c. 63

¹ Grigs = small eels. It is misprinted “girgs” in the ballad.

² Rabbit suckers = young sucking rabbits.

³ Pescods = peas in the pod, or shell.

Against that she is churched
 A new gowne she must have ;
 A daintie fine rebato¹
 About her neck so brave ; 67
 French bodies, with a farthingale,²
 She never lannes³ to crave :
This life, &c. 70

Abroad among her gossips
 Then must she daily go—
 Requesting of this favour
 A man must not say no, 74
 Lest that an unkinde quarrel
 About this matter grow.
This life, &c. 77

To offerings and to weddings
 Abroad then she must prance ;
 Whereat with lusty youngsters
 This gallant dame must dance ; 81
 Her husband must say nothing,
 What hap soever chance :
This life, &c. 84

And then, (there is no remedy,)
 She must go to a play
 To purge abounding choller
 And drive sad dumps away : 88
 She tarries out till midnight,
 [Though] swears she will not stay :
This life, &c. 91

When home at last she commeth,
 To bed she gets her soone,
 And there she sleeps full soundly
 Till the next day at noon ; 95
 Then must she eat a cawdle,
 [Stirr'd] with a silver spoone :
This life, &c. 98

¹ Rebato = a falling collar.

² Farthingale = a stiff petticoat, enlarging progressively from the waist downwards, like a modern crinoline.

³ Lins = ceases.

Therefore, my friends, be warned,
You that unwedded be !
The troubles of a married man
You do most plainly see. 102
Who likes not of his living,
Would he would change with me !
That now am a, &c. 105

Where I was wont full often
Good companie to keepe,
Now, I must rock the cradle
And hush the childe asleepe ; 109
I've had no time nor leasure
Out of my doores to peep
Since I was a married man. 112

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

An answer sent to the young married man,
Written most friendly by his gentle wife Nan.



Alacke! wherefore lament you
 Your happy wedded state?
 Therein you shew great folly—
 Repentance comes too late! 116
 You make yourself a mocking stock
 With every scoffing mate,
Now you are a married young man. 119

In youth, do well remember,
 Your minde was all on pride;
 Deceiving sport and pleasure
 Your lavish thoughts did guide; 123
 'Tis time such foolish fancies
 Should now be laid aside,
Now you are a, &c. 126

When you livèd single,
 Your time you vainely spent;
 Unto unlawfull pastime
 Your youngling wits were bent; 130
 But now you must learn wisdom,
 Discredit to prevent,
Sith you are, &c. 133

An "alas!" to estimation
 'Longs to a single life;
 What were you but a skip-jacke
 Before you had a wife? 137
 A mate for every madcap,
 A stirrer up of strife?
Till you were, &c. 140

A wife hath won you credit;
 A wife makes you esteem'd;
 An honest man, through marriage,
 Now are you surely deem'd; 144
 And you shall finde at all times
 A wife your dearest friend,
Now you are, &c. 147

Then is it right and reason
Your wife should pleasèd be ;
It is a happy houshold
Where couples do agree ; 151
It doth delight the angels
Such concord for to see ;
Then blest is the, &c. 154

If I do blame your gadding,
It is for love, be sure ;
Bad company doth alwaies
Ill counsell still procure ; 158
The man that will be thrifty,
Must at his worke endure,
While he is, &c. 161

This works his commendations
Amongst the very best ;
The chiefe men of the parish
His acquaintance will request ; 165
And then he shall be callèd
To office with the rest,
When he is a, &c. 168

He shall be made a headborough,¹
Unto his credit great :
At what time all the neighbours
His friendship will entreat ; 172
And then it is most decent
He should goe fine and neat,
When he is a married young man. 175

Then, bareheaded unto him,
A number daily flocks,
To help them, by his office,
From many stumbling blocks. 179
Then comes he to be constable,
And sets knaves in the stocks :
Thus riseth a, &c. 182

¹ Tithing man.

His wife shall then be seated
 In church at her desire ;
 Her husband he is sideman,
 And sits within the quire. 186
 Then he is made churchwarden,
 And placèd somewhat hier,
Great joy to a, &c. 189

Then, seeing all this credit
 By marriage you do finde,
 Unto your wife 'tis reason
 You should be good and kinde ; 193
 And sometimes wait upon her
 According to her minde,
As best fits a, &c. 196

If friendly you go with her
 To walke out of the Towne,
 Why then you may have pleasure
 To give her a green gowne ; 200
 To have so great a favour
 Some men would give a crowne,
Which is not, &c. 203

As for the peares and apples
 You give me in the street,
 The cherries or the codlings,
 For pretty women meet, 207
 At night I give you kindly
 A thousand kisses sweet,
Great joy to a, &c. 210

A hundred other pleasures
 I do you then beside ;
 In bringing forth your children
 Great sorrow I doe bide : 214
 For twentie gownes and kirtles
 The like would not be tride
By any fine young married men. 217

Why should you scorn the cradle?

I tell you, Sir, most plaine,

There is not any pleasure

But sometimes breedeth paine;

221

If you will not be troubled,

Why then, good sir, refraine

To play like a married young man.

224

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcock.

Love in a Maze.

Two copies of this ballad are in the Roxburghe Collection, and nothing can better show the utter carelessness of ballad-printers than a comparison between the two. The earlier was issued by Richard Burton, whose date I have already given in the list of publishers of black-letter ballads, as from 1641 to 1674, although his career may have been of wider extent either way. The second is by Alexander Milbourne, whom I have traced from 1670 to 1697. This second copy has words left out in many of the lines, words altered, and blunders of every kind. Rhythm was the great charm to the ears of the people in ballads, and Milbourne's copy is therein most defective. Burton's is not a model of correctness, but it is infinitely better than the other. I have therefore adopted the edition from Roxb. Coll. III. 246, 247, as the text. It is there printed at the back of another ballad. The only other extant copy known to me is in the Pepys Collection, IV. 28, which is a duplicate of Milbourne's edition.

The ballad itself ought to have been very attractive. What a charming prospect it was for a young man, who had nothing but his good looks, to obtain as a wife a lovely creature who had the additional attraction of five hundred pounds, paid down upon the wedding day! This was indeed superlative fortune, and such as would have set any bachelor upon the watch to rival it, if another such chance could occur. It is to be presumed that the answer to the riddle of "May in Thyme" was therefore learnt by many an anxious youth, who might hope one day to be put to a similar test. "May in Time" would even be an agreeable encouragement to many a young bachelor in the present day.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 218, 219, and III. 246, 247, *verso*.]

Love in a Maze;

Or,

The Young Man put to his Dumps; being a gallant
Discourse on May-day last between two witty Lovers.

Here in this song you may behold and see,
A gallant girle obtained by wit and honesty.
All you that hear this song, and mark it but aright,
May say true love's worth gold, and breeds much more delight.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, CALLED *The true Lover's Delight*,
or *The Cambridge Horn*.



[The above cuts are taken from the copy of this ballad in Vol. I. p. 218.]

Late, in the country¹ as I abroad was walking,
All in a meadow green I heard two lovers talking:
With kisses sweet the young man her saluted,
Then I drew near to hear what they disputed:
Then I drew near to hear what they disputed.

5

¹ Milbourne's edition begins, "Late in the morning, as I abroad was walking."

YOUNG MAN.

Fair maid (quoth he), this merry *May* morning
 Present one smile to me, and be no longer scorning
 Him who hath vow'd to be thine own for ever!
 O say but ["yes"] to me—our loves shall never sever:
O say but, &c.

10

MAID.

Indeed, Sir (quoth she), it is a misty morning,
 But I would have you know I always hated scorning;
 And as for love, I mean as yet to smother,
 I know not one, as yet, I love better than another:
I know not, &c.

15

YOUNG MAN.

True love, sweetheart (quoth he), if e'er you chance to know it,
 It cannot smothered be, but at last you'll shew it;
 The first time that I saw thy sweet and comely carriage
 I ever since desired that we were joyn'd in marriage:
I ever, &c.

20

MAID.

Love, Sir (quoth she), is like a fisher's angle,
 Which oft hath golden baits, silly maidens to intangle,
 And cunningly cast out by young men's false inventions,
 Then marriage they'll pretend when 'tis not their intentions:
Then marriage, &c.

25

YOUNG MAN.

O 'tis so, my dear, true love is like a fountain,
 Which casts out water clear out of a rocky mountain;
 Whose stream for to stop you'll say it is a wonder,
 Likewise 'tis as strange to cleave the rocks in sunder:
Likewise, &c.

30

Such is my love to thee, and [it] shall be ever!
 No unconstant thoughts, or fickle mind shall sever
 My heart from thee, which alwayes shall be bringing
 Fountains clear and fresh which from true love are springing:
Fountains clear, &c.

35

MAID.

Your comparison (saith she) I must confess is witty,
 To stop the stream of true love it were [indeed] a pitty;
 But your heart you compare too well to rocky mountains
 For stony oft they are, and cast out several fountains:

For stony, &c.

40

As from some fountain several streams are running,
 So many feigned loves you oft have by your cunning.
 'Tis hard indeed to pierce your flinty hearts asunder,
 And to stop your fickle streams, this truly is a wonder:

And to stop, &c.

45

YOUNG MAN.

Fy, fy, sweetheart, your wit doth over-match me;
 No words can I impart but presently you catch me:
 You maidens now each day do grow so coy and witty,
 Let young men beg and pray, you'll take of them no pitty:

Let young men, &c.

50

MAID.

Fy, away, for shame! you young men can dissemble,
 Your wits are so ripe and your tongues are quick and nimble:
 Indeed you'll beg & crouch sometime to get your pleasure,
 Then leave us in the lurch, and we may repent at leisure:

Then leave, &c.

55

YOUNG MAN.

I must confess, dear love, that many are so minded,
 But if thou once wouldst prove my constancy, thou 't find it;
 Do but thou once command, through danger I will enter,
 And for to gain thy love through an army would I venture:

And for, &c.

60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[The above cuts are taken from the copy of this ballad in Vol. I. p. 219.]

Sweetheart, I'd have you know I never could dissemble,
And my complements are slow, my tong was never nimble;
Tis none but faithful love that makes me come unto thee;
It is not for thy wealth but for thy virtue that I love thee:

It is not, &c..

65

With that a bush of May this lovely maid espyed,
Near to a bank of Time,¹ whereto she quickly hied,
Down she plucks the May, which was both green and tender,
And up she pluckt the Time with her pretty arm so slender:

And up, &c.

70

She stuck the bush of May in the Time and did present it
Unto this young man, which was so discontented;
Here, Sir, quoth she, if that you would be eased,
Read but this riddle, Sir, perhaps you may be pleased:

Read but, &c.

75

¹ "time," for "thyme."

YOUNG MAN.

He took it from her hand, and receiv'd it as a token,
 Then in a dump did stand, & never a word was spoken ;
 Blushing then at last he modestly replyed,
 Your riddle I can read, Love shall not be denyed :
Your riddle, &c.

80

This May stuck in Time which is to me presenting,
 Shews that I *may*, in *time*, gain your love with sweet con-
 tenting,
 Which, if I *may*, I'll stay your time and leisure,
 And *no* time I'll think too long so at last I gain the treasure :
 [*And no time, &c.*]

85

He took her by the hand, and lovingly they walked,
 Being tied in Cupid's bands, most amorously they talked ;
 They on each other smil'd with interchanging kisses,
 O 'tis pity time beguild such lovers of their blisses :
O 'tis, &c.

90

Perhaps, sweet Sir, said she, you, by this riddle reading,
 May think you gain'd me by little or no perswading,
 Which if you do, 'tis yet at my pleasure,
 I am not bound to you yet, but you must stay my leisure :
I am not, &c.

95

Then let this heart, sayes he, which in this breast lies panting,
 No happiness e'er see, but let joyes be ever wanting ;
 If e'er I think an evil thought [up]on thee,
 Then let mirth be banisht quite & sorrows wait upon me :
Then let, &c.

100

If it be so, quoth she, thou bearst such true affection,
 Hereafter I'll agree to be ruled by thy direction ;
 No friend shall sever, or break our loves in sunder,
 For loyal loving hearts we'll be the world's wonder :
For loyal, &c.

105

The time that late was mine to thee shall be presented,
 All that I have is thine ! then rest thy self contented ;
 Thy gallantry, thy wit, thy modesty, and carriage,
 Have [wholly] won my heart ; we will be joyn'd in marriage :
Have won, &c. 110

YOUNG MAN.

He took her at her word, and modestly replied,
 Short time I will afford, long time shall be denyed ;
 This being the first of May, our hearts being joyn'd and wedded,
 Before the fifth day in wedlock we'l be bedded :
Before, &c. 115

Five hundred pounds, 'tis said, with this girle he then obtained ;
 On the marriage day t'was paid, which by his wit he gained ;
 Although no means he had, she never a jot repented,
 He was a gallant lad and she was well contented :
He was, &c. 120

Now all you pretty maids that live in town or city,
 The author you perswades to learn from this his ditty—
 If a young man you love, look not then for his treasure,
 For if he honest prove, in him is wealth and pleasure :
For if, &c. 125

You young men I'll perswade likewise to hear my motion ;
 If you affect a maid, regard not then her portion,
 Hang ten pounds ! give me the lass that loves me,
 If a constant wife thou'st found, no joy's on earth above thee :
If a, &c. 130

Young men and maids that lately went a maying,
 If you mark the nightingale, one tune he's always playing,
 Jug jug, jug jug, sweet, is all the note she singeth,
 As when faithful lovers meet, no double tongues they bringeth :
As when, &c. 135

All you pretty maids, adieu, that are civil in your carriage,
This song is sent to you to be wary in your marriage;
Try before you trust, be careful in consenting,
When you are bound obey you must, for there is no repenting:
When you, &c. 140

Finis.

*London Printed for Richard Burton at the Horseshoe in West
Smithfield.*

The Lady and the Blackamoor.

THIS outrageous story of the revenge of a Blackamoor for having been punished by his master, seems to have been singularly popular. There must have been a great taste for the horrible to have kept it in print. It descended even to the ballad publishers in Bow Churchyard, about the end of the last century. A copy of their edition is in Roxb. Coll. III. 520. It was included in *Old Ballads*, 1727, II. 152, and by Evans, III. 232. Copies are in the Pepys Coll. I. 546, Douce III. 37b, Wood 401, fol. 113, and in the Bagford, as well as in Roxb. I. 220. The ballad appears, from incidental notices in plays, to be as old as the reign of James I., and yet no one of the above-named extant copies can be dated earlier than the reign of Charles II.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 220, 221, and III. 520, 521.]

**A Lamentable Ballad of the tragical
end of a Gallant Lord and a Vertuous Lady, with
the untimely end of their two Children, wickedly
performed by a Heathenish Blackamoor their servant:
the like never heard of.**

THE TUNE IS, *The Lady's Fall.*



In Rome a noble man did wed
a virgin of great fame,
A fairer creature never did
Dame Nature ever frame;
By whom he had two children fair,
whose beauty did excel:
They were their parents only joy,
they loved them both so well.

4

8

The lord he loved to hunt the buck,
 the tyger, and the boar :
 And still for swiftness always took
 with him a Blackamoor ; 12
 Which Blackamoor, within the wood,
 his lord he did offend,
 For which he did him then correct,
 in hopes he would amend. 16

The day it grew unto an end,
 then homewards he did haste,
 Where with his lady he did rest
 until the night was past. 20
 Then in the morning he did rise,
 and did his servants call ;
 A hunting he provides to go :
 straight they were ready all. 24

To cause the toil¹ the lady did
 intreat him not to go ;
 "Alas, good lady," then quoth he,
 "why art thou grievèd so ? 28
 Content thyself: I will return
 with speed to thee again."
 "Good father," (quoth the little babes)
 "with us here still remain." 32

"Farewell, dear children, I will go
 a fine thing for to buy."
 But they therewith, nothing content,
 aloud began to cry. 36
 The mother takes them by the hand,
 saying, "Come, go with me
 Unto the highest tower, where
 your father you shall see." 40

The Blackamoor, perceiving now
 (who then did stay behind)
 His lord to be a hunting gone,
 began to call to mind : 44

¹ Something is wrong here. Should it be, "To *save* the toil"?

“My master he did me correct,
my fault not being great;
Now of his wife I’le be reveng’d,
she shall not me intreat.”

48

The place was moted round about;
the bridge he up did draw;
The gates he bolted very fast:
of none he stood in awe.
He up into the tower went,
the lady being there,
Who, when she saw his countenance grim,
she straight began to fear.

52

56

But now my trembling heart it quakes
to thinke what I must write;
My senses all begin to fail,
my soul it doth affright:
Yet I must make an end of this,
which here I have begun,
Which will make sad the hardest heart,
before that I have done.

60

64

This wretch unto the Lady went,
and her with speed did will
His lust forthwith to satisfie,
his mind for to fulfill.
The lady she amazèd was
to hear the villain speak,
“Alas!” (quoth she) “what shall I do?
with grief my heart will break.”

68

72

With that he took her in his arms;
she straight for help did cry.
“Content yourself, lady,” (he said)
your husband is not nigh.
The bridge is drawn, the gates are shut,
therefore come lie with me,
Or else I do protest and vow
thy butcher I will be.”

76

80

The chrystal tears ran down her face ;
her children cryed amain,
And sought to help their mother dear,
but all it was in vain : 84
For that outrageous filthy rogue,
her hands behind her bound,
And then perforce with all his might
he threw her on the ground. 88

With that she shriekt, her children cry'd,
and such a noise did make,
That towns-folks, hearing her lament,
did seek their parts to take ; 92
But all in vain ! no way was found
to help the ladies need,
Who cried to them most piteously,
" Oh help, oh help with speed." 96

Some run into the forest wide,
her lord home for to call ;
And they that stood still did lament
this gallant ladies fall. 100
With speed her love came posting home,
he could not enter in,
His ladies cries did pierce his heart,
to call he did begin. 104

" O hold thy hand, thou savage Moor,
to hurt her do forbear,
Or else be sure if I do live,
wild horses shall thee tear." 108
With that the rogue ran to the wall,
he having had his will,
And brought one child under his arm,
his dearest blood to spill. 112

The child, seeing his father there,
to him for help did call :
" O, father, help my mother dear,
we shall be killèd all." 116

Then fell the lord upon his knee,
and did the Moor intreat
To save the life of his poor child,
whose fear as then was great. 120

But this vile wretch the little child
by both the heels did take,
And dasht his brains against the wall,
whilst parents' hearts did ake. 124
That being done, straightway he ran
the other child to fetch,
And pluckt it from the mother's breast,
most like a cruel wretch. 128

Within one hand a knife he brought,
the child within the other;
And holding it over the wall,
saying, "Thus dye shall thy mother." 132
With that he cut the throat of it;
then to the father he did call,
To look how he the head had cut,
and down the head did fall. 136

This done he threw it down the wall,
into the mote so deep.
Which made the father wring his hands,
and grievously to weep. 140
Then to the lady went this rogue,
who was near dead with fear;
Yet this vile wretch most cruelly
did drag her by the hair; 144

And drew her to the very wall,
which when the lord did see,
Then presently he cryed out,
and fell upon his knee: 148
Quoth he, "If thou wilt save her life,
whom I do love so dear,
I will forgive thee all is past,
though they concern me near. 152

“ O save her life, I thee beseech ;
O save her, I thee pray,
And I will grant thee what thou wilt
demand of me this day.” 156

“ Well,” quoth the Moor, “ I do regard
the moan that thou dost make ;
If thou wilt grant me what I ask,
I’ll save her for thy sake.” 160

“ O save her life, and then demand
of me what thing thou wilt.”
“ Cut off thy nose, and not one drop
of her blood shall be spilt.” 164

With that the lord presently took
a knife within his hand,
And then his nose he quite cut off,
in place where he did stand. 168

“ Now I have bought the lady’s life,”
[he] to the Moor did call.
“ Then take her,” quoth this wicked rogue,
and down he let her fall : 172

Which when her gallant lord did see,
his senses all did fail ;
Yet many sought to save his life,
yet nothing could prevail. 176

When as the Moor did see him dead,
then did he laugh amain
At them who for their gallant lord
and lady did complain. 180

Quoth he, “ I know you’ll torture me,
if that you can me get ;
But all your threats I do not fear,
nor yet regard one whit. 184

“ Wild horses shall my body tear ”—
“ I know it to be true ;
But I’ll prevent you of that pain,”
and down himself he threw— 188

Too good a death for such a wretch,
a villain void of fear;
And thus doth end as sad a tale,
as ever man did hear.

192

Printed by and for A. Milbourn, and sold by the Booksellers
of London.

The Lord of Lorne and the False Steward.

ACCORDING to Mr. Furnivall, in his introduction to "The Lord of Learne," edited by him from the Percy Folio MS., the original of this ballad is the romance of "Roswal and Lillian," of which Ellis gives some account in his *Early English Romances*. The ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall to "Mr. Walley" on the 6th Oct. 1580; and it was evidently old at that time, because E. Guilpin, in his *Skialetheia, or A Shadow of Truth*, refers it to the reign of Henry VIII. *Skialetheia* was printed in 1598.

"Yet, like th' olde ballad of the Lord of Lorne,
Whose last line in King Harries dayes was born;
It still retains the title of as new
And proper a fashion as you ever knew."

We have no longer any extant copy printed in the reign of Henry VIII., or even of Elizabeth. The earliest is in the Percy Folio MS., and it differs widely from other extant copies, no one of which can be dated before the reign of Charles II. Some careless ballad-monger then rhymed away, without thinking of the nonsense he not unfrequently made—unless, indeed, he wrote so bad a hand that the compositor could not read it. Between the two, we have such blunders as "a love lovely," instead of "a lonely lea," or "ley," and "poor dost thou wear," for "poor Disaware"; also lines left out, in several places, which are essential for the sense. The copy in the Percy folio should stand alone, and the following be read only as a later and more corrupt version. A few of the grossest errors have been here corrected by the Percy Folio (I. 180); but the variations are too numerous for the formation of a collated text.

There are three editions of the following version extant. In the Pepys I. 194, is one "printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray and T. Passinger," which I have not had the opportunity of collating, owing to the absence of the Fellows of Magdalene College during the Long Vacation. In the Roxburghe are two: the first "printed by and for A. M[ilbourn], and sold by the booksellers of London" (I. 222), and the second without printer's name (III. 534).

The tune of the ballad will be found in my *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 222, 223, and III. 534, 535.]

A Pretty Ballad of the Lord of Lorn and the False Steward.

TUNE IS, *Green Sleeves*.



It was a worthy Lord of Lorn,
he was a lord of high degree,
He sent his son unto the school,
to learn some civility.¹
He learnèd more in one day,
than other children did in three :
And thus bespake the school-master
unto him tenderly :

4

8

¹ "He sett him to schoole to learne curtesie," in Percy Folio. There are so many changes that the reader must take the above as it stands.

“In faith, thou art the honestest boy,
that ere I blinkt on with my eye;
I hope thou art some Easterling born—
the Holy Ghost is with thee.” 12
He said he was no Easterling born,
(the child thus answered courteously,)
“My father is the Lord of Lorn,
and I [am] his son, perdye.” 16
The school-master turned round about,
his angry mood he thought to assuage;
He marvel’d the child could speak so wise,
he being so tender of age. 20
He girt the saddle to the steed,
the bridle of the best gold shone;
He tooke his leave of his fellows all,
and quickly he was gone. 24
And when he came to his father dear,
he kneelèd down upon his knee,
“I’m come to you, father,” he said,
“God’s blessing [to] give to me.” 28
“Thou art welcome, my son,” he said,
“God’s blessing I give thee:
What tydings hast thou brought, my son,
being come so hastily?” 32
“I have brought tydings, father,” he said,
if that well likèd it may be:
[The book is not in all Scotland
But I can read it before your eye;¹] 36
There’s ne’er a doctor in all the realm,
for all he goes in rich array,
[But] I can write him a lesson soon
to learn in seven years’ day.” 40
“That is good tydings,” said the lord,
“All in the place where I do stand,
My son, thou shalt to France [now] go,
to learn the speeches of each land.” 44
“Who shall go with him?” said the lady,
“Husband, we have none but he!”
“Madam,” said he, “my head steward—
he hath been true to me.” 48

¹ These lines are omitted in the Roxburghe copy.

She call'd the steward to an account,
 a thousand¹ pound she gave him anon :
 Says, " Good, Sir Steward, be good to my child,
 while he is far from home." 52
 " If I be false to my young lord,
 may God justly punish me indeed."
 And now to France they both are gone,
 and God be their good speed. 56
 They had not been in France land
 not three weeks to an end,
 But meat and drink the child got none,
 nor money in purse to spend : 60
 The child run to the river-side,
 he was fain to drink the water then,
 And after followed the false steward,
 to put the child therein : 64
 " But nay, marry," said the child—
 he asked mercy pittifully,
 " Good Steward let me have my life,
 what e'er else betide my body." 68
 " Now put off thy fair cloathing,
 and give it me anon ;
 So put thee off thy silken shirt,
 with many a golden seam." 72
 But when the child was [s]tript naked,
 his body as white as the lilly flower,
 He might have been seen, for his body,
 a princess's paramour. 76
 He put him on an old kelter² coat,
 and hose of the same above the knee,
 He bid him go to the shepherd's house,
 [to tend sheep on a lonely lea].³ 80
 The child said, " What shall be my name ?
 good steward, tell to me."
 " Thy name shall be poor [Disaware],⁴
 that thy name shall be." 84

¹ It is "a hundred" pounds in the Percy Folio.

² "A *leather cote*" in the Percy Folio. "Kelt" is undyed cloth made from black and white wool.

³ This line is made nonsense in the printed ballad, "To keep them on a love lovely." I have therefore adopted the reading of the Folio MS.

⁴ Here again the printed copies make nonsense. "Dost thou wear," for Disaware.

The child came to the shepherd's house,
and asked mercy pittifully ;
Says, " Good shepherd, take me in,
to keep sheep on a [lonely lea]."¹ 88
But when the shepherd saw the child,
he was so pleasant in the eye,
" I have no child, I'll make thee my heir,
thou shalt have my goods perdye." 92
And then bespoke the shepherd's wife
unto the child so tenderly :
" Thou must take the sheep, and go to field,
and keep them on a [lonely lea]."¹ 96
Now let us leave talking of the child
that is keeping sheep on the [lea],¹
And we'll talk more of the false steward,
and of his false treachery. 100
He bought himself three suits of apparel,
that a lord might have seem'd to worn ;
He went a wooing to the Duke's daughter,
and called himself the Lord of Lorn. 104
The Duke he welcomed the young lord,
with three baked stags anon²
(If he had wist him the false steward
to the devil he should have gone). 108
But when they were at supper set,
with dainty delicates that were there,
The D[uke] said, " If you will wed my daughter,
I'll give thee a thousand pounds³ a year." 112
The lady would see the red buck run,
and also for to hunt the doe,
And with an hundred lusty men,
the lady did a hunting go. 116
The lady is a hunting gone,
over feanser⁴ that is so high,
There was she aware of a shepherd's boy,
with sheep on a [lonely lea].¹ 120

¹ " A love lovely " again in the printed copy.

² In the Percy Folio, instead of " three baked stags," he is entertained with a quart of Rhenish wine.

³ The sums are magnificent in the ballad. The Duke offers £500 in the Percy Folio.

⁴ Fences ? It is " Up hills & dales & forest free " in the Percy Folio.

And often he sighed & made great moan,
 & cryed out pittifully,
 "My father is the Lord of Lorn,
 & knows not what's become of me." 124
 And then bespake the lady gay
 unto her maid anon,
 "Go fetch me hither the shepherd's boy,
 why maketh he all this moan?" 128
 But when he came before the lady,
 he was not to learn his courtesie.
 "Where wast born? thou bonny child,
 for whose sake makest thou all this moan?" 132
 "My dearest friend, lady," he said,
 "is dead many years agon."
 "Tell thou me, my bonny child,
 tell me the truth, and do not lie; 136
 Knowest thou not the young Lord of Lorn?
 he is come a wooing unto me."
 "Yes, forsooth," saith the child,
 "I [k]now the lord then verily, 140
 The young lord is a valiant lord,
 at home in his own country."
 "Wilt leave thy sheep, thou bonny child,
 and come in service unto me?" 144
 "Yes, forsooth," then said the child,
 "at your bidding will I be."
 When the steward lookt upon the child,
 he bewailed him villainously, 148
 "Where wast thou born, thou vagabond?
 or where is thy country?"
 "Ha down, ha down," said the lady;
 she called the steward then presently: 152
 "Without you bear him more good will,
 you get no love of me."
 The[n] bespake the false steward
 unto the lady hastily, 156
 "At Aberdine, beyond the seas,
 his father robbèd thousands three."



But then bespake the lady gay
unto her father courteously,
Saying, "I have found a bonny child,
my chamberlain to be." 160
"Not so, not so," then said the Duke,
"for so it may not be ; 164
For the Lord of Lorn that comes a wooing
will think no good of me nor thee."
When the Duke lookt upon the child,
he seemed so pleasant in the eye. 168
"Child, because thou lovest horses well,
my groom of stable thou shalt be."
The child ply'd the horses well,
a twelve month to an end ; 172
He was so courteous and so true,
every man became his friend.
He led a fair gelding to the water,
where he might drink verily ; 176
The gelding up with his heel,
and hit the child above the eye.
"Wo worth thee, horse," then said the child,
"that ever mare foled thee ; 180
Thou little knowest what thou hast done,
thou hast stricken a lord of high degree."
The Duke's daughter was in her garden green,
she heard the child make great moan, 184
She ran to the child all weeping [there],
and left her maidens all alone :
"Sing on thy song, thou bonny child,
I will release thee of thy pain." 188
"I have made an oath, lady," he said,
"I dare not tell my tale again."

"Tell the horse thy tale, thou bonny child,
 and so thy oath shall savèd be." 192
 But when he told the horse his tale,
 the lady wept most tenderly.
 "I'll do for thee, my bonny child,
 in faith I will do more for thee; 196
 And for thy sake, my bonny child,
 I'll put my wedding off months three."
 The lady did write a letter then,
 full pittifully, with her own hand; 200
 She sent it to the Lord of Lorn,
 whereas he dwelt in fair Scotland.
 But when the lord had read the letter,
 his lady wept most tenderly, 204
 "I knew what would become of my child,
 in such a far country."
 The old lord called up his merry men,
 and all that he gave cloath and fee, 208
 With seven lords by his side,
 and unto France rides he.
 The wind [it] serv'd, and they did sail,
 so far into France land, 212
 They were aware of [that bonny boy¹]
 with a porter's staff in his hand.
 The lords they moved hat and hand,
 the serving men fell on their knee. 216
 "What folks be yonder," said the steward,
 "that makes the porter courtesie?"
 "Thou art a false thief," quoth the Lord of Lorn;
 "no longer might I bear with thee. 220
 By the law of France, thou shalt be judg'd,
 whether it be to live or dye."
 A quest of lords there chosen was,
 to bench they come hastily; 224
 But when the quest was ended [there],
 the false steward must dye.
 First they did him [but] half hang,
 and then took him down anon, 228

¹ This is absurdly printed in the ballad. Instead of "that bonny boy," as in the Percy Folio, the printed ballad has:

"They were aware of *the Lord of Lorn*,
 with a porter's staff in his hand."

And then put him in[to] boyling lead,
and then was sodden breast and bone.
And then bespake the Lord of Lorn,
with many other lords mo : 32
“Sir Duke, if you be as willing as we,
we’ll have a marriage before we go.”
These children both they did rejoyce,
to hear the lord his tale so ended ; 236
They had rather to-day than to-morrow,
so he would not be offended.
But when the wedding ended was,
there was delicate dainty cheer ; 240
I’ll tell you how long the wedding did last,
full three quarters of a year.¹
Such a banquet there was wrought,
the like was never seen ; 244
The King of France brought with him then,
a hundred tun of good red wine.
Five set of musitians were to be seen,
that never rested night nor day ; 248
Also Italians there did sing,
full pleasantly with great joy.
Thus have you heard how troubles great
unto successive joys did turn, 252.
And happy news amongst the rest,
unto the worthy Lord of Lorn.
Let rebels therefore warnèd be,
how mischief once they do pretend, 256
For God may suffer for a time,
but will disclose it in the end.

Finis.

Printed by and for A.M., and sold by the booksellers of
London.

¹ This “three quarters of a year” wedding is added by the ballad-monger. So also are the “hundred tun of good wine,” the “five set of musitians,” and the “Italians.”

A Lover Forsaken.

THIS was once a very favourite song, with accompaniment for the lute. At the present time it exists chiefly, if not entirely, in manuscripts of music for the lute. I have no memorandum of the music printed, nor even of any other copy of the words than the one in the Roxburghe collection. If the following copy of the words be an original edition, the date of the publisher will guide us to between 1620 and about 1642, but in all probability they are nearer to the earlier time.

One of the manuscripts which includes the music is of "Airs and Sonnets," in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. Some thirty-five or more years ago, the reference was, and perhaps still is, F. 5, 13. The index to the manuscript supplies "The names of the Airs & Sonnets contain'd in this book, which are all noted in the Tenor, or common part they are sung with." "Joy to the person of my love" is there, No. 75.

A second manuscript is included in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. This was given to John Leyden by the executors of Mr. Cranston in 1788, and, by Leyden, "consigned to Mr. Heber" in 1800. It bears the name of William Stirling, and the date of May, 1639. "Joy to the person of my love" stands third in that MS.

In the year 1838 I again noted it to be included in a music-book, then in the possession of Mr. Andrew Blaikie, of Paisley, to whom I paid a passing visit. I do not know the present possessor of the manuscript, but it may be recognized by "Lady Katharine Boyd aught" (owned) "this book," written at the commencement. It is of later date than either of the before-named manuscripts, for it includes such songs as "The old man's wish," written by Dr. Pope in 1698, and "God save the King," which brings the writing down to the reign of George II.

One short digression may be permitted about "God save the King." The first set of words to this air in any foreign language were written by a Dane in 1790, and the Prussian hymn, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," is admitted to be of still later date. See extracts from the *Neuer Berliner Musikzeitung*, in the *Musical World* of Feb. 29, 1868, p. 140.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 224.]

A Lover forsaken of his best beloved.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW COURT TUNE.



Joy to the person of my love,
 Although that she doth me disdain;
 Fixt are my thoughts,
 And cannot remove,
 But yet I love in vaine.

4

Shall I lose the sight
 Of my joy and heart's delight?
 Or shall I cease my suit?
 Shall I strive to touch?
 Oh no, that were too much,
 She is forbidden fruit.

8

Ah, who is me 12
 That ever I did see
 The beauty that did me bewitch !
 But now, alas, I must forgoe
 The treasure I esteemed so much. 16
 Oh, whither shall my sad heart go ?
 Or whither shall I flie ?
 Sad echoes shall resound my plaint,
 Or else, alacke, I needs must dye. 20
 Shall I by her live
 That no life to me will give,
 But deadly wounds my heart ?
 If I flie away, 24
 O will she not cry "Stay,"
 My sorrow to convert ?
 Oh, no, no, no !
 She will not doe so ; 28
 But comfortlesse I must be gone :
 But ere I goe
 To friend or foe,
 Ile love her, or I will love none. 32
 A thousand good fortunes fall to her share !
 Although she hath forsaken me,
 & fill'd my sad heart full of despaire,
 Yet ever will I constant be : 36
 For she is the dame
 My tongue shall ever name
 For branch of modestie :
 Chast in heart and minde— 40
 Oh were she halfe so kinde,
 Then would she pittie me.
 Oh turne againe !
 Be kinde as thou art faire, 44
 And let me in thy bosome dwell,
 So shall I gaine
 The treasure of love's paine,
 Till then, my dearest love, farewell ! 48

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of
 Thomas Symcocke.

The lamentable fall of Queen Eleanor.

"It is scarcely necessary to observe," says Evans, who edited this ballad, "that no one circumstance in the life of Queen Eleanor affords the least ground for the charges here brought against her memory. Her character, by the testimony of every historian, seems to have been truly amiable, and what induced the writer to fix these groundless aspersions on her fame is difficult to account for, unless we admit the conjectures of a former editor."

Evans alludes to the editor of the *Collection of Old Ballads* in three volumes, 1726-38, which Dr. Farmer attributes to Ambrose Phillips, and the conjectures in question are as follows: "I look upon this song as a severe satire, written in the days of Queen Mary the First. Nor is this barely conjecture; for every circumstance that I have adduced to prove that it could not be meant for Queen Eleanor, seems to confirm its relation to Queen Mary. As the invention of coaches, which is recorded to have been in her time; her jealousy of a woman who was brought to bed, for Queen Mary never had a child. . . . Nor can it be thought absurd that she should be called a Spaniard, for she was the daughter to Katherine, an Infanta of Spain; and after her coronation married to Philip, prince of Spain," etc.

Ambrose Phillips seems to have been led into dating the ballad in the reign of Queen Mary, by Stowe's having recorded that Walter Ripon made a coach for the Earl of Rutland in 1555. But it is very improbable that any writer should have invented such a story of a regnant queen, as that she sunk at Charing Cross and rose at Queenhithe, to die there; and, further, to have brought against her the charge of having tortured to death the Lady Mayoress of London, which every one must then know to be false.

No evidence of any kind exists to carry back the date of this ballad to the reign of Queen Mary, or further back than the first few years after the commencement of James the First's reign. If we look into history of that time, we shall find a far more probable cause to account for such a ballad, in the negotiations which had been opened by James I. for a marriage between his eldest son, Prince Henry, and the eldest of the Infantas of Spain.

The earliest extant copy of the ballad is in the Miller Collection, issued by William Blackwall, some of whose publications bear the dates of 1606 and 1607.

In the household establishment of Henry, Prince of Wales, quoted by Sir John Hawkins, we find under the date of March, 1611: "To Thomas Ford, one of his Highness's musicians, by way of increase to his former pension, £10." So, Ford, the author of the still popular song, "Since first I saw your face," had then been some time on the Prince's establishment, and the

mere existence of such an establishment shews that the Prince had arrived at an age when his marriage was likely to be contemplated by his father. Turning to the first history at hand, under James's reign, we find: "Yet, when the usual age for marrying princes arrived, his father, who was less particular about any other point than about a high alliance, wished to marry Henry to a Catholic wife—a match which would have cost him the favour of the Puritans. A negociation with Spain for the hand of the eldest Infanta was carried on for years."—*Pictorial History*, Book VII., p. 51.

At no period of English history would a marriage with a Spanish Roman Catholic princess have been more distasteful to the people generally than at this. There had not been a sufficient lapse of time for them to forget the Spanish Armada of 1588, or the instruments of torture which were found in some of those vessels. The Pope had, indeed, proved a bad prophet in solemnly blessing that Armada, and in pronouncing it invincible. The will of heaven seemed against him, in dispersing it by the winds. Moreover, the Pope was accused of having instigated attempts to assassinate Queen Elizabeth, and undoubtedly he had excommunicated her. A very strong feeling prevailed against all Roman Catholics, on account of the recent Gunpowder Plot; and of all Catholic nations, Spain was then the most obnoxious. The ballad seems therefore to have been intended to pander to this popular feeling by drawing an imaginary picture of the evils which would arise from the proposed match, and of the cruelties which would be practised by a Spanish queen.

Such a ballad as this was not likely to be licensed, and consequently it is not to be found upon the registers of Stationers' Hall. It is one of the class which Selden compares to straws thrown up in the air, "by which you may see which way the wind is; which you shall not do by casting up a stone." "More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times," says he, "so well as ballads and libels."

And now to bibliography. The copy in the Miller Collection is probably the only extant original edition. The Roxburghe is a reprint from it, even to the bad spelling of "Queen *Elnor*" for *Ellinor*, and of "Queen *Hive*" for *Queenhithe*, on the title. As this reprint is by the "Assignes of Thomas Symcocke," dating in or after 1620, the revival may have been owing to the renewed proposals for a Spanish marriage for Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I.

There are, further, two copies issued by Coles, Vere, and Wright in the reign of Charles II. One of these is the second copy in the Miller Collection, and the other is No. 178 in the Rawlinson Collection.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 225.]

The lamentable fall of Queen

El[li]nor; who, for her pride and wickednesse, by
God's judgement, sunke into the ground at Charing-
crosse and rose up at Queene Hibe [Queenhithe].

TO THE TUNE OF *Gentle and courteous.*

When Edward was in England King,
the first of all that name,
Proud El[li]nor he made his Queene,
a stately Spanish dame; 4
Whose wicked life, and sinfull pride,
thro' England did excell—
To dainty dames and gallant maides
this queene was knowne full well. 8

She was the first that did invent
in coaches brave to ride;
She was the first that brought this land
the deadly sinne of pride; 12
No English taylor here could serve
to make her rich attyre;
But sent for taylors into Spaine,
to feed her vaine desire. 16

They brought in fashions strange and new,
with golden garments bright;
The farthingale,¹ and mighty ruffes,
with gownes of rare delight: 20
Our London dames, in Spanish pride,
did flourish every where,
Our Englishmen, like women, then
did weare long locks of haire. 24

Both man and childe, both maid & wife,
were drown'd in pride of Spaine,
And thought the Spanish taylors then,
our English-men did staine. 28

¹ The farthingale was the progenitor of the recent crinoline.

Whereat the Queene did much despight,
to see our Englishmen
In vestures clad as brave to see
as any Spaniard then. 32

She crav'd the King, that every man
that wore long lockes of haire,
Might then be cut and polled all,
or shaven very neare. 36
Whereat the King did seem content,
and soon thereto agreed,
And first commandeth that his owne
should then be cut with speed. 40

And, after that, to please his Queene,
proclaimèd through the land,
That everie man that wore long haire,
should poll him out of hand. 44
But yet this Spaniard, not content,
to women bore a spight :
And then requested of the King,
against all law and right, 48

That everie womankind should have
her right breast cut away ;
And then with burning irons sear'd,
the blood to staunch and stay. 52
King Edward then, perceiving well
her spight to women kinde,
Devisèd soone by policy,
to turne her bloudie minde. 56

He sent for burning irons straight,
all sparkling hot to see,
And said, " O Queene, come on thy way,
I will begin with thee." 60
Which words did much displease the Queen,
that penance to begin ;
But askt him pardon on her knees ;
who gave her grace therein. 64

But afterwards she chanc'd to passe
along brave London streets,
Whereas the Mayor of London's wife
in stately sort she meets 68
With musicke, mirth, and melody,
unto the church that went,
To give God thanks, that to the Lord Mayor
a noble son had sent. 72

It grievèd much this spightful Queen
to see that any one
Should so exceed in mirth and joy,
except herselfe alone : 76
For which she after did devise
within her bloody minde,
And practis'd still, most secretly,
to kill that ladie kinde. 80

Unto Lord Mayor of London then
she sent her letters straight,
To send his Lady to the Court,
Upon her Grace to wait. 84
But when the London Lady came
Before proud El'nor's face,
She stript her from her rich array,
and kept her vile and base. 88

She sent her into Wales with speed,
and kept her secret there,
And us'd her still more cruelly
than ever man did heare ; 92
She made her wash, she made her starch,
she made her drudge alway ;
She made her nurse up children small,
and labour night and day. 96

But this contented not the Queen,
but shewd her more despight—
She bound this lady to a post
at twelve a clock at night. 100

And as, poore Lady, she stood bound,
the Queene, in angry mood,
Did set two snakes unto her breast,
that suckt away her blood. 104

Thus died the Mayor of London's wife,
most grievous for to heare ;
Which made the Spaniard grow more proud,
as after shall appeare. 108
The wheat that dayly made her bread
was bolted¹ twenty times ;
The food that fed this stately dame,
was boiled in costly wines. 112

The water that did spring from ground
she would not touch at all,
But washt her hands with dewes of heaven
that on sweet roses fall ; 116
She bathd her body many a time
in fountaines filled with milke ;
And every day did change attire,
in costly Median silke. 120

But comming then to London backe,
within her coach of gold,
A tempest strange within the skies
this Queene did there behold : 124
Out of which storme she could not goe,
but there remain'd a space ;
Foure horses could not stirre her coach
a foot out of that place. 128

A judgement surely sent from heaven,
for shedding guiltlesse blood,
Upon this sinful Queene that slew
the London lady good. 132
King Edward then, as wisdom will'd,
accus'd her for that deed ;
But she denied, and wisht that God
would send his wrath with speed, 136

¹ bolted = sifted.

If that upon so vile a thing
her heart did ever thinke,
She wisht the ground might open wide
and therein she might sinke! 140
With that, at Charing-Crosse she sunke
into the ground alive,
And after rose, with life againe,
in London at Queen-Hithe. 144

Where, after that, she languisht sore,
full twentie daies in paine,
At last confest the Ladies blood
her guilty hands did staine: 148
And likewise how that, by a frier,
she had a base-borne child;
Whose sinful lust and wickednesse
her marriage bed defilde. 152

Thus you have heard the fall of pride,
a just reward of sinne:
For those that will forswear themselves,
God's vengeance daily winne. 156
Beware of pride, ye London dames,
Both wives and maidens all,
Beare this imprinted in your minde,
that Pride must have a fall. 160

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas Symcocke.

The ungracious Son.

OF this ballad there are two extant copies, besides the Roxburghe. One is in the Miller Collection, with the printer's name cut off, and another in the Pepys Collection, "printed at London for H. Gosson," therefore a different edition, although issued by the same publisher as this.

The "Chronicle," from which the ballad is said to have been taken, must have been one that incorporated miracles, if it contained the subject of the following story.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 226, 227.]

A most notable example of an ungracious Son, who in the pride of his heart denyed his owne Father, and how God for his offence turned his meat into loathsome toades.

TO THE TUNE OF *Lord Darley.*



In searching famous chronicles,
it was my chance to reade
A worthy story, strange and true,
whereto I tooke good heed—
Betwixt a farmer and his son
this rare example stands,
Which well may move the hardest hearts,
to weepe and wring their hands.

4

8

The farmer in the country liv'd,
whose substance did excell:
He sent therefore his eldest sonne
in Paris for to dwell;

12

Where he became a marchant-man,
and trafficke great he used,
So that he was exceeding rich,
till he himselfe abused : 16

For, having now the world at will,
his mind was wholly bent
To gaming, wine, and wantonnesse,
till all his goods were spent. 20
Yea, such excessive riotousnesse
by him was shewèd forth,
That he was three times more in debt
then all his wealth was worth. 24

At length his credit cleane was crackt,
and he in prison cast,
And every man against him then
did set his action fast. 28
There lay he lockt in irons strong,
for ever and for aye,
Unable, while his life did last,
his grievous debt to pay. 32

And living in this wofull case,
his eyes with teares he spent ;
The lewdnesse of his former life
too late he did repent : 36
And being void of all reliefe,
of helpe and comfort quite ;
Unto his father, at the last,
he thus began to write : 46

“ Bow downe a while your heedfull eares,
my loving father deare,
And grant, I pray, in gracious sort
my piteous plaint to heare : 44
Forgive the foule offences all
of your unthrifty son ;
Which, through the lewdnesse of his life,
hath now himselfe undone. 48

“ O my good father, take remorse
 on this my extreme need,
 And succour his distressèd state
 whose heart for woe doth bleed.
 In direfull dungeon here I lye,
 my feet in fetters fast,
 Whom my most cruell creditors
 in prison so have cast.

52

56

“ Let pity, therefore, pierce your brest,
 and mercie move your mind,
 And, to releave my miserie,
 some shift, sweet father, find.
 My chiefest cheere is bread full browne,
 the boords my softest bed :
 And flinty stones my pillowes serve
 to rest my troubled head.

60

64

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



“ My garments all are worne to rags,
 my body starves with cold :
 And crawling vermine eat my flesh,
 most grievous to behold.

68

Deare father, come therefore with speed,
and rid me out of thrall,
And let me not in prison dye,
sith for your helpe I call."

72

The good old man no sooner had
perus'd this written scrowle,
But trickling teares along his cheekes
most plenteously did rowle.
"Alas! my sonne, my sonne," quoth he,
"in whom I joyed most,
Thou shalt not long in prison be,
whatever it me cost."

76

80

Two hundred heads of well fed beasts
he changèd into gold:
Foure hundred quarters of good corne
for silver eke he sold:
But all the same could not suffice
this hainous fact to pay,
Till, at the last, constrain'd he was,
to sell his land away.

84

88

Then was his sonne released quite,
his debt dischargèd cleane,
And he, likewise, as well to live
as he before had beene.
Then went his loving father home,
who, for to helpe his sonne,
Had sold his living quite away,
and eke himselfe undone.

92

96

So that he livèd poore and bare,
and in such extreame need
That many times he wanted food
his hungry corps to feed.
His son, mean time, in wealth did swim,
whose substance now was such
That sure within the citie then
few men were found so rich.

100

104

But as his goods did still increase,
and riches in did slide :
So more and more his hardened heart
did swell in hatefull pride. 108
But it fell out upon a time,
when ten years' woe was past,
Unto his sonne he did repaire
for some reliefe at last. 112

And being come unto his house
in very poore array,
It chancèd so that with his sonne
great states should dine that day. 116
The poore old man, with hat in hand,
did then the porter pray,
To shew his sonne that at the gate
his father there did stay. 120

Whereat this proud disdainefull wretch
with taunting speeches said,
"That long agoe his father's bones
within the grave were laid : 124
What rascall then is that," quoth he,
"that staineth so my state?
I charge thee, porter, presently
to drive him from my gate." 128

Which answer, when the old man heard,
he was in minde dismaid :
He wept, he waild, he wrung his hands,
and thus at length he said : 132
"O cursèd wretch, and most unkind,
and worker of my woe,
Thou monster of humanitie,
and eke thy father's foe ! 136

"Have I beene carefull of thy case,
maintaining still thy state,
And dost thou now so doggedly
inforce me from thy gate ? 140

And have I wronged thy brethren all,
from thrall to set thee free :
And brought my selfe to begger's state,
and all to succour thee ? 144

“ Woe worth the time when first of all
thy body I espy'd,
Which hath in hardnesse of thy heart,
thy father's face deny'd ! ” 148
But now behold how God, that time
did shew a wonder great,
Even where his son with all his friends
were settled down to meat : 152

For when the fayrest pye was cut,
a strange and dreadfull case,
Most ugly toades came crawling out,
and leapèd at his face. 156
Then did this wretch his fault confesse,
and for his father sent ;
And for his great ingratitude
full sore he did repent. 160

All vertuous children, learn by this
obedient hearts to show,
And honour still your parents deare,
for God commandeth so ; 164
And thinke how he did turne his meat
to poysoned toads indeed,
Which did his father's face deny,
because he stood in need. 168

Finis.

London, Printed by M. P. for Henry
Gosson, on London Bridge.

The mad merry pranks of Robin Goodfellow.

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW, alias Pucke, alias Hobgoblin, in the creed of ancient superstition," says Bishop Percy, "was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it:—

"Tells how the drudging Goblin swet
To earn his cream-bowle duly set:
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morne,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end:
Then lies him down the lubber-fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matins rings."

"The reader will observe," again says Percy, "that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classical mythology: a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions."

The following ballad is attributed to Ben Jonson, but it is not included among his published works. It may have been intended for a song in one of his Masques. Henry Gosson, the printer of this copy, was contemporary with Ben Jonson. In 1628, and perhaps also before that date, there were little books in prose about Robin Goodfellow, with songs intermixed in them. One is entitled, "Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests. Full of honest Mirth; and is a fit Medicine for Melancholy." Another, "The second part of Robin Good-fellow, commonly called Hob Goblin; with his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests." These were reprinted by the Percy Society, edited by Mr. J. P. Collier.

A second copy of Gosson's edition of the ballad is included in the Pepys Collection (I. 80), and two editions of later date are in the Bagford Collection (643 m. 9, 51, and 643 m. 10, 118). The tune of the ballad will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

Upon the history of the woodcuts to ballads I do not venture. It is the especial province of those who write upon what is popularly called "Fine Art." I would merely suggest that the following cut, with the rabbits, is probably derived from one of Robert Greene's books upon Conie-catching.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 230, 231.]

The mad merry pranks of Robbin Good-fellow.

TO THE TUNE OF *Dulcina*.



From Oberon in fairyland,
the king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robbin I, at his command,
am sent to view the night sports here :

What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I goe,
I will o'er see,
And merry be,

And make good sport with ho, ho, ho !

5

10

More swift than lightening can I flye,
 and round about this airy welkin soone,
 And, in a minute's space, descry
 each thing that's done beneath the moone ;
 There's not a hag 15
 Nor ghost shall wag,
 Nor cry "goblin !" where I doe goe,
 But Robin I
 Their feats will spye,
 And feare them home with ho, ho, ho ! 20

If any wanderers I meet
 that from their night-sports doe trudge home,
 With counterfeiting voyce I greet
 and cause them on with me to roame,
 Through woods, through lakes, 25
 Through bogs, through brakes,—
 Ore bush and brier with them I goe ;
 I call upon
 Them to come on,
 And wend me, laughing ho, ho, ho ! 30

Sometimes I meet them like a man ;
 sometimes an oxe, sometimes a hound ;
 And to a horse I turne me can,
 to trip and trot about them round.
 But, if to ride 35
 My backe they stride,
 More swift than winde away I goe ;
 Ore hedge and lands,
 Through pooles and ponds,
 I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho ! 40

When ladds and lasses merry be
 With possets and with junkets fine,
 Unseene of all the company,
 I eate their cakes and sip their wine ;
 And to make sport, 45
 I fart and snort,
 And out the candles I doe blow ;
 The maides I kisse,
 They shrieke, "Who's this ?"
 I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho ! 50

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
I card at midnight up their wooll :
And while they sleep, snort, fart and fease,
with wheele to threds their flax I pull :
I grind at mill
Their malt [up] still,
I dresse their hemp, I spin their towe ;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

55

60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



When house or harth doth sluttish lie,
 I pinch the maids there blacke and blew ;
 And, from the bed, the bed-cloathes I
 pull off, and lay them naked to view :
 twixt sleepe and wake 65

I doe them take,
 And on the key-colde floore them throw ;
 If out they cry,
 Then forth flye I,
 And loudly laugh I, ho, ho, ho ! 70

When any need to borrow ought,
 we lend them what they doe require ;
 And for the use demaund we nought,
 our owne is all we doe desire :
 If to repay 75

They doe delay,
 Abroad amongst them then I goe,
 And night by night
 I them affright,
 With pinching, dreames, and ho, ho, ho ! 80

When lazie queanes have nought to doe
 but study how to cogge and lie,
 To make debate, and mischief too,
 twixt one another secretly :
 I marke their glose, 85

And doe disclose
 To them that they had wrongèd so ;
 When I have done,
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho ! 90

When men doe traps and engins set
 in loope-holes, where the vermine creepe,
 That from their foulds and houses fet
 their ducks and geese, their lambs and sheepe :
 I spy the gin, 95

And enter in,
 And seemes a vermine taken so,
 But when they there
 Approach me neare,
 I leape out, laughing, ho, ho, ho ! 100

By wels and gils¹ in medowes greene,
we nightly dance our *hey-day guise*,²
And to our fairy King and Queene
wee chant our moone-light harmonies.
 When larkes 'gin sing, 105
 Away we fling ;
And babes new borne steale as we goe ;
 An elfe in bed
 We leave in stead,
And wend us, laughing, ho, ho, ho ! 110

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
thus nightly reveld to and fro :
And, for my pranks, men call me by
the name of Robin Good-fellow :
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites 115
 That haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins doe me know,
 And beldames old,
 My feats have told,
So *Vale, Vale*, ho, ho, ho ! 120

Finis.

London, Printed for H. G.

¹ gills = rivulets.

² *Hey-day guise*, a misprint for *heydegies* = rustic dances. The word occurs in this sense in Lily's *Endymion*, 1591, and in A Dialogue, both pleasant and pityfull, by William Bulleyn, 1564, the minstrel "daunces *Trenchmore* and *Heie de gie*, and * * telleth news from Terra Florida."

The Merchant's Daughter of Bristol.

THIS famous old ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 24th Feb. 1594-5 to Thomas Creede. It is mentioned in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (Act III. Sc. 3) as "Maudlin, the Merchant's Daughter."

The oldest copy now known is in the Collection of Mr. Henry Huth, and that edition was reprinted by him, with other ballads from his rare collection, for the *Philobiblon Society* in 1867. The copy is probably not earlier than the reign of James I., as it was "Printed at London for William Blackwall," some of whose publications are dated 1606 and 1607; still it is a very important edition. It supplies three stanzas which are deficient in all other copies, not excepting that adopted by Mr. Payne Collier for his *Roxburghe Ballads*, or the one in the Percy Folio. As the lines are numbered in the last-named edition, it is easy to point out where the deficiencies occur, viz. after lines 148, 192, and 232 (III. 380-383). Mr. Furnivall collated the Percy Folio with the three volume edition of *Old Ballads* (III. 101) printed about 1727, and as he did not note any deficiency, it must be there also.

There are four copies in the Roxburghe Collection (I. 232 and 278, III. 376 and 378), and two in the Bagford (643 m. 9, 34, and 643 m. 10, 35), as well as one or more in the Pepys (I. 516). The metre is altered in some of the late copies, and other liberties have been taken with the text.

The copy printed by Blackwall is so obviously the best that I have adopted it generally. The exceptions are where "ever" is printed for "evermore" (line 9, p. 107), which the rhyme requires, and other copies have it so. Again, the word "doome" is wanting in the middle of a line, and "ladies" is printed for "ladd's" on p. 108, lines 2 and 3.

Perhaps the particular cause of the long-extended popularity of this ballad was the mixture of religion and love in it. When we are told of a whole ship's crew offering themselves to become martyrs at the stake at a moment's notice, it is very edifying, but the tale requires a certain amount of faith. Again, when Inquisitors were found in so charitable and sympathetic a mood as to pardon such a batch of heretics, they must have enjoyed an exceptional state of merciful feeling. They are not usually painted in such pleasant colours, but it is to be hoped that some among them deserved it.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 232 and 278. Also III. 376 and 378.]

The first part of the Marchant's Daughter of Bristow.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Mayden's Joy*.

Behold the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin the Marchant's daughter of Bristow¹ towne,
Whose firme affection nothing could move,
Such favour beares the lovely browne. 4

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many yeeres had borne this mayden great good will,
She lovèd him as faithfully,
But all her friendes withstood it still. 8

The young man now perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friendes,
The force of sorrowes to expell,
To view strange countries he intendes. 12

And now to take his last farewell
Of his true love, his faire and constant Maudlin,
With musicke sweete that did excell,
Hee plaies under her window fine.² 16

"Farewell," quoth he, "my owne true love,
Farewell, my deere and cheefest treasure of my hart;
Through fortune's spight, that false did prove,
I am inforct from thee to part : 20

"Into the land of Italy,
There will I waste and wearie out my dayes in woe,
Seeing my true love is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortall foe. 24

¹ Bristol.

² It must be supposed from the rhyme that Maudlin was once pronounced Maudline. In later copies "fine" is changed to "then," for the present pronunciation "Maudlen."

“ Faire Bristow towne, therefore, adue,—
For Padua must be my habitation now,—
Although my love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow.” 28

With trickling teares this did he sing,
With sighes and sobs descending from his hart full sore ;
He sayth, when he his hands did wring,—
“ Farewell, sweete love, for evermore ! ” 32

Faire Maudlin, from a window hie,
Beholdes her true love with his musicke where he stood ;
But not a word shee durst reply,
Fearing her parents' angry mood. 36

In teares she spendes the dolefull night,
Wishing herself (though naked) with her faithful friend ;
She blames her friends and fortune's spight,
That wrought their loves such luckless end. 40

And in her hart she makes a vow
Cleane to forsake her countrey and her kinsfolke all,
And for to follow her true love now,
To bide all chaunces that might befall. 44

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early doth she arise ;
She gets her downe to the lower roome,
Where sundry seamen she espies. 48

A gallant maister among them all,
(The maister of a faire and goodly ship was he,)
Who there stood waiting in the hall,
To speake with her father, if it might be. 52

She takes him kindly by the hand,—
“ Good sir,” she sayd, “ and would you speake with any here ? ”
Quoth he, “ Faire Mayde, therefore I stand.”
“ Then, gentle sir, I pray you to come neere.” 56

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she bringes this seaman all alone ;
Sighing to him most pitteously,
She thus to him did make her mone. 60

She falles upon her tender knee,—

“ Good sir,” she sayd, “ now pittie you a mayden’s woe,
And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I to you my grieve may shew.”

64

“ Sith you repose such trust,” he sayd,

“ To me that am unknowne, and eke a stranger heere,
Be you assured, most proper mayde,
Most faythfull still I will appeare.”

68

“ I have a brother, sir,” quoth she,

“ Whom as my life I love and favour tenderly ;
In Padua, alas ! is he
Full sicke, God wot, and like to die.

72

“ And faine I would my brother see,

But that my father will not yeeld to let me goe ;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to me,
And unto me this favour shew.

76

“ Some ship-boyes garments bring to me,

That I disguis’d may get away from hence unknowne,
And unto sea Ile go with thee,
If thus much friendship may be showne.”

80

“ Faire maid,” quoth he, “ take here my hand,

I will fulfill each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
And in the place where you require.”

84

Then gives she him a tender kisse,

And saith, “ Your servant, gallant maister, I will be,
And prove your faythfull friend for this,—
Sweete maister, then forget not me.”

88

This done, as they had both decreed,

Soone after early, even before the breake of day,
He bringes her garments then with speed,
Wherein shee doth herselfe array.

92

And ere her father did arise,

She meetes her maister as he walked in the hall ;
She did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

96

But ere the marchant made an end
Of all these matters to the maister he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, "Our daughter is gone away." 100

The marchant, much amazed in minde,—
"Yonder vilde wretch entict away my childe," quoth he :
"But well I wot I shall him find
At Padua in Italie." 104

With that bespake the maister brave :
"Worshipfull marchant, thither goes this pretty youth,
And any thing that you would have,
He will perform it, and [will] write the truth." 108

"Sweet youth," quoth he, "if it be so,
Beare me a letter to the English marchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow,—
My daughter's welfare I doe feare." 112

Her mother takes her by the hand,—
"Faire youth," quoth she, "if there thou dost my daughter
see,
Let me thereof soone understand,
And there is twentie crownes for thee." 116

Thus through the daughter's strange disguise,
The mother knew not when she spake unto her child ;
And after her maister straight she hies,
Taking her leave with countenance milde. 120

Thus to the sea faire Maudlin's gone
With her gentle maister—God send them a merry wind !
Where we a while must leave them alone,
Till you the second part doe finde. 124

**The second part of the Merchant's Daughter
of Bristow.**

TO THE TUNE OF *The Mayden's Joy.*

"Welcome, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
Where bitter storms and cruel tempests did arise;
The pleasant banks of Italy
We may behold with joyfull eyes." 128

"Thankes, gentle maister," then quoth shee,
"A faithful friend in all my sorrows thou hast beene;
If fortune once doth smile on me,
My thankfull heart shall well bee seene." 132

"Blest be the land that feedes my love!
Blest be that place whereas he doth abide!
No travell will I sticke to prove,
Whereby my good will may be tride." 136

"Now will I walke, with joyfull heart,
To viewe the town whereas my darling doth remaine,
And seek him out in every part,
Until I doe his sight attaine." 140

"And I," quoth he, "will not forsake
Sweete Maudlin, in al her journeys up and downe;
In wealth and woe thy part Ile take,
And bring thee safe to Padua towne." 144

And after many weary steps,
In Padua they safe arrivèd at the last,
For verie joy her heart it leapes,—
She thinkes not on her perills past. 148

But now, alas! behold the lucke—
Her own true love in woful prison doth she find,
Which did her heart in peeces plucke,
And greevde her gentle mind. 152

Condemn'd he was to die, alas!
Except he would his faith and his religion turne;
But rather than he would go to masse,
In fiery flames he vowed to burne. 156

Now doth faire Maudlin weepe and waile,
Her joy is chang'd to weeping, sorrow, greefe, and care;
But nothing can her plaints prevaile,
For death alone must be his share. 160

Shee walkes under the prison walles,
Where her true love doth lie and languish in distresse;—
Most wofully for foode he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppresse. 164

He sighes and sobs, and makes great mone,
“Farewell,” said he, “sweete England, now for evermore,
And all my friends that have me knowne
In Bristow towne, with wealth and store.” 168

“But most of all, farewell,” quoth he,
“My owne true love, sweete Maudlin, whom I left behind,
For never more I shall thee see,
Woe to thy father, most unkind!” 172

“How well were I, if thou wast here
With thy faire hands to close up both these wretched eyes;
My torments easie would appeare,
My soule with joy should scale the skies.” 176

When Maudlin heard her lover's mone,
Her eies with tears, her heart with sorrow filled was,
To speake with him no meanes was known,
Such grievous doome on him did passe. 180

Then cast she off her ladd's attire,
A maiden's weede upon her back shee seemly set;
For the judge's house shee did enquire,
And there she did a service get. 184

She did her dutie there so well,
And eke so prudently herselfe she did behave,—
With her in love her maister fell,
His servant's favour hee doth crave. 188

“Maudlin,” quoth he, “my heart's delight!
To whom my heart in firme affection's tied,
Breede not my death through thy despight—
A faithfull friend I will betide.” 192

"Graunt me thy love, faire maid," quoth he,
And at my hands desire what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise." 196

"O Sir," she said, "how blest am I
With such a kind and gentle maister for to meete!
I will not your request denie,
So you will grant what I do seeke." 200

"I have a brother, Sir," she said,
"For his religion is now condemnde to die;
In loathsome prison he is laide,
Opprest with care and miserie." 204

"Graunt me my brother's life," shee said,
"And to you my love and liking I will give."
"That may not be," quoth he, "faire maide,
Except he turne, he may not live." 208

"An English friar there is," she said,
"Of learning great, and passing pure of life;
Let him be to my brother sent,
And he will finish soone the strife." 212

Her maister granted this request:
The mariner in friar's weed she doth array,
And to her love, that lay distrest,
She doth a letter straightway convey. 216

When he had read her gentle lines,
His heavy hart was ravishèd with inward joy;
Where now shee was full well he finds,
The friar likewise was not coy, 220

But did declare to him at large,
The enterprise his love for him had taken in hand:
The young man did the friar charge,
His love should straight depart the land. 224

"Here is no place for her," he said,
"But woful death and danger of her harmless life;
Professing truth, I was betraid,
And fearefull flames must end my strife." 228

“ For ere I will my faith denie,
And sweare my selfe to follow damnèd Antichrist,
Ile yeeld my bodie for to die,
To live in heaven with the Highest.” 232

“ O sir,” the gentle friar said,
“ For your sweet love, recant and save your wishèd life.”
“ A wofull match,” quoth he, “ is made,
Where Christ is lost to win a wife.” 236

When she had wrought all means she might
To save her friend, and that shee saw it wold not be,
Then of the judge she claim’d her right,
To die the death as well as he. 240

“ For looke, what faith he doth professe,
In that same faith be sure that I will live and die ;
Then ease us both in our distresse,
Let us not live in miserie.” 244

When no persuasion could prevaile,
Nor change her minde in any thing that she had said,
She was with him condemn’d to die,
And for them both one fire was made. 248

And arme in arme, most joyfully,
These lovers twain unto the fire then did go,—
The mariners, most faithfully,
Were likewise partners of their woe. 252

But when the judges understood,
The faithful friendship in them all that did remaine,
They savde their lives, and afterward,
To England sent them home againe. 256

Now was their sorrow turnde to joy,
And faithful lovers had now their heart’s desire,
Their paines so wel they did imploy,
God granted what they did require. 260

And when they were to England come,
And to mery Bristow arrivèd at the last,
Great joy there was of all and some,
That heard the dangers they had past. 264

Her father he was dead, God wot,
And eke her mother was joyful of her sight ;
Their wishes she denièd not,
But wedded them with heart's delight. 268

Her gentle maister she desirde,
To be her father, and at church to give her then,
It was fulfild as she requirde,
Unto the joy of all good men. 272

Finis.

Printed at London for William Blackwall.

**The Maiden's Complaint of her Love's
inconstancy.**

THERE are two copies of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection, the first "Printed at London for E[dward] W[right] dwelling at Christ's-Church Gate," probably within James the First's reign ; and the second by H[enry] G[osson], which may be either before or after the other. I do not know any other copies.

The story is the old one, of a deserted maiden who placed too much faith in her lover, and now laments the inconstancy of men.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 234, 235, and 248, 249.]

The Maiden's complaint of her Love's inconstancie,
 Shewing it forth in every degree :
 She being left as one forlorne,
 With sorrowes' illls her selfe to adorne,
 And seemes for to lament and mourne.

TO A DELICATE NEW TUNE.



You maids and wives, and women kind,
 Give eare, and you shall heare my mind ;
 Wherein Ile shew most perfectly,
 A false young man's inconstancie :
For which I sigh, and sob, and weepe
To see false men no faith can keepe.

3

6

I love where I have cause to hate,—
 Such is my foolish fickle state ;
 My time I spend in grieve and woe,
 Which, sure, will be my overthrow :
I sigh, and sob, and then do weepe
To see false men no faith can keepe.

9

12

My Love to me doth prove untrue,
And seemes to bid me now adieu ;
O hatefull wretch ! and most unkind, 15
To beare so false and wicked mind :

*It makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.* 18

Hee's fled and gone, for which I grieve,
I wish no maiden him believe ;
For he with tempting speeches' wile 21
Seeks others now for to beguile :

*That they with me may sigh and weepe,
And say that men no faith can keepe.* 24

Shall I be bound, that may be free ?
Shall I love them that love not me ?
Why should I thus seeme to complaine ? 27
I see I cannot him obtaine—

*Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.* 30

O shall I weepe, or shall I sing ?
I know not which will fit mourning :
If that I weepe, 'twill breed me paine ; 33
If that I sing, 'twill ease my braine :

*Therefore Ile sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.* 36

The jewel's lost, the thiefe is fled,
And I lie wounded in my bed :
If to repent I should begin, 39
They'l say 'twas I that let him in :

*Therefore Ile sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.* 42

My mind to him was alwaies true,
For which I now have cause to rue :
Would I had never seene his face, 45
Nor trode the pathes of Cupid's race !

*For now I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.* 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



What hap hath any he or she
 That can but live at libertie,
 And not be troubled as I am,
 As by my song you understand ! 51
It makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe. 54

I cannot take my quiet rest
 To thinke on him that I lov'd best :
 Sometimes when I doe thinke to sleepe, 57
 Then thought of him makes me to weepe :
I cannot choose but sigh and sob,
To thinke of him that doth me rob. 60

'Tis true indeed he robbeth me
Of my content and libertie:
My heart can now no comfort find 63
To thinke on him that proves unkind:
I cannot chuse but sigh and weep,
To see false men no faith can keepe. 66

My head doth ake, mine eyes are sore,
And I can find no help therefore;
My body's faint, and I am weake; 69
My tongue is tyed, I cannot speake:
Yet still I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe. 72

My daies are short, my life's not long,
I cannot well declare my wrong:
Yet, in some part, I here doe show, 75
That you the cause hereof may know:
Wherefore I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe. 78

His tempting eies and smiling lookes
Now seeme to me like baited hookes,
Which are but laid for to betray 81
The fish that's greedy of his prey:
Therefore I sob, and sigh, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe. 84

When first with me he came in place,
He did me with his armes imbrace;
He kist me on't, and swore that he 87
Would never have no one but me:
Yet now he makes me sob and weepe
To see that men no faith can keepe. 90

With words most faire he did intreat,
Untill my favour he did get:
But him uncertaine I doe find, 93
And changing like the wavering wind:
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe. 96

He vow'd to beare a faithfull mind,
 But he is otherwise inclin'd;
 He now doth seeme as strange to me— 99
 I cannot have his companie—
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe. 102

Thus seemes my Love to do me wrong,
 Wherefore Ile here conclude my song:
 Ile never trust false men no more, 105
 Nor doe as I have done before:
For which I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe. 108

Finis.

Printed at London for E. W. dwelling at
 Christs-Church Gate.

A merry new jig.

THIS ballad in the form of a dialogue is designated a "jig," meaning that it runs in short and quick phrases jiggingly to the tune. Many more are so termed when they are of the same class.

I have not noticed elsewhere the name of Valentine Hamdultun, which is here subscribed to the second part of the ballad as its author; and if this be not a mis-spelling of some such name as Hamilton, or Humbleton, it was probably assumed for the occasion.

One other copy of the ballad, issued by the same publisher, is included in the Pepys Collection (I. 258).

[Roxb. Coll. I. 236.]

A mery new Jigge;

Dr,

The pleasant wooing betwixt Kit and Pegge.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Strawberry leaves make maidens faire.*



M[AN]. Well met, faire maid, my chiefest joy!
 W[OMAN]. Alas! blinde foole, deceiv'd art thou.
 M. I prethee, sweet Peg, be not so coy.
 W. I scorne to fancy such a cow.

4

M. Thy beauty, sweet Peg, hath won my heart.
 W. For shame! leave off thy flattery.
 M. From thee I never meane to part.
 W. Good lacke, how thou canst cog and lie!

8

M. For Peggie's love poore Kit will dye.

W. In faith what colour then shall it be ?

M. In time my constant heart will try.

W. Then pluck it out that I may see.

12

M. My life I will spend to doe thee good.

W. Alas ! good sir, thou shalt not need.

M. For thee I will not spare my blood.

W. God send your goslings well to speed.

16

M. Yet faine would I be thy wedded mate.

W. Alas ! good sir, I am already sped.

M. What lucke had I to come so late ?

W. Because thou broughtst a calfe from bed.

20

M. O pittie me, sweet Peg, I thee pray.

W. So I have done long time, God wot.

M. Why dost thou then my love denay ?

W. Because I see thou art a sot.

24

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 237.]

Now here doth follow a pleasant new song
Betweene two young Lovers that lasted not long ;

Dr,

THE SECOND PART. TO THE SAME TUNE.



M. Why, Ich have wealth and treasure store.

W. And wit as small as small may be.

M. A chaine of gold I might have wore.

W. A cocks-combe fitter had beene for thee.

28

M. Thou lov'st the Miller of the Glen.

W. What if I doe, what is that to thee ?

M. I will bang the miller's love from him,
And therefore wend and gang with me.

32

W. Great boast ! small roast such brags will make ;
But if Tom Miller he were nie,
He would bang thee well for Peggie's sake,
And like a puppy make thee cry. 36

M. Yet kisse me now for my good will,
And if my life thou meanst to save.
W. To give a kisse I thinke it best,
To rid me from a prating knave. 40

Be packing hence, you rusticke clowne.
M. No haste but good I hope there be.
W. Take heed lest that I cracke your crowne,
For bussing Pegge so sawcily. 44

M. Nay, in friendly sort now let us part,
I pray thee, sweet love, so let it be.
W. Aduie, kind Kit, with all my heart,
I am glad I am rid of thy company. 48

M. All you young men, take heed by me,
That unto women set your minde ;
See that your lovers constant be,
Lest you be servèd in like kinde. 52

Written by Valentine Hamdultun.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 238.]

The merry carelesse Lover;

Dr,

A pleasant new Dittie, called I love a Lasse since
pesterday, and yet I cannot get her.¹

TO THE TUNE OF, *The mother beguilde the daughter.*



Oft have I heard of many men
whom love hath sore tormented,
With grieve of heart, and bitter smart,
and mindes much discontented ;

4

¹ Ballads such as this prove the class of purchasers for which they were written, and indeed there was no other class sufficiently numerous to keep going the more than 250 ballad-publishers in London, whose names I have noted down, from still-existing evidence, as having published broadside-ballads within the seventeenth century. There must have been many more too, whose publications are not to be found among the scanty

Such love to me shall never be—
 distasteful, grievous, bitter—
 I have loved a lasse since yesterday,
 and yet I cannot get her : 8
But let her chuse—if she refuse,
and goe to take another,
I will not grieve, but still will be
the merry carelesse Lover. 12

I will no foolish lover be
 to waste my meanes upon her ;
 But if she doe prove firme to me,
 in heart I will her honour ; 16
 And if she scorne my part to take,
 I know a way to fit her ;
 My heart with grieve shall never ake,
 what man soever get her. 20
Then let her chuse—if she refuse,
And goe to take another,
I will not grieve, but still will be
The merry careless Lover. 24

remains of the present time. Even in the sixteenth century, according to the registers of the Stationers' Company, 760 ballads were transferred to the new wardens of the Stationers' Company, for entry, at the end of the year 1560, and but 44 books.

In the following, the "merry careless lover" relates the varied treatment he receives from a Yorkshire knitting-girl, and he hopes to be able to carry it with a high hand, and with affected indifference, if she should reject him. But his heart is evidently more engaged than he likes to confess. This ballad was written by Robert Guy, and no second copy of it is to be found in the known collections.

This Yorkshire "knitter in the sun" recalls to us the well-known lines of Shakespeare :

"Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain ;
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their threads with bones,
 Do use to chant it ; it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age."

And yet I know not what to thinke—
 she makes a shew she loves me ;
 What need I feare from me she'l shrinke ?
 some foolish passion mooves me 28
 Sometimes to hope, sometimes to feare—
 it hangs upon a twitter
 Whether she hates or loves me deare—
 to lose her, or to get her.
But let her chuse—if she refuse, &c. 33

Some women they are firme in love,
 and some they are uncertaine ;
 Scarce one in twenty loyall prove ;
 yet if it were my fortune 37
 To get this lasse unto my wife,
 I know not one more fitter
 In lawfull love to leade our lives,
 if 'twere my hap to get her.
But let her chuse, &c. 42

I am a man indifferent
 whether she will or will not
 My sweet-heart be, for to love me—
 if she does not, it skills not. 46
 If she fancy me, Ile constant be—
 this lasse she is a k[n]itter !
 And I have her loved since yesterday,
 but yet I cannot get her. 50
But let her chuse—if she refuse,
and goe to take another,
Ile never grieve, but still will be
the merry careless Lover. 54

[Roxb. Coll. I. 239.]

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



This lasse she doth in Yorkshire live,
 there in a towne call'd Forset;
 Her minde to labour she doth give,
 she can knit silke or worset.¹

58

I know not well what I should say;
 in speech she's sometimes bitter:
 And I have her loved since yesterday,
 and yet I cannot get her.

62

*But let her chuse—if she refuse,
 and goe to take another,
 Ile never grieve, but still will be
 the merry carelesse Lover.*

66

¹ worset = worsted.

Sometimes she will upon me smile,
 and sometimes she is sullen ;
 As she doth sit, and stockins knit
 of jarsie and of woollen, 70
 She gets the praise above the rest
 to be a curious knitter ;
 She loves me—as she doth professe—
 and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuse, &c. 75

Her portion is not very much,
 but for the same what care I,
 So she with me will but keepe touch,¹
 and not in minde will vary : 79
 For pelfe I do not passe a straw,
 her beauty likes me better,²
 For I have her loved since yesterday,
 and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuse, &c. 84

I will bethinke me what is best
 a way for to be taken
 Her love to gaine, and her obtaine ;
 I would not be forsaken. 88
 Nor would I have her say me “nay,”
 nor give me speeches bitter ;
 For I have her loved since yesterday,
 and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuse, &c. 93

I have her father's free consent
 that she with me should marry :
 Her mother likewise is content,
 and grieves that she should carry 97
 So proude a minde, or be unkinde
 to me in speeches bitter ;
 For I beare to her a loving minde,
 and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuse, &c. 102

¹ To “keep touch” is “to keep strict faith,” or to keep together unswervingly.
 We have had this idiom before in the ballads, and shall find it again.

² Likes me better = concerns me more.

With her I at a wedding was
 where we did dance together ;
 She is a curious handsome lasse,
 and yet, like winde and weather, 106
 Her minde doth change, she's kind, she's strange,
 milde, gentle, cruell, bitter ;
 Yet, howsoere, I love her deare,
 and yet I cannot get her.
But ler her chuse, &c. 111

Yet will I hope upon the best,
 all foolish feares excluding,
 And at her faithfull service rest,
 thus here in briefe concluding : 115
 With some deare friend, to her Ile send
 a kind and loving letter,
 And hope in time her love to gaine,
 and for my wife to get her. 119
 And then Ile sing with merry cheere,
 this ditty and no other,
 Whil'st breath doth last, till life be past,
 I will be a faithfull Lover. 123

Finis.

By Robert Guy.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 240, 241.]

The merrp-conceited Lasse,
 Whose heart's desire was set on fire,
 A husband for to have;
 In hope that he would certainly,
 Maintaine her fine and brave.¹

TO A PLEASANT NEW NORTHERNE TUNE.



I am a young woman and faine I would have,
tē-ra-la-tal; da, rat-de-ra-do,
 A husband that will maintain me brave,
 'Tis that which my heart doth wish and crave,
tē-rā-lā-lā; tē-rā-lā-lā; tāl; dā; rāt-dē-rā-dō.

5

This ballad is by Lawrence Price, and the Roxburghe copy is perhaps the only one remaining.

It is to be sung to "a new *Northern* tune," which means only

¹ Brave is a word, the sense of which is quite changed. In Old English it means "gaily dressed." A "tall" man then included a bold and valiant one, as in the ballad, "When Sampson was a tall young man," and "I know your spirit to be tall" in Beaumont and Fletcher.

And if I have a husband kind,
tē-ra-la-tal; da, rat-de-ra-do,
 That gives content unto my mind,
 A courteous wife he shall me find,
*tē-ră-lă-lā; tē-ră-lă-lā; tāl; dā; rāt-dě-ră-dō.*¹ 10

But if my husband froward be,
 The same bread he doth break to me,
 He shall eat part on't presently. 13

And if my husband use to ro[a]me
 He shall not keep me like a mome,²
 He were better to stay with me at home. 16

And if my husband keepes me bare;
 With thred-bare cloathes, and hungry fare,
 The worst will fall to his owne share. 19

And if my husband use me well,
 Of his deserts my tongue shall tell
 How that in love he doth excell. 22

a common or rustic tune. It has no especial reference to the North of England. Ballads were commonly called "Northern" in order to evade the word "rustic," which was too usually applied in an uncomplimentary sense, to be agreeable to the class of ballad-buyers. For instance, Burton couples "The very rustics and hog-rubbers," in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Spenser describes "rustical rudeness," and so on.

Sometimes, and especially at a later date, ballads and tunes of this class were for the same reason called Scotch. When this use of the word was forgotten, many of those ballads were supposed to be really Scotch, or imitations of Scotch. But ballad-singing in public places was prohibited in Scotland at an early date—"And gif one, women or uthers, about summer, hies singand throw Burrowes and uthers landward Tounes, the women sall be taken, handled, and put upon the Cuck-stules of every Burgh or Towne." (Sixth Parliament of Queen Marie of Scotland, 1555. See *Antiquarian Repertory*, vol. iv. p. 324.) Even now, although Scotch bagpipers abound, Scotch ballad-singers are rarely heard in English streets or villages.

¹ After these examples of the burdens, the remainder are omitted in this copy.

² Mome=a ninny, a blockhead.

If he buy *me* new hat and gowne,
That I may flaunt it up and downe,
With some of the bravest in the towne.

25

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And if he doth abuse my name,
I will not greatly his words blame,
For I am as like to doe the same.

28

But if he ply the good ale pot,
And have no money to pay the shott,
But come home like a drunken sott.

31

And if he chance to bang my coat,
 (So that he do not hurt my throat,)
 Then will I sing a pleasant note. 34

But if he come home fopt¹ to bed,
 I will not strive to wrong his head,
 Though by the foretop he is led. 37

And if my husband catch a fall,
 I hope he will keepe him from the wall,
 If he have a staffe to hold withall. 40

And if my husband will be drunk,
 And loves the company of a punke,
 Untill he be in liquor sunke. 43

If any young man be weary of his life,
 Let him make choice of me for his wife,
 And there is an end of all the strife. 46

Finis.

L. P.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at
 the signe of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

The Milkmaid's Life.

THIS is one of Martin Parker's ballads in honour of Milkmaids, who well deserved such a compliment from him. They were much noted as ballad-singers, and consequently were large buyers of ballads, as well as famed for dancing. Queen Elizabeth once heard "a milkmaid singing pleasantlie" while she, during her sister's life, was restricted to her garden at Woodstock, and "wished herself to be a milkmaid, saying that the milkmaid's case was undoubtedly better than her own, and her life merrier." The praise of a milkmaid's free and cheerful life, in spite of its

¹ Fopt = tipsy.

poverty, and her generally honest and independent character, has been sung by far greater men than Martin Parker. Quotations from Overbury, Beaumont and Fletcher, Izaak Walton, Pepys, and others will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and it is not necessary to repeat them here. The Puritans had not arrived at that power which they employed to suppress the expression of cheerful and honest mirth and enjoyment, when this ballad was written. That the May-day music and dancing were still in force is evident by the last stanza but one.

The milkmaids accepted the compliments paid to them by the author of the ballad, and crumpled it in their pockets after they had learnt it, so that the only extant copy seems to be in the Roxburghe Collection. Milkmaids were also famed for being above the average as to good looks; and until a Jenner arose, there was no one to tell that their peculiar immunity from small-pox arose from their occupation. So when Misson travelled in England, in the reigns of James II. and William III., and published his *Observations on his Travels in England*, he was struck by the healthful appearance of the London milkmaids:—"On the 1st of May," says he, "and on the five or six days following, all the pretty young country girls that serve the town with milk, dress themselves up very neatly, and borrow abundance of silver plate, whereof they make a pyramid, which they adorn with ribbands and flowers, and carry upon their heads, instead of their common milk-pails. In this equipage, accompanied by some of their fellow-milkmaids, and a bagpipe or a fiddle, they go from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers, in the midst of boys and girls that follow them in troops, and everybody gives them something."—Ozell's translation, p. 307, 8vo., 1719. They must have borne a character for honesty, or the plate would not have been lent to them.

The tune of the ballad, *The Milkmaid's Dumps*, was probably one to which they danced on such occasions. The *dump* was a slow dance, and as the milkmaids' heads were so encumbered, their dances must have been rather of the sliding order. A tune which is quite of this class, and probably the right one, will be found in *Popular Music*, with the words of the ballad.

Izaak Walton quotes eight lines of it in his "Angler," as was first pointed out by Mr. Payne Collier.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 244, 245.]

The Milke-maid's Life ;

Or,

A pretty new Ditty, composed and pen'd,
The praise of the milking pail to defend.

TO A CURIOUS NEW TUNE CALLED, *The Milke-maid's Dumps.*



You rurall goddesses,
that woods and fields possesse,
Assist me with your skill,
That may direct my quill
more jocundly to expresse

The mirth and delight,
Both morning and night,
 on mountaine or in dale, 8
Of them who chuse
This trade to use,
And through cold dewes
Doe never refuse
 to carry the milking payle. 13

The bravest lasses gay
 live not so merry as they ;
In honest civill sort
They make each other sport, 17
 as they trudge on their way :
Come faire or foule weather,
They're fearefull of neither ;
 their courages never quaile : 21
In wet and dry,
Though winds be hye,
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny
 to carry the milking paile. 26

Their hearts are free from care,
 they never will despaire,
What ever them befall ;
They bravely beare out all, 30
 & Fortune's frownes out-dare.
They pleasantly sing,
To welcome the spring ;
 'gainst heaven they never rayle. 34
If grasse wel grow,
Their thanks they show,
And, frost or snow,
They merrily goe
 along with the milking paile. 39

Base idlenesse they doe scorne ;
 they rise very early i' th' morn,
And walke into the field,
Where pretty birds doe yeeld 43
 brave musick on every thorn :

The linet and thrush
 Doe sing on each bush;
 and the dulcid nightingale
 Her note doth straine
 In a jocund vaine,
 To entertaine
 That worthy traine
 which carry the milking paile.

47

52

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Their labor doth health preserve;
 no doctors' rules they observe;
 While others, too nice
 In taking their advice,
 look alwaies as though they would starve.

56

Their meat is digested,
They nere are molested ;
no sicknesse doth them assaile : 60

Their time is spent
In merriment :
While limbs are lent,
They are content
to carry the milking paile. 65

Those lasses, nice and strange,
that keep shops in the Exchange,
Sit pricking of clouts,
And giving of flouts ; 69
they seldome abroad doe range :

Then comes the green sicknesse,
And changeth their likenesse ;
all this is for want of good sale : 73

But 'tis not so,
As prooffe doth show,
By them that goe
In frost and snow
to carry the milking paile. 78

If they any sweet-hearts have,
that doe their affections crave,
Their priviledge is this,
Which many others misse, 82
they can give them welcome brave.

With them they may walke,
And pleasantly talke,
with a bottle of wine or ale : 86

The gentle cow
Doth them allow,
As they know how.
God speed the plow,
and blesse the milking paile ! 91

Upon the first of May,
with garlands fresh and gay,
With mirth and musick sweet,
(For such a season meet,) 95
they passe their time away :

They dance away sorrow,
 And all the day thorow
 their legs doe never fayle: 99

They nimblely
 Their feet doe ply,
 And bravely try
 The victory,
 in honour o' th' milking paile. 104

If any thinke that I
 doe practise flattery,
 In seeking thus to raise
 The merry milkmaids' praise, 108
 Ile to them thus reply:

It is their desert
 Inviteth my art
 to study this pleasant tale, 112

In their defence,
 Whose innocence
 And providence
 Gets honest pence
 out of the milking paile. M. P. 117

Printed at London for T. Lambert.

Finis.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 246, 247.]

A mad kinde of wooing;

Or,

A Dialogue between Will the simple and Nan the subtile,
with their loving agreement.¹

TO THE TUNE OF *The new dance at the Red Bull Play-house.*



Sweet Nancie, I doe love thee deare,
Beleeve me if thou can,
And shall, I do protest and sweare,
While thy name is Nan.

4

¹ Two copies of this ballad are extant, one in the Pepys Collection (I. 276) printed for H. Gosson, and this in the Roxburghe, printed by the "Assignes of Thomas Symcocke."

Evans included it in his *Old Ballads* (I. 312, edit. 1810). The tale is of the coarsest and most clownish style of wooing,

I cannot court with eloquence,
 As many courtiers do :
 But I do love entirely, wench,
 And must enjoy thee too. 8
 Spight of friends that contends
 To separate our love,
 If thou love me as I love thee,
 My minde shall ne'er remove. 12

NAN.

Peace, Goodman clowne, you are too brief
 In proffering love to me,
 And if thou use such rusticke speech,
 Wee two shall ne'er agree ; 16
 Dost think my fortunes Ile forsake
 To marry with a clowne,
 When I have choice inough to take
 Of gallants in the towne ? 20
 The eagle's eye doth scorn the flie,
 Shee'le finde a better prey ;
 Therefore leave off thy doatish sute,
 Away, fond foole, away ! 24

WILL.

Why, prethe Nan, ne'er scorne my love,
 Although I be but plaine ;
 Where Will doth once but set his love,
 He must not love in vaine : 28

so that I can only suppose the attraction which induced Evans to include it in a *selection* of old ballads was the notice of the Red Bull playhouse on the title, as having supplied the tune to which the ballad was sung.

A dance-tune, called Red Bull, is included in *The Dancing Master*, and republished in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

Prynne says, in the epistle dedicatory to his *Histriomastix*, that "two old play-houses, the Fortune and the Red Bull, have been lately re-edified and enlarged, and one new theatre, White Friars play-house, erected." He adds, lamentingly, that the stationers informed him that "above forty thousand play-books had been printed within two years—they being more vendible than the *choicest* sermons."

For all you speake so scholler-like,
And talke of eagle's eyes,
Know I am come a wooing, wench,
And not a catching flies. 32
Then ne'er reply, nor yet deny,
I will not be denaid :
I would not have the world report
I twice did woo a maid. 36

NAN.

But twice, and thrice, and twentie times,
You'll woo before you winne,
To match with ignorance 'mongst maids
Is held a sottish sin ; 40
Therefore I'll match, if ere I match,
One equall to my spirit ;
And such a one, or else no one,
Shall my best love inherit. 44
A man of wit best doth fit
A mayden for to take,
Then such a man, if that I can,
My husband I will make. 48

WILL.

Why, Nan, I hope thou dost not take
Thy Will to be a foole !
Thou knowest my father, for thy sake,
Three yeares kept me at schoole. 52
And if that thou hast spirit enough
To yeeld to be my joy,
I warrant I have spirit enough
To get a chopping boy. 56
Then ne'er deny, but yeeld and try,
Or try before you trust :
Let who will seeke for to enjoy,
For Will both will and must. 60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Why, I have those that seek my love,
 That are too stout to yeeld;
 And, rather than they'd lose my love,
 They'd win me in the field. 64
 Their skill in martiall exercise
 So much do thine surpasse,
 That should they heare thee sue for love,
 They'd count thee but an asse. 68
 Then be mute—thy foolish sute
 Is all but spent in vaine;
 Tis an impossibility
 Thou shouldst my love obtaine. 72

WILL.

Dost heare me, Nan, whate'er he be
 Doth challenge love of thee,
 Ile make him like to Cupid blinde,
 He shall have no eyes to see. 76

I think I have a little skill,
My armes be strong and tuffe,
And I will warrant they shall serve
 To baste him well enuffe : 80
If he but starts to touch thy skirts,
Or in the least offends,
By all the hopes I have of love,
 Ile cut off his fingers' ends. 84

NAN.

How should I grant to fancy thee,
Whom others do disdaine ?
If thou shouldst chance to marry me,
 How wouldst thou me maintaine ? 88
Thou knowst not how to use a wife,
Thou art so homely bred ;
And soon I doubt to jealousye
 Thy fancie might be led. 92
Many feares urge my eares
That I should carefull be :
I feare I match a crabbèd peece,
 If I should marry thee. 96

WILL.

Nan, I am plaine, and cannot cog,
Nor promise wondrous faire,
When all my promises shall prove
 Like castles built i' th' aire. 100
My true performance shall be all,
My word shall be my deed ;
And, honest Nan, if I have thee,
 You shall have all you need. 104
Clap hands, be bold, say and hold,
Let us make quick dispatch :
If thou love me as I love thee,
 Wee'll straight make up the match. 108

NAN.

Then, Will, here is both hand and heart,
Ile love thee till I die ;
The world may judge I match for love,
 And not all for the eye. 112

I had rather match a lusty youth,
 Whose strength is not at full,
 Than match a small weak-timbred man,
 Whose strength hath had a pull. 116
 Maidens all, both great and small,
 That hope to marry at length,
 Do not marry for bravery,¹
 But unto strength adde strength. 120

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

¹ I have already said that "bravery" meant "gay dressing."

The Praise of the Blacksmith.

THIS ballad, in praise of the blacksmith's trade, is in the punning style which was carried to so great a pitch of excellence by the late Tom Hood. The earliest known copy is in "An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in pills, compounded of witty Ballads, jovial Songs, and merry Catches. Printed by Mer[curius] Melancholicus, to be sold in London and Westminster, 1661." The running title over the songs in that collection, "Pills to purge Melancholy," was afterwards adopted for another work by Henry Playford. He appropriated it as a second name for "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy," commenced in 1699. This later collection (which includes the ballad of the Blacksmith) passed through several editions, with progressive additions, and was at last extended to six volumes, under the editorship of Tom D'Urfey, in 1719-20.

The version of the Blacksmith in the *Antidote against Melancholy* is unequivocally preferable to any of those issued by the bungling broadside-printers. The first consists of twenty-seven stanzas, of which three are omitted, and nine are added, in the street-ballad copies. Under these circumstances, it seems the best plan to reprint from the *Antidote*, and to add the nine street-ballad stanzas at the end.

The Roxburghe copy does not bear any printer's name, but there are two others extant, one in the Rawlinson (No. 191), and the other in the Pepys (IV. 264). These carry the imprint of Coles, Vere, and Wright.

This ballad was sung to the merry tune of *Green Sleeves*, or *Which nobody can deny*, rendered famous by the notices in Shakespeare's plays. It will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 250, 251.]

A merry new Ballad, both pleasant and sweete,
In praise of the Black-smith, which is very meete.

TO THE TUNE OF *Greene sleeves*, &c.



Of all the trades that ever I see
There's none to the blacksmith compared may be,
With so many several tooles works he,
Which no body can deny.

4

The first that ever thunder-bolts made
Was a Cyclops of the blacksmith's trade,
As in a learned author is said,
Which no body can deny.

8

When thundering-like we strike about,
The fire like lightning flashes out,
Which suddenly with water we dout,¹
Which no body can deny.

12

The fairest goddess in the skies
To marry with Vulcan did advise,
And he was a Black-smith grave and wise,
Which no body can deny.

16

¹ Dout = do out, put out, extinguish.

Vulcan he, to doe her right,
 Did build her a town by day and night,
 And gave it a name, which was *Hammersmith* hight,¹
Which no body can deny. 20

Vulcan further did acquaint her
 That a pretty estate he would appoint her,
 And leave her *Seacole Lane* for a joynter,
Which no body, &c. 24

And that no enemy might wrong her,
 He built her a fort, you'd wish no stronger,
 Which was in the Lane of *Ironmonger*,
Which no body can deny. 28

Smith-field he did cleanse from durt,
 And sure there was great reason for't,
 For there he meant she should keep her Court,
Which no body, &c. 32

But after, in a good time and tyde,
 It was by the Black-smith rectified
 To the honor of Edmond *Iron-side*,
Which no body, &c. 36

Vulcan after made a traine,
 Wherein the god of warr was ta'en,
 Which ever since hath been call'd *Paul's Chaine*,
Which no body, &c. 40

The common proverb, as it is read,
 That a man must *hit the nayle on the head*,
 Without the Black-smith cannot be said,
Which no body, &c. 44

Another must not be forgot,
 And falls unto the Black-smith's lot,
 That a man should *strike while the iron is hot*,
Which no body can deny. 48

Another comes in, most proper and fit,
 The Black-smith's justice is seen in it,
 When you *give a man roast, and beat him with the spit*,
Which no body can deny. 52

¹ Hight = called.

Another comes in our Black-smith's way :

When things are safe, as old wives say,

We have them *under locke and key,*

Which no body, &c.

56

Another that is in the Blacksmith's books,

And only to him for remedy looks,

Is, when a man's *quite off the hooks,*

Which no body, &c.

60

Another proverb to him doth belong,

And therefore let's do the Blacksmith no wrong :

When a man's *held hard to it, buckle and thong,*

Which no body, &c.

64

Another proverb doth make me laugh,

Wherein the Blacksmith may challenge half,

When a reason's *as plain as a pike-staffe,*

Which no body, &c.

68

Though your lawyers travel both near and far,

And, by long pleading, a good cause may mar ;

Yet your Blacksmith takes more pains at the *bar,*

Which no body can deny.

72

Though your scrivener seek to crush and to kill

By his counterfeit deeds, and thereby doth ill ;

Yet your Blacksmith may *forge whatever he will,*

Which no body can deny.

76

Though your bankrupt citizens lurk in their holes,

And laugh at their creditors & their catchpoles ;

Yet your Blacksmith can *fetch them over the coales,*

Which no body, &c.

80

Though Jocky in the stable be never so neat,

To look to his nag, and prescribe him his meat ;

Yet your Blacksmith knows best how to *give him a heat,*

Which no body, &c.

84

If any taylor have the itch,

The Blacksmith's water, as black as pitch,

Will make his hands *go thorough stitch,*

Which no body can deny.

88

There's never a slut, if filth o'er-smutch her,

But owes to the Black-smith for her leacher,

For without a *paire of tongs* there's no man will touch her,

Which no body, &c.

92

Your roaring-boy who every one quails,
Fights, domineers, swaggers and rayles,
Could never yet make the Smith *eat his nails*,
Which no body, &c.

96

[And] if a schollar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring his matter about,
The Blacksmith he can *hammer it out*,
Which no body can deny.

100

Now, if to know him you would desire,
You must not scorn, but rank him higher,
For what he gets is *out of the fire*,
Which no body can, &c.

108

Now here's a good health to Black-smiths all,
And let it go round, *as round as a ball*,
We'll drink it all off, though it cost us a fall,
Which no body can deny.

112

ADDITIONAL STANZAS FROM THE BROADSIDE BALLAD.

And Ninus bred himselfe much strife,
For which he surely lost his life,
For doting on a Black-smith's wife,
Which no body, &c.

116

There is a law in merry England,
In which the Smith hath some command,
When any man is burnt in the hand,
Which no body, &c.

120

Banbury-ale, a two-yard pot,
The divell a tinker dare stand to 't,
If once the to[a]st be hissing hot,
Which no body, &c.

124

There is one more doth seldome faile,
When we meet with naughty beere or ale,
We say it is *as dead as a doore-naile*,
Which no body, &c.

128

A sullen woman needs no leech,
Your Black-smith's bellows restores her speech,
And will fetch againe, with winde in her breech,
Which no body, &c.

132

If you cleave to your friend, when fortune's wheele
Doth make him any mischances feele,
We say such a friend is *as true as steele*,
Which no body, &c.

136

Among the Sectaries there are those
That, without the Black-smith's helpe, do suppose
St. Dunston had ne'er tane the divell by the nose,¹
Which no body, &c.

140

Though soldiers have traveld a thousand miles,
And thinke they have all the crafts & the wiles,
Yet your Smith can sooner *double his files*,
Which no body, &c.

144

And though he hath no commander's looke,
Nor can brag of those he hath slaine or tooke,
Yet is he *as good as ever strooke*,
Which no body, &c.

148

¹ The sign of the Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, opposite to St. Dunstan's Church, was a figure of St. Dunstan holding the Devil by the nose with a pair of red-hot pincers.

Mock-beggar Hall.

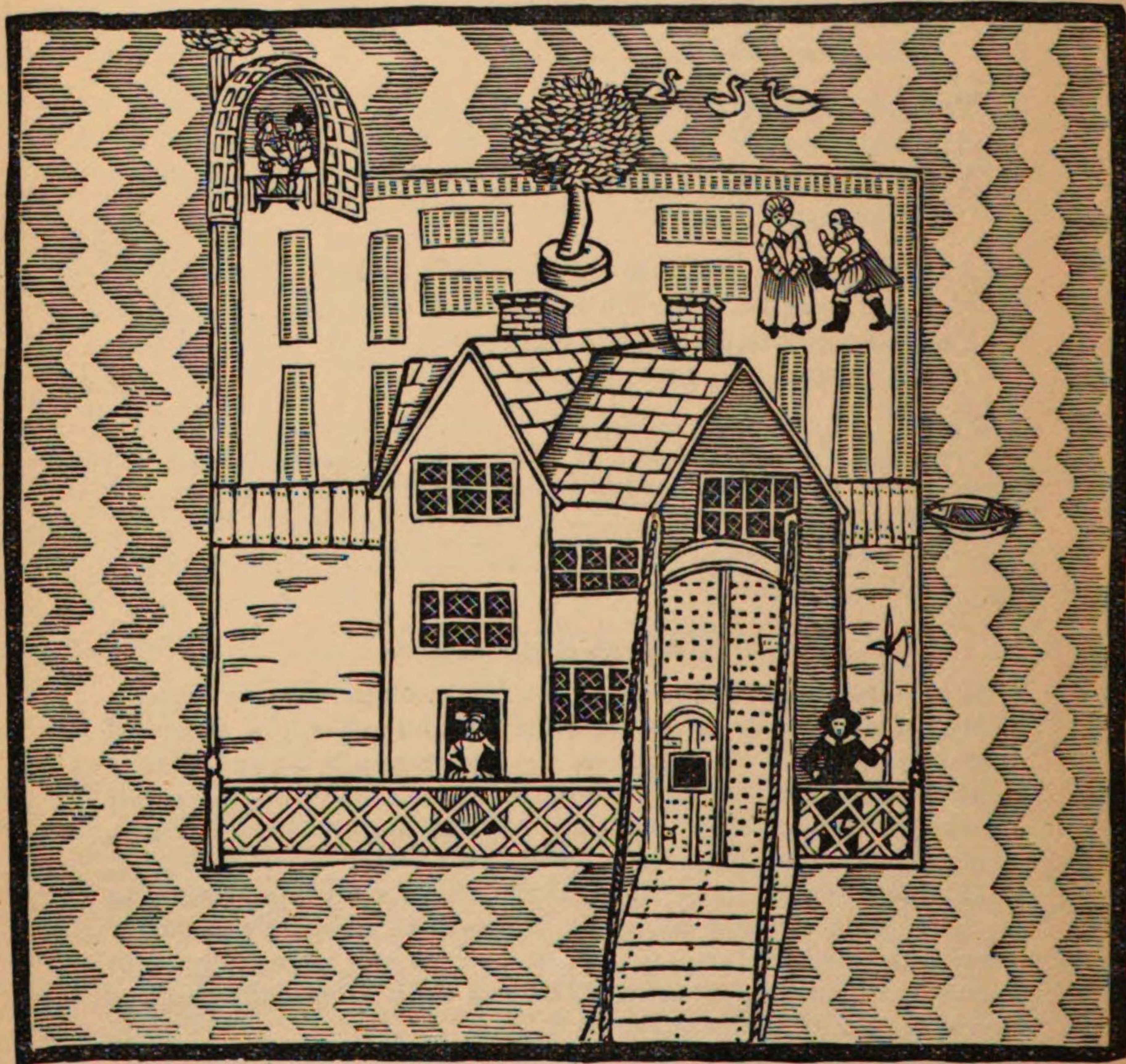
I HAVE already alluded to the complaints of the decay of hospitality, which acquired prominence in and after the reign of James I., in the Introduction to "Christmas's Lamentation," I. 155. Owing to the increase of population, and the consequent opening of new markets, together with the improvement of roads, many landowners who had been paid their rents in kind, could then receive them in money. This form of payment was by far more acceptable to young landlords inclined to gaiety, for they could carry the money in their pockets and go to London to spend it. Then the country-house was shut up, and the name of Mock-beggar Hall was given to it.

Two Mock-beggar Hall ballads were issued by Richard Harper, whose publications date towards the end of Charles the First's reign. One has been republished by Mr. Payne Collier, taken from the third volume of the Roxburghe Collection; but the following seems neither to have been reprinted nor to exist anywhere but in the Roxburghe Collection. It is well worth reprinting on account of its allusions to the manners and customs of the time.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 252, 253.]

**The Map of Mock-begger Hall, with
his scituation in the spacious Countrey called Anywhere.**

TO THE TUNE OF *It is not your Northerne Nanny; or,
Sweet is the Lasse that Loves me.*



I reade, in ancient times of yore,
That men of worthy calling
Built almes-houses and spittles¹ store,
Which now are all downe falling:

4

¹ Spittles = hospitals.

And few men seeke them to repaire,
Nor is there one among twenty
That for good deeds will take any care,
While mock-begger hall stands empty. 8

Farme-houses which their fathers built,
And land, well kept by tillage,
Their prodigall sons have sold for gilt,
In every towne and village. 12
To th' city and court they doe resort,
With gold and silver plenty,
And there they spend their time in sport,
While mock-beggars hall stands empty. 16

Young landlords, when to age they come,
Their rents they will be racking ;
The tenant must give a golden sum,
Or else he is turn'd packing : 20
Great fines and double rent beside,
Or else they'l not content be,
It is to maintaine their monstrous pride,
While mock-begger hall stands empty. 24

Their fathers went in homely frieze,
And good plaine broad-cloath breeches,
Their stockings with the same agrees,
Sow'd on with good strong stitches. 28
They were not then call'd gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty ;
Now every gul 's growne "worshipfull,"
While mock-begger hall stands empty. 32

No gold, nor silver parchment lace¹
Was worne but by our nobles ;
Nor would the honest harmlesse face
Weare ruffles with so many doubles : 36
Our bands were to our shirts sowne then,
Yet cloath was full as plenty ;
Now one band hath more cloath than ten,
While mock-begger hall stands empty. 40

¹ Parchment-lace = a kind of lace as stiff as parchment.

Now we are apes in imitation,
 The more indeed's the pitty;
 The city followes the strangers' fashion,
 The country followes the city;
 And ere one fashion is knowne throughout,
 Another they will invent yee;
 'Tis all your gallants study about,
While mock-beggers hall stands empty.

44

48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Methinks it is a great reproach
 To those that are nobly descended,
 When [they] for their pleasures cannot have a coach,
 Wherewith they might be attended;
 But every beggerly Jacke and Gill,
 That eate scant a good meale in twenty,
 Must thorow the streets be jolted still,
While mock-begger hall stands empty.

52

56

There's some are rattled thorow the streets,
 Probatum est, I tell it,
Whose names are wrapt in parchment sheets,¹
 It grieves their hearts to spell it; 60
They are not able two men to keepe,
 With a coachman they must content be,
Which at playhouse doores on his box lies asleep
 While mock-begger hall stands empty. 64

Our gentlewomen, whose meanes is nothing
 To that which they make shew of,
Must use all the fashions in their cloathing,
 Which they can heare or know of. 68
They take such care themselves to decke,
 That money is oft so scanty,
The belly is forc'd to complaine of the backe,
 While mock-begger hall stands empty. 72

It may well be that some will muse
 Wherefore, in this relation,
The name of Mocke-begger I doe use
 Without any explanation; 76
To cleare which doubt before I end,
 Because they shall all content be,
To shew the meaning I doe intend,
 Of mock-begger hall still empty. 80

Some gentlemen and citizens have,
 In divers eminent places,
Erected houses, rich and brave,
 Which stood for the owners' graces; 84
Let any poore to such a doore
 Come, they expecting plenty,
They there may ask till their throats are sore,
 For mock-begger hall stands empty. 88

Thus in these times we can perceive
 Small charity comfort yielding,
For pride doth men of grace bereave,
 Not onely in cloathes, but in building; 92

¹ Who have so mortgaged their estates as to have but little income remaining.

Man makes the senselesse stones and bricke,
 Which by heaven's goodnesse lent be,
 Expresse his pride by these vaine tricks,
Thus mock-begger hall stands empty.

96

Finis.

Printed at London for Richard Harper, neere
 to the Hospitall gate in Smithfield.

John Tomson and Jakaman his wife.

THIS ballad, of a husband tormented by the unreasonable jealousy of his loving wife, is subscribed M. L.—initials which I am unable to identify. This copy, from which Evans reprinted, is the only one known to me. The yellow hose referred to in the ballad seem to have gone out of wear about the time of the Commonwealth. Although proverbially retained, they were probably in actual use only by boys educated in Christ's Hospital, as down to the present time.

The tune to which the ballad was sung is mentioned by Shakespeare. It will be found in *Pop. Music*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 254, 255.]

A merry Jest of John Tomson and Jakaman his wife,
Whose jealousie was justly the cause of all their strife.

TO THE TUNE OF *Pegge of Ramsey.*



When I was a Batchelour
I liv'd a merry life ;
But now I am a married man,
and troubled with a wife,
I cannot doe as I have done,
because I live in feare ;
If I goe but to Islington,
my wife is watching there.
Give me my yellow hose againe,
give me my yellow hose ;
For now my wife she watcheth me—
see, yonder ! where she goes.

4

8

12

But when I was a prentice bound,
 and my indentures made,
 In many faults I have beene found,
 yet never thus afraid! 16

For if I chance now, by the way,
 a woman for to kisse,
 The rest are ready for to say,
 "Thy wife shall know of this."
Give me my yellow hose, &c. 21

Thus when I come in company,
 I passe my mirth in feare,
 For one or other, merrily,
 will say my wife is there; 25
 And then my look doth make them laugh
 to see my woful case;
 How I stand like John Hold-my-staffe,
 and dare not shew my face.
Give me my yellow hose, &c. 30

Then comes a handsome woman in,
 and shakes me by the hand:
 But how my wife she did begin,
 now you shall understand. 34
 "Faire dame" (quoth she) "why dost thou so?
 he gave his hand to me:
 And thou shalt know, before thou goe,
 he is no man for thee."
Give me my yellow hose, &c. 39

"Good wife" (quoth she) "now doe not scould,
 I will doe so no more:
 I thought I might have beene so bolde,
 I knowing him before." 43
 With that my wife was almost mad,
 yet many did intreat her;
 And I, God knowes, was very sad,
 for feare she would have beat her.
Give me my yellow hose, &c. 48

Thus marriage is an enterprise
 experience doth show;
 But scolding is an exercise
 that married men doe know; 52

For all this while there were no blowes,
yet still their tongues were talking :
And very faine would yellow hose
have had her fists a walking.
Give me my yellow, &c.

57

In comes a neighbour of our towne,
an honest man, Got wot ;
And he must needes goe sit him downe
and call in for his pot :
And said to me, " I am the man
which gave to you your wife ;
And I will doe the best I can,
to mend this wicked life."
*Give me my yellow hose againe,
give me my yellow hose ;
For now my wife she watcheth me,
see, yonder ! where she goes.*

61

65

69

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



I gave him thankes, and bad him goe,
and so he did indeed :
And told my wife she was a shrow,
but that was more than need.

73

Saith he, "Thou hast an honest man,
and one that loves thee well."

Said she, "You are a foole, good Sir,
it's more than you can tell."

Give me my yellow hose, &c.

78

"And yet in truth he loveth me,
but many more beside;

And I may say, good Sir, to thee,
That cannot I abide.

82

For though he loves me as his life,
yet now, Sir, wot you what

They say—he loves his neighbour's wife!

I pray you how like you that?"

Give me my yellow hose, &c.

87

Saith he, "I hope I never shall
seeke fancy fond¹ to follow;

For love is lawful unto all,
except it be too yellow;

91

Which lyeth like the jaundice so

in these, our women's faces,

That watch their husbands where they go,
and hunt them out in places."

Give me my yellow hose, &c.

96

Now comes my neighbour's wife apace,
to talke a word or two;

My wife then meets her face to face,
and saith, "Dame, is it you

100

That makes so much of my good man,
as if he were your owne?

Then, clamp as closely as you can,
I know it will be knowne."

Give me my yellow hose, &c.

105

Now when I saw the woman gone,
I call'd my wife aside,

And said, "Why art thou such a one
that thou canst not abide

109

A woman for to talke with me?
this is a wofull case,

That I must keepe no company,
except you be in place."

Give me my yellow hose, &c.

114

¹ Fond = foolish.

This maketh batchelers to wooe
so long before they wed,
Because they heare that women now
will be their husband's head : 118

And seven years long I tarried
for Jakaman my wife,
But now that I am married,
I am weary of my life.
Give me my yellow hose, &c. 123

For yellow love is too-too bad,
without all wit or pollicie ;
And too much love hath made her mad,
and fill'd her full of jealousy. 127

Shee thinkes I am in love with those
I speake to, passing by ;
That makes her weare the yellow hose
I gave her for to dye.
Give me my yellow hose, &c. 132

But now I see she is so hot,
and lives so [ill] at ease,
I will goe get a souldier's coate,
and sayle beyond the seas, 136

To serve my captaine where and whan,¹
though it be to my paine :
Thus, "Farewell ! gentle Jakaman,
till we two meet againe."
Give me my yellow hose, &c. 141

Quoth she, "Good husband, do not deale
thus hardly now with me,
And of a truth I will reveale
my cause of jealousy : 145

You know I alwaies paid the score—
you put me still in trust—
I savèd twenty pound and more,
confesse it needes I must."
Give me my yellow hose, &c. 150

"But now my saving of the same
(for ought that I doe know),
Made jealousy to fixe her frame,
to weave this web of woe. 154

¹ Whan = when.

And thus, this foolish love of mine
 was very fondly bent;
 But now, my gold and goods are thine,
 good husband, be content."
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

159

"And thus to leade my life anew
 I fully now propose,
 That thou maist change thy coat of blew,
 and I my yellow hose.

163

This being done, our countrey wives
 may warning take by me,
 How they doe live such jealous lives,
 as I have done with thee."

167

*Give me my yellow hose againe,
 give me my yellow hose;
 For now my wife shee watcheth me,
 see, yonder! where she goes.*

171

M. L.

Finis.

Imprinted at London for Edward Wright.

A Mess of Good Fellows.

THIS, again, is a ballad by Martin Parker, of which no other copy seems to exist in the known collections. It is one of that numerous class of productions in which, under the plea of being "jovial blades," "good fellows," and other such rubbish, men sought to excuse themselves for spending all that they had earned towards their own support and that of their families, upon the selfish gratification of drinking to excess. The toasting to their wives in the last verse was to be sufficient to hold these "good fellows" excused for going home with empty pockets. The wives would have taken a very opposite view upon that point.

The ballad was fitted to the tune of *Old Sir Simon, the King*, under its secondary name of *I'm ragged, and torn, and true*. This last is one of the numerous ballads to the tune *Old Simon*. See *Popular Music*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 260, 261.]

A Messe of Good Fellowes;

Dr,

The generous spark, who roundly
doth call, and sayes for his part,
Tush, we haue, and shall haue, abundance,
come, fill us the other odd quart.

TO THE TUNE OF *Ragged and torne.*



Well met, my joviall blades,
 Tom, Anthony, Dick, & James,
 We have been all merry comrades,
 as all our acquaintance proclaims: 4
 Now, sith we are all met here,
 wee'l be merry before we goe;
 For paying let's never feare,
 our credit is good, we know. 8
 Here's four or five shillings, good round ones,
 Ile spend them before we part,
Tush, we have, and shall have, abundance,
come, fill us the other odd quart. 12

Wee'l laugh and make good sport,
 and cry "A fig for care!"
 What though our means grow short,
 the world has enough to spare: 16
 When either of us was borne,
 we had as much wealth about us
 As those that are rich, Ile be sworne,—
 why then should they jeer and flout us? 20
 And though they have since got ground on 's
 it doth not much grieve my heart.
Tush, we have, &c. 23

Let's sing, and make a noise,
 as best the time befits,
 Wee shew ourselves merry good boyes,
 when the world is beside her wits. 27
 The usurer, with all his bags,
 is not so content in mind
 As honest good fellows in rags,
 that are to each other kind. 31
 Our hearts are all perfect and sound ones,
 we scorn from our friends to start:
Tush, we have, &c 34

The mizer doth daily plod
 how he may his riches increase,
 He maketh his gold his god,
 but we live at better heart's-ease; 38

Let fortune frowne or smile,
 we do not for that much passe;
 The world shall not us beguile
 with her prospective glasse. 42
 If poverty seeke to wound us,
 wee'l cure't with the vintner's art,
Tush, we have, &c. 45
 He that doth injoy his health,
 and a competent means withall,
 What need he to pine for wealth,
 but take what to him doth befall? 49
 A contented mind is worth gold—
 it is but a folly to strive—
 We all were at first of one mould,
 yet all are not borne to thrive. 53
 Then let no ill thoughts confound us,
 let every one bear a good heart,
Tush, we have, and shall have, abundance,
come, fill us the other odd quart. 57



[*This is the centre cut of 'The Mad Man's Morrice, p. 154, beyond.*]

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



We scorn to spend money on queanes,
 though sometimes we hunt the fox;¹
 For he that so wasteth his means,
 at last will be paid with a pox. 61
 No surgeon, nor any physitian,
 for mony their aid shall lend us;
 When drinking hath chang'd our condition,
 a hair o' th[e] old dog² will mend us. 65

¹ Hunt the fox = get drunk.

² A hair of the old dog means drinking again. Thus:

"But be sure overnight if this dog do you bite,
 You take it henceforth as a warning,
 Soon as out of your bed
 To settle your head
 With a hair of his tail in the morning."

Grim sorrow can never wound us,
 which maketh curmudgeans to smart.
Tush, we have, and shall have, abundance,
Come, fill us the tother odd quart. 69

'Tis better far to be poore,
 and have a contented mind,
 Th[a]n to have abundance in store,
 and with it no rest [to] find: 73

The covetous man is not rich,
 he never is satisfide,
 His mony doth him bewitch,
 he thinks upon nothing beside. 77

Such puddles shall never drowne us,
 wee'l be well content with our part.
Tush, we have, &c. 80

Some idle companions there be,
 that, rather th[a]n they will worke,
 Upon such good fellows as we
 the rascals will live by the shirk. 84

At last they are tane in the nick,
 for cheating can nere come to good,
 And then they are taught a fine trick,
 to look through a piece of wood;¹ 88

And oftentimes when they are found thus,
 with pain they do follow the cart.
Tush, we have, &c. 91

He that hath a generous mind
 will take any laudable course,
 What fortune to him hath assign'd,
 he takes it for better for worse: 95

And to recreate his sense,
 when labour hath tane off the edge,
 They weigh not a little expense,²
 each other, like us, they will pledge. 99

Let our hearts be true and sound,
 tho' fortune our meanings doth thwart.
Tush, we have, &c. 102

¹ The stocks or the pillory, and whipped at the cart's tail.

² "Senses" in line 5, and "a little expenses" in line 7 of the text. The first throws a wrong accent upon "ēs," and the second inverts the author's meaning—for "not a little" thus expresses "much."

Such merry vagaries wee'l play,
 when liquour hath captiv'd our wits,
 We thinke not how hard the next day
 we must work for these mad mery fits : 106
 Yet, wee'l neyther quarrell nor chide,
 as fools in these humours do use,
 Such folly we cannot abide,
 if any way we can chuse. 110
 And if any man seek to wrong us,
 wee'l one take another's part :
Tush, we have, &c. 113

But amongst all our merry cheare,
 'twere pity of all our lives,
 If all the while wee are here,
 wee neglect to drink to our wives : 117
 Faith, that was remembred well,
 'tis better at last than never ;
 Though my share doe the rest excell,
 it shall go about howsoever. 121
 Now, lest too much liquor shold drown us,
 let's know what's o' th' score and depart.
Tush, we have, and shall have, abundance,
come, give us the other odd quart. 125

M. P.

Finis.

Printed for Thomas Lambert neare the
 Hospitall-gate in Smithfield.

Monday's Work.

By "Monday's Work" is here meant, to do nothing but drink. The only known copy of the ballad is in this collection. It was probably written by the same man as "I owe my hostess money," which has already been included in our first volume, at p. 515. This "Monday's Work" was to be sung to the tune of the other.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 262, 263.]

Mondayes Worke;

Dr,

The two honest neighbours, both birds of a feather,
Who are at the ale-house both merry together.

TO THE TUNE OF *I owe my Hostesse money.*



Good morow, neighbour Gamble,
Come let you and I goe ramble ;
Last night I was shot
Through the braines with a pot,
And now my stomacke doth wamble :
Your possets and your caudles
Are fit for babes in cradles :
A piece of salt hogge
And a haire of the old dogge
Is good to cure our drunken noddles.

5

10

*Come hither, mine Host, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither, mine Host,
With a pot and a tost,
And let us be merry together.* 15

I rose in the morning early
To take this juice of barley,
But if my wife Jone
Knew where I were gone,
Shee'd call me to a parley. 20
My bones I doe not favour,
But honestly doe labour :
But when I am out,
I must make a mad bout,
Come, here's halfe a pot to thee, neighbour.
Come hither, &c. 26

Gramarcy, neighbour Jinkin,
I see thou lovest no shrinking,
And I, for my part,
From thee will not start,
Come fill us a little more drinke in ; 31
I' th' weeke we aske but one day,
And that's next after Sunday,
Our custome wee'le hold
Although our wives scold,
The mault-man comes a Monday.¹
Come hither, &c. 37

Come let's have our liquor about us,
Mine Host, doe not misdoubt us ;
Yet, if we should call,
And pay none at all,
You were better be without us : 42
But we are no such fellowes,
Though some in clothes excell us,
And yet have no coyne
For liquor to joyne,
Yet we have both whites and yellowes.
Come hither, &c. 48

¹ Allan Ramsay adopted this line as the first of one of his songs in the *Tea Table Miscellany*.

We scorne those rooking Rorers
That are such common scorers,
No coyne they can spare,
Because they are :

Such dicers and such whorers :
But we doe hate such doing,
Weele waste no meanes in wooing ;
Yet such as they be
Make you thinke that we

53

Will not pay what is owing.
Come hither, mine Host, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather ;
Come hither, mine Host,
With a pot and a tost,
And let us be merry together.

58

63

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Come, ply your worke, my masters,
Let us not be time-wasters,
To worke, or to play
Very hard, as some say,
Is a signe of good fore-casters.

68

Much prate to me is loathing,
 To cumber the house for nothing;
 I hate a long tale,
 Give me some more ale,
 Which is meate, drinke, and cloathing. 73
Come hither, mine Host, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather;
Come hither, mine Host,
With a pot and a tost,
 And let us be merry together. 78

If wicked Will the weaver,
 Or True the taylor either,
 Were here with us now,
 To part we knew not how
 Till we were drunke together: 83
 Or Tom, the neate shoemaker,
 Or Kit the joviall baker,
 If any one of these
 Come hither and sees,
 With us hee'le be a partaker.
Come hither, mine Host, &c. 89

But, sith there is no more here,
 Weele say as we did before here,
 Betweene us wee'le call,
 And pay for it all,
 For we scorne to go on the score here: 94
 Let's take off our liquor roundly,
 And though we doe drinke soundly,
 Our humour is such,
 Wee'le not drinke so much
 Untill we both on the ground lye.
Come hither, mine Host, &c. 100

Now, lest our wives should find us,
 'Tis fit we should look behinde us;
 Let's see what is done,
 Then pay, and be gone,
 As honesty hath assign'd us. 105

'Tis strong ale, I conceive it,
 'Tis good in time to leave it,
 Or else it will make
 Our foreheads to ake,
 'Tis vanity to out-brave it. 110
*Come hither, mine Host, come hither,
 Here's two birds of a feather;
 Come hither, mine Host,
 With a pot and a tost,
 And let us be merry together. 115*

Finis.

London, Printed for F. Grove.

The Mad-man's Morris.

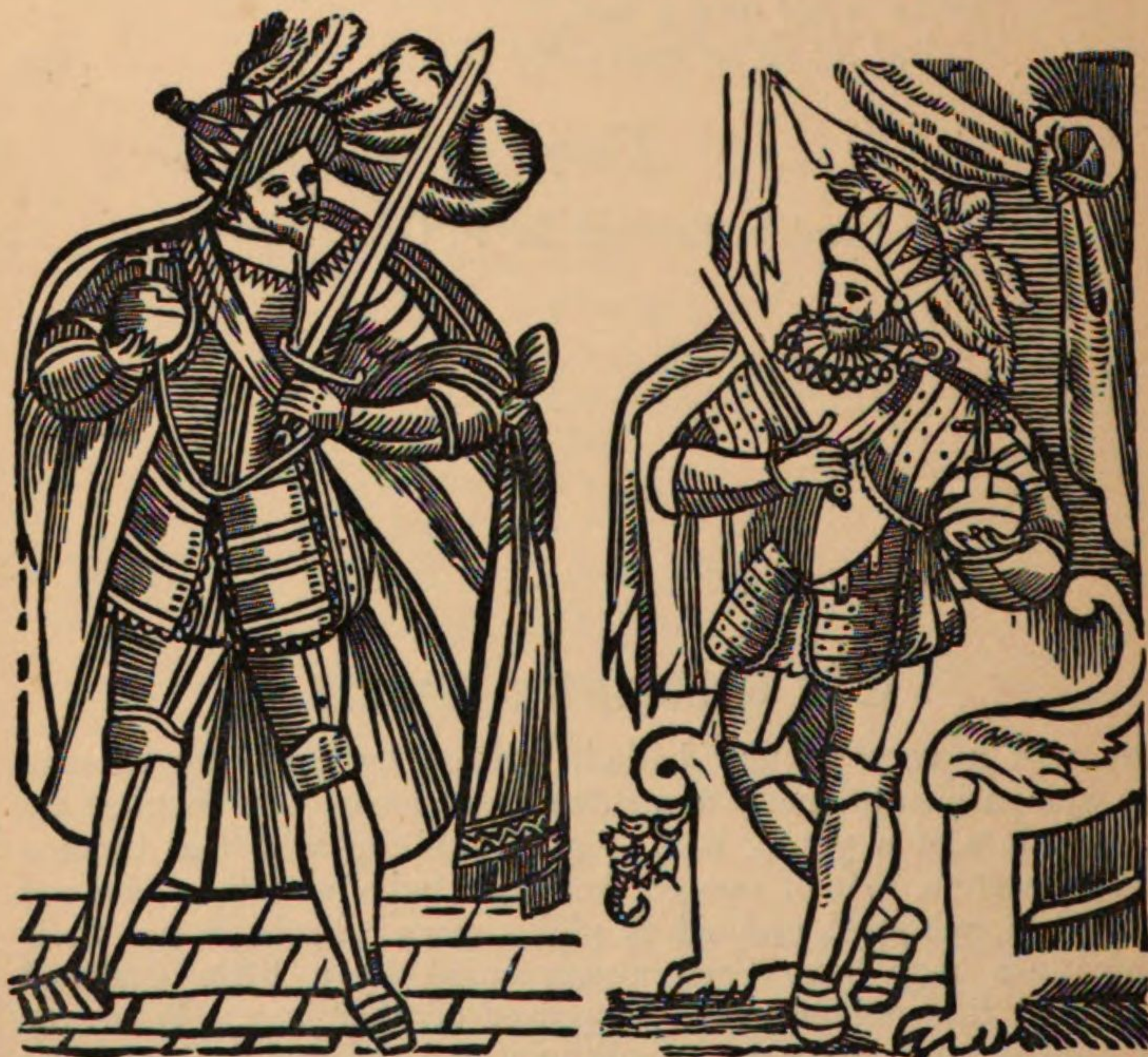
THIS was a very popular ballad, written by Humfrey Crouch. The sympathies of many a maiden must have been touched by the sad fate of a young man of good position who had become a maniac from love of one of them, and who was then chained in Bedlam, whipped, and set to pick straws. Perhaps, too, their sympathies may have been accompanied by a little gratified feeling at this evidence of the power of their sex. Whatever the causes, there were many editions, and the popularity of the ballad extended beyond the days of printing in black-letter, or Old English type, which had then for a long time been devoted to the exclusive use of the ballad-buyer.

Two editions are in the Roxburghe Collection, the first issued by Richard Harper, and the second by W. Onley. In the Ouvry Collection is a duplicate of the first, as well as a third edition printed by Alexander Milbourne. Two are again in the Bagford Collection, one of which is in white letter (643 m. 9, 50, and 643 m. 10, 117). Several of the above-named are trade editions, intended also for "The Booksellers of London." Two, printed for Francis Coles, are in the Euing Collection, Nos. 201 and 202.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 264, 265, and II. 362.]

The Mad Man's Morrice : wherin pou shall finde
His trouble and grief, and discontent of his minde ;
A warning to young men to have a care,
How they in love intangled are.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



[In the original there are three cuts. The centre one is placed on p. 145 of this volume.]

Heard you not lately of a man
That went beside his wits,
And naked through the streets he ran,
Wrapt in his frantick fits ?
My honest neighbours, it is I,
Hark how the people flout me !
“ See where the mad man comes,” they cry,
With all the boyes about me.

4

8

Into a pond stark nak'd I ran,
And cast my cloathes away, Sir,
Without the help of any man,
Made shift to run away, Sir. 12
How I got out I have forgot,
I do not well remember;
Or whether it was cold or hot,
In June, or in December. 16

Tom Bedlam's but a Sage to me,
I speak in sober sadnesse,
For more strange visions do I see
Than he in all his madnesse. 20
When first this chance to me befell,
About the market walkt I
With capon's feathers in my cap,
And to myself thus talkt I. 24

Did you not see my Love of late,
Like Titan in her glory?
Do you not know she is my mate,
And I must write her story 28
With pen of gold on silver leafe?
I will so much befriend her;
For why, I am of this belief,
None can so well commend her. 32

Saw you not angels in her eyes,
While that she was a speaking?
Smelt you not smells like paradise,
Between two rubies breaking? 36
Is not her hair more pure th[a]n gold
Of finest spiders spinning?
Methinks in her I do behold
My joys and woes beginning. 40

Is not a dimple in her cheek?
Each eye a star that's starting?
Is not all grace install'd in her?
Each step all joys imparting? 44
Methinks I see her in a cloud,
With graces round about her;
To them I cry and call aloud,
I cannot live without her. 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Then raging towards the skie, I rove,
 Thinking to catch her hand;
 O then to Jove I call and cry,
 To let me by her stand:
 I look behind, and there I see
 My shadow me beguile,
 And wish she were as neer to mee,
 Which makes my worship smile.

52

56

There is no creature can compare
 With my beloved Nancy:
 Thus I build castles in the aire,
 This is the fruits of fancy:

60

My thoughts mount high above the skie—
Of none I stand in aw[e],
Although my body here do lie
Upon a pad of straw.

64

I was a good a[nd] harmlesse youth
Before base Cupid caught me,
Or his own mother, with her charms,
Into this cage had brought me.
Stript and whipt now must I be,
In Bedlam bound with chains :
Good people all! now you may see
What love hath for his pains.

68

72

When I was young, as others are,
With Gallants did I flourish,
O then was I the properest lad
That was in all the parish !
The bracelets which I us'd to weare
About my arme so tender
Are turnèd now to iron plates
About my body slender.

76

80

My silken sutes do now decay,
My caps of gold are vanisht,
And all my friends do wear away,
As I from them were banisht.
My silver cups are turn'd to earth,
I'm jeer'd by every clown ;
I was a better man by birth,
Till Fortune cast me downe.

84

88

I'm out of frame and temper too,
Though I am something cheerfull ;
O this can love and fancy do,
If that you be not carefull !
O set a watch before your eyes,
Lest they betray your heart,
And make you slaves to vanities,
To act a mad man's part.

92

96

Declare this to each mother's sonne,
 Unto each honest lad ;
 Let them not doe as I have done,
 Lest they like me grow mad : 100
 If Cupid strike, be sure of this !
 Let reason rule affection,
 So shalt thou never do amisse,
 By reason's good direction. 104

I have no more to say to you,
 My keeper now doth chide me ;
 Now must I bid you all adew,
 God knows what will betide me ! 108
 To picking straws now must I go,
 My time in Bedlam spending.
 Good folks, you your beginning know,
 But do not know your ending. 112

Humfrey Crouch.

Finis.

London, Printed for Richard Harper in Smithfield.

A merry Dialogue betwixt a Man and his Wife.

THIS ballad is probably by Martin Parker, although neither of the two extant copies bears his name or initials. A few pages further in this volume the reader will find "Man's Felicity and Misery: A good wife and a bad," with the initials of M. P. (from Roxb. Coll. I. 274, 275). It is quite a companion to this, both as to subject and as to being in dialogue. Moreover, it is to be sung to the tune of *I have for all good wives a song*, which is the first line of this ballad. Foolish men complained often of their wives, and foolish wives of their husbands, under the idea that they exalted themselves. However silly this mode of self-assertion, it was popular, and it is not altogether extinct, even in the present day. Perhaps the success of this first ballad may have induced Martin Parker to produce a second of the same cast. The only two known copies are, one in the Pepys Coll. I. 388, printed by the widow Trundle who has been made famous by a notice in Ben Jonson's works, and the Roxburghe copy printed by the assigns of Symcocke.

The man and his wife come to their senses at last, in this ballad, and adopt the wise resolution of promising one another to be loving and content in future.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 266, 267.]

**A merry Dialogue betwixt a married
man and his wife, concerning the affaires of this
carefull life.**

TO AN EXCELLENT TUNE.



[WOMAN.] I have for all good wives a song—
I doe lament the women's wrong,
And I doe pittie them with my heart, 3
To think upon the women's smart—
Their labour's great, and full of paine,
Yet for the same they have small gaine. 6

- [MAN.] In that you say cannot be true,
 For men doe take more paines th[a]n you ;
 We toile, we moile, we grieve and care, 9
 When you sit on a stoole or chaire ;
 Yet, let us do all what we can,
 Your tongues will get the upper hand. 12
- [W.] We women in the morning rise
 As soone as day breaks in the skies ;
 And then to please you, with desire, 15
 The first we doe is, make a fire.
 Then other worke we straight begin,
 To sweep the house, to card, or spin. 18
- [M.] Why, men doe worke at plough and cart,
 Which soone would break a woman's heart :
 They sow, they mow, and reape the corne, 21
 And, many times, doe wear the horne.
 In praise of wives speake you no more ;
 For these were lies you told before. 24
- [W.] We women here do beare the blame,
 But men would seeme to have the same :
 But trust me, I will never yeeld, 27
 My tongue's mine owne, I thereon build.
 Men may not in this case compare
 With women, for their toyle and care. 30
- [M.] Fie, idle woman ! how you prate !
 'Tis men that get you all your state ;
 You know 'tis true in what I say, 33
 Therefore you must give men the way,
 And not presume to grow too hie ;
 Your speeches are not worth a fly. 36
- [W.] You men could not tell how to shift,
 If you of women were bereft ;
 We wash your cloathes, and dresse your diet, 39
 And all to keep your mindes in quiet ;
 Our work's not done at morne nor night ;
 To pleasure men is our delight. 42

- [M.] Women are called a house of care ;
They bring poore men unto dispaire :
That man is blest that hath not bin
Inlured by a woman's sin, 45
They'l cause a man, if hee'le give way,
To bring him to his life's decay. 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



- [W.] If we, poore women, were as bad
As men report, being drunk or mad,
We might compare with many men, 51
And count ourselves as bad as them.
Some oft are drunk, and beat their wives,
And make them weary of their lives. 54

- [M.] Why, women they must rule their tongues
That bring them to so many wrongs;
Sometimes, their husbands to disgrace, 57
They'l call him knave and rogue to's face;
Nay, worse than that, they'l tell him plain,
His will he shall not well obtain. 60
- [W.] We women in childbed take great care—
I hope the like sorrow will fall to your share;
Then would you thinke of women's smart, 63
And seeme to pity them with your heart.
So many things to us belong,
We oftentimes doe suffer wrong. 66
- [M.] Though you in childbed bide some paine,
Your babes renue your joyes againe.
Your gossips come, unto your joy. 69
And say, "God blesse your little boy,"
They say, "The childe is like the dad,"
When he but little share in't had. 72
- [W.] You talke like an asse, you are a cuckoldly fool,
Ile break thy head with a [three]-leg'd stool!
While¹ you poore women thus abuse 75
Our tongues and hands we need to use.
You say our tongues do make men fight—
Our hands must serve to do us right. 78
- [M.] Then I to you must give the way,
And yeeld to women in what they say.
All you that are to chuse a wife, 81
Be carefull of it as your life!
You see that women will not yeeld
In any thing to be compeld. 84
- [W.] You maides, I speak the like to you,
There's many dangers doe ensue;
But howsoever fortunes serve, 87
See that my rules you doe observe.
If men once have the upper hand,
They'l keepe you downe, do what you can. 90

¹ "Will" in the text.

- [M.] I will not seeme to urge no more,—
Good wives, what I did say before
Was for your good, and so it take. 93
I love all women, for my wife's sake.
And I pray you, when you are sick and die,
Call at my house, and take my wife wi'ye.¹ 96
- [W.] Well, come, sweete heart, let us agree.
[M.] Content, sweet wife, so let it be ;—
Where man and wife do live at hate, 99
The curse of God hangs ore the gate.
But I will love thee as my life,
As every man should love his wife. 102

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

¹ It is "take my wife *wye*" in the copy.

The merry Old Woman.

THIS ballad of good advice is by Robert Guy, of whose muse we have had samples before, and shall encounter again. The copy is perhaps unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 268, 269.]

The merry Old Woman;

Or,

This is a good Old Woman,
 This is a merry Old Woman ;
 Her counsell is good, Ile warrant,
 For shee doth wish ill to no Man.

TO THE TUNE, *This is my Grannam's deedle.*



Come hither, good fellowes, come hither,
 Good counsell, if you will learne it,
 I heere in a song will shew it,
 If you have but wit to discern it.

4

*O this is a good old woman,
 O this is a merry old woman ;
 Her counsell is good, I'le warrant,
 For she doth wish ill to no man.*

8

He that doth woo a maiden,
 Must use sometimes to flatter;
 And he that would woo a widdow,
 Must seriously speake good matter.
O this is a good old woman, &c. 13

He that would have a woman
 Officious unto his humour,
 Must alwaies be loving unto her,
 And be no vaine consumer.
O this is a good old woman, &c. 18

She that would please her parents,
 Must her affections bridle,
 And still have a care, however,
 To shun all company idle.
O this is a good old woman, &c. 23

And she that would have a husband
 Merry to sing "*with a fadding*,"¹
 No cause of distaste must give him
 Abroad for to goe gadding.
O this is a good old woman, &c. 28

He that would gaine true honour,
 Must hate to be a coward:
 And he that would live in quiet,
 Must marry no widdow that's froward.
O this is a good old woman, &c. 33

And he that would eate, must labour,
 And carefully follow his calling:
 And he that a scold doth marry,
 She'll vex him all day with her brawling.
O this is a good old woman, &c. 38

¹ Autolycus had "prettiest love songs for maids . . . with such delicate burdens as of *dildos* and *fadings*." We had an example of the burden, "With a hie dilldo dill," in Vol. I. p. 47, and here we find an allusion to the "fadding" burden.

She that would faine be married,
And wants both portion and beauty,
Must unto her master and mistresse
Owe good respect and duty.
O this is a good old woman, &c.

43

[If she] gaine their loves and favour,
Then may she hope the better
To get a kinde husband will love her ;
To toyle then he will not let her.
O this is a good old woman, &c.

48

He that would seeke preferment,
Must neatly usher a lady,
And weare good cloathes for his credit,
And still at a call be ready.

52

*O this is a good old woman,
O this is a merry old woman ;
Her counsell is good, Ile warrant,
For she doth wish ill to no man.*

56

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And he that would be a courtier,
Must be with good parts adorned
To please his master's humour,
Or else he shall be scorned.

60

*O this is a good old woman,
O this is a merry old woman ;
Her counsell is good, Ile warrant,
For shee doth wish ill to no man.*

64

She that would have no scandall
Or imputation on her,
Must not frequent a burdello,
But chaste Diana honour.

O this is a good old woman, &c.

69

Brave girles there be a many
 Goe richly in their apparell,
 Which makes the roring gallants,
 About them so to quarrell.
O this is a good old woman, &c.

74

He that would be no cuckold,
 Then let him never marry;
 It were a borne plague unto him
 A jealous minde to carry.
O this is a good old woman, &c.

79

And he that would raise his fortunes,
 Being poore left by his daddy,
 He must be stout and valiant—
 Faint heart ne'r won faire lady.
O this is a good old woman, &c.

84

He that would be a scholler,
 Must hate your drinke that is muddy;
 But a cup of good Canary
 Will make him the better to study.
O this is a good old woman, &c.

89

And he that would be a poet,
 Must no wayes be flocke-pated;
 His ignorance, if he shew it,
 He shall of all schollers be hated.
O this is a good old woman, &c.

94

He that would be a good-fellow,
 Of meanes must be prepared,
 If that he love drinke and tobacco,
 Or else he shall be jeared.
O this is a good old woman, &c.

99

He that would be a taylor,
 Must active be and nimble;
 And he that would be a good liver,
 Must hate to lye and dissemble.
O this is a good old woman, &c.

104

He that would be a musician,
Must neatly run division,¹
To humour each joviall gallant,
Or else he is held in derision.
O this is a good old woman, &c. 109

And he that would strive for riches,
Or how to get a good marriage,
Must still in his carriage be wary,
That nothing his credit disparage.
O this is a good old woman, &c. 114

And he that would learne true goodnesse,
Must daily himselfe endeavour
To hate all wicked lewdnesse,
And still in all grace persever. 118
O this is a good old woman,
O this is a merry old woman ;
Her counsell is good, I'le warrant,
For she doth wish ill to no man. 122

Finis.

Robert Guy.

Printed at London for F. Coules, dwelling in
the Old Baily.

¹ To "run division" is the old expression for making variations upon a theme, interpolating other melodies or intermediate phrases.

Norfolk Thomas's journey to London.

THIS is by Edward Ford, three of whose ballads have already been reprinted in our first volume. Ford preferred to paint the dark side of human nature, and on this occasion he has chosen to satirize the inhospitality of Londoners to their country relations. He includes Sisly's observations upon several of the sights of London, as well as her comments upon the crowded state of its streets, although just after a visitation of the Plague. There were two visits of the Plague to London within the first half of the seventeenth century, to one of which periods the ballad must be referred. The first was in 1603-4, and the second in 1625. The tune to which the ballad was sung was more popular at the earlier of these two dates. About 1625 it had been rather super-

[Roxb. Coll. I. 270, 271.]

**A merry Discourse betweene Nor-
folke Thomas and Sisly Standtoo't his Wife;
together with their thanklesse journey from Norfolk
to London, onely to see their friends, and how they doe
respect and entertaine 'um for their love and labour.**

Which shewes that this same age, most certaine true,
Is onely for to aske yee how ye doe.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Spanish Pavin.*



THOMAS.

To London is mad Thomas come
With Sisly here, his wife, alone,
To see some friends, I hear, are gone
 To heaven a while ago; 4
But I do hope it is a lye,
As I shall find it by and by,
Or else poore Tom and Sisse should cry
 Till Doomes-day. 8

seded, as to ballad-use, by others of more marked tune. Nevertheless, the only copy of the ballad known is the one in the Roxburghe Collection, and if it be an original, the date cannot be earlier than 1625-26. If a reprint, the allusion to the recent Plague may have been the cause of its revival.

For though they be none of the best,
I should be loath, I do protest,
To hear that they are gone to rest,
 And never take their leave : 12
For I do love 'um all so well,
A little thing would make me dwell
Within the sounding of Bow-bell,
 At London. 16

SISLY.

Nay, husband, do not you say so,
Our cottage poore wee'l not forgo
For the best house that stands aroe
 'Twixt Cheap and Charing Crosse ; 20
For though our house be thatch't with straw,
We do not live, as some, in awe,
For 'tis our own by Common law,
 In Norfolke. 24

Besides, we live at heart's content,
We take no care to pay our rent,
For that is done incontinent—
 [I' th'] twinkling of an eye— 28
When here at London, as they say,
They brawle and brabble every day,
And few or none but finds a way
 To Hogsdon. 32

THOMAS.

Mum, Sisly ; keep your clapper still ;
There's them can hear at Hygat[e] hill,
There's rats has been in Peggie's mill,
 Or else she lies her selfe. 36
What if the world be vilde and bad,
Shall I be such a foolish lad,
To blaze and noyse it all abroad ?
 I scorn it. 40

Although, indeed, I must confesse,
Thou speak'st but truth, my honest Sisse,
Yet ever while you live, marke this,
 And take it for a rule— 44

That every chimney must not smoake,
Nor every begger weare a cloake,
Nor every truth must not be spoke,
In sadnesse.

But hang that cobbler, and his ends,
That lives too well, and never mends :
Would they were whipt that nere offends !
Peace, chuck, I mean not thee. 52
For thou wilt scold sometimes, I know,
The more is Thomas Standtoot's wo ;
But, hang it, come let's trip and go
To Fleet-street. 56

And thus they trudg'd along the street,
With many a justle they did meet,
Which put poore Thomas in a sweat,
And something angry too ; 60
Which made him think they told a lye,
That said there did so many dye,
When as he could not go hardly
For people. 64

SISLY.

At length, quoth she, good husband, stay,
And tell me what this place is, pray,
Where things are carried as they may?
I never saw the like. 68
For yonder's one doth ride in state,
And here's a begger at a gate,
And there's a woman that will prate
For nothing. 72

See, here is one that soundly beats
And thumps his hemp until he sweats;
And there's another greedy eats—
 I fear hee'l choak himselfe. 76
And yonder goes a gallant bilk,
And there's a woman winding silk,
And here's another fetches milk
 At Hackney. 80

But here's the prettiest sight of all,
 A woman that is mighty tall,
 And yet her spouse a little squall,¹
 I wonder how they met!
 And here's a man in armour stands,
 That has, it seemes, lost both his hands,
 'Tis pittie that he has no lands
 To keep him.

84

88

Now you must by this time suppose them about the Exchange.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And here's a world of people fine
 That do in silks and satins shine,
 I would that suite and cloak were mine—
 I hope I wish no harme.
 And here hangs pictures two or three,
 The best that ever I did see,
 I thinke one looks full butt at me,
 And laughs too.

92

96

¹ "Squall" was a term of endearment as well as of reproach, according to Halliwell.

And here's a man hath many a rat
 Both in his hand and on his hat;
 Methinks he keeps 'um very fat,
 O strange! what tailes they have! 100

And here's a gentle-woman, too,
 That hides her face from me and you;
 I wonder what she meanes to do
 In summer. 104

And here's an empty church, I see;
 Great pitty 'tis, most certainly,
 It should indeed no fuller be,
 And all these people here. 108

And there's an old man carries wood,
 And here's a yong man doth no good,
 And here's a woman wears a hood;
 Hey, dazie! 112

THOMAS.

Come, Sisly, let us go along,
 And not stand gaping here among
 A sort of people that do throng;
 I never saw the like. 116

But let us to our brother go
 That will us welcome well I know,
 For he himselfe did tell me so
 At Norfolke. 120

Soft! let us knock, for here's the doore:
 But if, because our cloathes be poore,
 They should not let us in therefore,
 'T wod make a dog to laugh: 124

For I have heard my mother say,
 That if a man fall to decay,
 There's few or none will bid him stay,
 Y' are welcome. 128

But, silence! not a word but mum!
 For see, our brother now doth come.
 Methinks he looks as he were dum;
 What makes him not to speake? 132

Good brother, we our loves unfold,
 For though my Sisse and I are old,
 Yet we have made a little bold
 To see you. 136

BROTHER.

And truly I do thank you for 't;
Ye 'r welcome both, with all my heart,
Wee'l drink a cup before we part,
 An't please you but to stay. 140
For I have friends within, truly,
That if they should a stranger see,
They strait would very fearfull be
 Of danger. 144

THOMAS.

Why, brother, we no sicknesse have,
Nor are we started from our grave;
Your love is all that we do crave:
 What need you then to feare? 148
We do not come to eat your roast,
Nor yet to put you unto cost,
But now, I see, our labour's lost—
 Poore Sisly! 152

BROTHER.

Pray, do not think the fault is mine,
For if you'l drink a pint of wine,
Ile give it you, and nere repine—
 Hang mony! what care I? 156
And had I not so many ghesse,¹
Indeed I seriously professe
Your welcome should be more, nor lesse,
 Good brother. 160

THOMAS.

No, thank you, brother; eene farewell!
A blind man now with ease may smell
That all things are not carried well;
 What love, pray, call you this? 164
Come, now, unto thy sister we
Will go with all celerity;
No doubt that she shall kinder be
 Unto us. 168

¹ Ghesse = guests.

They condescend, and were content,
 So to their sister straight they went;
 But all in vain their time was spent:

For when they thither came, 172
 Their sister did her maid compell,
 And bid her thus much to them tell,
 Indeed she was not very well

At that time. 176

From thence they to their couzen go,
 Being much desirous for to know
 Whether that she wood serve 'um so,
 Or use 'um in that kind: 180

But, being there, this newes was brought,
 That she a smock had newly bought,
 And she was gone to have it wrought
 With woosted. 184

Well now, sayes Thomas to his dear,
 What say'st thou, Sisly, to this gear?
 We far have gone, yet nere the near:

We thank our kindred for 't. 188
 But if that brothers be so kind,
 What favour shall a stranger find?
 Protest, it troubles much my mind
 To think on't. 192

SISLY.

Nay, husband, let us not do so:
 The best is, we can homewards go,
 And yet not trouble friend nor foe:

What need we then to care? 196
 For now each one, I tell you true,
 Will only ask you "How do you?"
 I am glad to see you well, Sir Hugh!
 Good-morrow." 200

THOMAS.

Why then, old Sisly, thou and I
 Will back again to Norfolk hie,
 And bid a fig for company;
 Our dog is sport enough. 204

But when we come to London next,
Our friends shall have a better text,
I swear and vow I am soundly vext:

Who cares for't?

208

Printed by M. P. for F. C. Finis. Ed. Ford.

Match me this Wedding.

THIS ballad seems to have been provoked by an idle boast made at a wedding in Gloucester, at which wedding a certain ballad-maker with the initials of J. S. was present. These initials have not sufficed for the identification of the writer, and no other copy of the ballad is known. It bears the name of Thomas Lambert as publisher, and others of his publications were issued between the years 1636 and 1641. The custom of passing a cup round to drink healths, instead of each guest drinking from his own glass, may be noted.

The "new Court tune" was most likely derived from one of the Masques at Court. "New Playhouse tunes" came into ballad fashion only with Charles II.

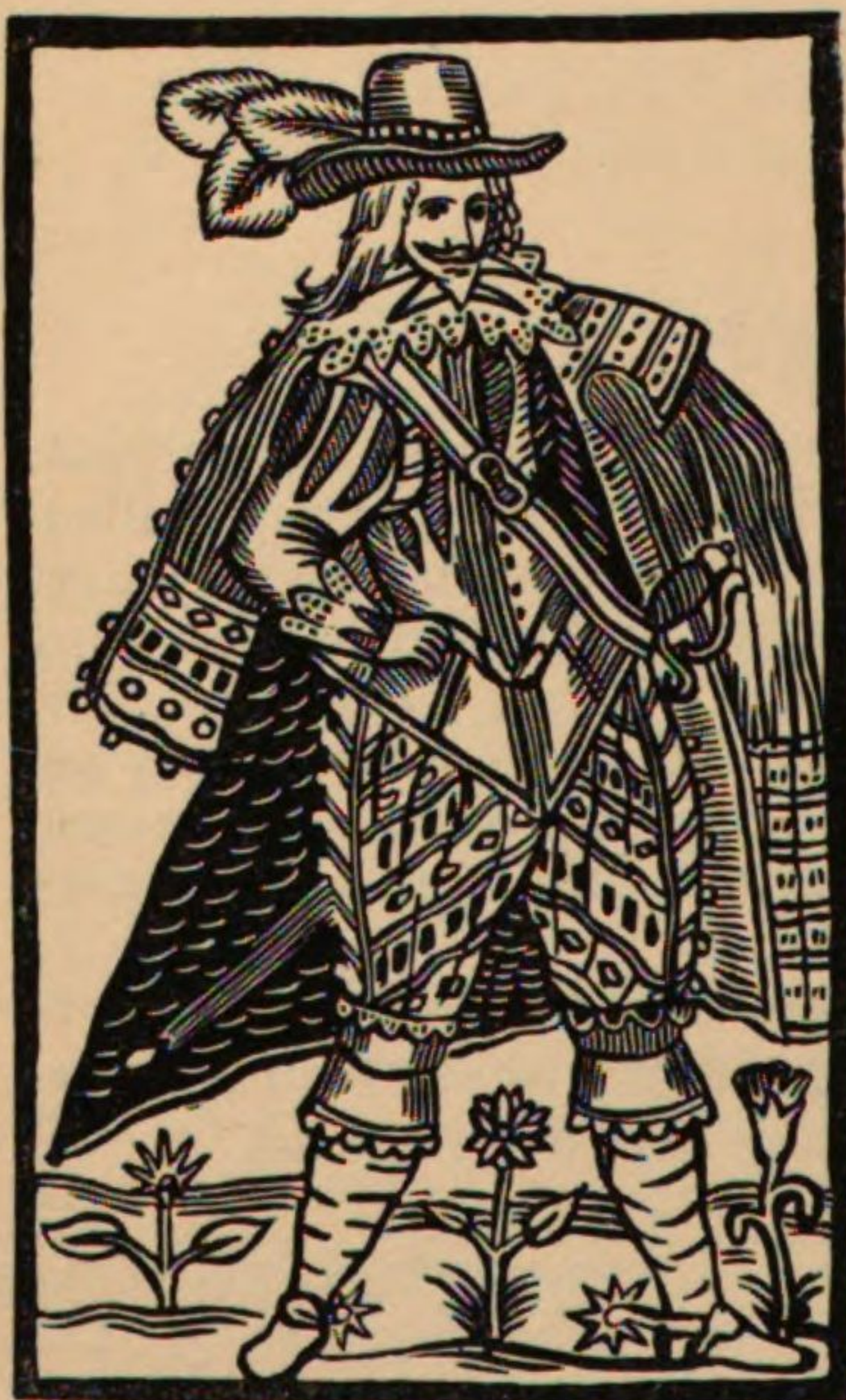
[Roxb. Coll. I. 272, 273.]

Match me this Wedding;

Dr,

A health that was drunke in sider and perrie,
And good strong beer too, which did make the lads mery.

TO A NEW COURT TUNE.



Of late there was a wedding kept, in faire Gloster towne,
Where lads to drinke their lasses' health did bravely sit them
downe;
And first bespake the bridegroome, "Here's a health unto my
bride,
And to all the sweet-hearts, ev'ry one, young men, you have
beside."

Then first spake [un]kind Toby, a Welshman I protest,
"Here's unto young Guintlin,¹ a lasse that I love best:
There's not her like for beauty, search all your English shires,
And he that dares denie it, wee'l have him by the eares." 8

With that bespake young Samuel, "Pretty Bessee is my deere;
For true love and for constancy none can my love come neere;
And therefore, [un]kind Toby, if thou'lt maintaine thy word,
(Beare witnesse all that heares me speake!) I'le make thee eate
my sword." 12

With that bespake honest John, "My Nan's of beauty free;
Though not so faire as others are, yet that ne'r troubles me;
Her love was ever constant, and so shall mine be still,
Therefor my Nannie's health Ile pledge, with love and true
good will." 16

Then Thomas he tooke up the cup, being the fourth in place,
"My turne is come," quoth he, "to drinke a health to my
sweete Grace;
Her friends did ever love me, as if I were their owne,
Therefore my constant love to her for ever shall be
showne." 20

Then William tooke the cup in hand, and thus began to say,
"Faire Bridget I have wooed oft, but still she sayes me nay:
Her friends were ever willing that married we should be,
Therefore my Bridget's health Ile drink, in hope she will love
me." 24

With that spake bould Joseph, "If a man had house and land,
A woman to consume it would helpe him out of hand;
And for to get a sweet-heart, I never tooke no care,
Therefore, brave gallants, of your healthes I meane to drinke
no share." 28

¹ Quere Gwendoline.

With that spake trusty Roger, "This man's not of my minde,
For I have sweet-hearts three or foure, of nature good and
kinde;

But yet my peerelesse Peggy is a diamond in my eye;
Therefore my Peggie's health Ile drinke, and love her till I
dye."

32

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Then Philip tooke the cup in hand, quoth he, "As others doe,
With all my heart this health Ile drinke unto my owne sweete
Sue.

For beauty and for constancy I know she has a share,
But for her huswifery my Susan shall wi' th' best compare."

36

Then Francis tooke the cup in hand, and said, "Friends, doe
you heare,
This health is to faire Maudlin, a lasse that I love deere.
Not London, nor faire Bristow, nor Yorke, that merry towne,
For true love and for constancy, can put my Maudlin
downe." 40

Then Henry tooke the cup in hand, and then these words he
said,
"Here's a health unto my Mary, but truth is she's no maid;
She is a widow, Gallants, that hath both house and land,
Besides a handsome woman too, Ide have you understand." 44

Then Charles tooke up the cup, and said these words most bold,
"Here's a health unto my Rachell, which must not be con-
told:
Though Morgan said Rachell was his, and challeng'd me the
field,
Proud Morgan knowes I bravely there made him his sword
up yeeld." 48

Then Laurence he tooke up the cup, quoth he, "To make an
end,
Here's a health unto faire Isabell, my constant loving friend;
Her friends and mine have talked, and thereon are agreed,
Therefore faire Isabell I intend to marry with all speed." 52

When all this strife was ended, I tooke the cup in hand,
And drunke a health unto my friends, in order as they stand:
First to my loving Hostis, that loves a pot and a toste,
And to her honest husband—call'd my red-nose Host. 56

Next health is to all Tailors, where ever they doe dwell,
That never boild their cabage within a pit cal'd hell.
A health unto the Baker that never was misled,
Nor yet put in the pillorie for sizing of his bread. 60

A health unto the Widow, that ne're did braule nor scold,
That hath a faire young daughter of ninety-nine yeares old;
A health to all good huswives, that ne'er did sweare nor curse,
Nor never did picke money out of their husbands' purse. 64

And thus they broke up company, all friends for ought I know,
 And every one most willingly unto their home did goe.
 Had not young Samuel at first allaid the Welch-man's heat,
 He would have sworne them cowards all, and said he did
 them beat. 68

Finis.

J. S.

Printed at London for Tho. Lambert,
 at the signe of the Hors-shoo in
 Smithfield.

Man's Felicity and Misery.

THESE two opposites are here made to depend entirely upon whether a wife be good or bad. Martin Parker then proceeds to draw pictures of the best and of the worst of wives. In addition to the Roxburghe copy of this ballad, two are in the Pepys Collection (I. 392, and IV. 91). The name of the tune, "I have for all good wives a song," is taken from a ballad already reprinted but a few pages back, and taken from Rox. I. 266. As Martin Parker would more probably select his own ballads than those of his contemporaries to give names to tunes, we may suppose the former to be his also, although the Roxburghe copy does not bear his initials. It is quite a ballad of the same class as this.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 274, 275.]

Man's Felicity and Misery:

Which is, a good Wife and a bad; or, the best and the worst, discoursed in a Dialogue betweene Edmund and David.

To THE TUNE OF, *I have for all good wives a song.*



EDMUND.

Kind couzen David, prithee stay,
 Good newes to thee I will bewray.¹
 Since last I saw thee I am married,
 Now things with me are better carryed.
 I dare say that which few men can,
I have the best wife that ever had man.

3

6

¹ Bewray = discover.

DAVID.

I am right joyfull, couzen Ned,
 To heare that thou so well art sped :
 As thou mayst thy good fortune blesse, 9
 I may curse my unhappinesse ;
 My torments none on earth can scan,
I have the worst wife that ever had man. 12

EDMUND.

My wife for beautie beares the name
 From all i' th' towne from whence she came,
 For shape she might a lady be, 15
 And so all say that doe her see ;
 Her middle I can easily span,
O shee's the best wife that ever had man. 18

DAVID.

My wife so lothsome is to view,
 She every morning makes me spew,
 For person shee's scarce good enough 21
 To cry, " Maids ha' ye any kitchen-stuffe ?"
 She shineth like a dripping pan,
O she's the worst wife that ever had man. 24

EDMUND.

My wife is affable and meeke,
 To please my fancy she doth seeke,
 My humour she will never thwart, 27
 But doe my will with all her heart ;
 We use no words but Ned and Nan,
She is the best wife that ever had man. 30

DAVID.

My wife is obstinate and froward,
 Shee's sullen, peevish and untoward ;
 Shee's glad at heart when she can finde 33
 Occasion to molest my minde :
 Shee'l have her will doe what I can,
O shee's the worst wife that ever had man. 36

EDMUND.

My wife is carefull of her charge,
 She never comes abroad at large,
 Her businesse she will ne'er neglect, 39
 But brings all things to good effect:
 Shee's to her babes a pelican,
O shee's the best wife that ever had man. 42

DAVID.

My wife among her gossips doth gad,
 As though nothing to doe she had;
 The children goe undrest all day, 45
 Unlesse I put on their array:
 I'm faine to make what shift I can,
For she's the worst wife that ever had man. 48

EDMUND.

My wife 's for constant chastity,
 Like Lucrece or Penelope;
 She is so wary in her carriage, 51
 That if a kisse would wrong her marriage,
 No one should get that favour than,
For she's the best wife that ever had man. 54

DAVID.

My wife is full of merry tricks,
 She hath beene naught with five or sixe,
 If she can get me out o' th' doore, 57
 Ere I return sheele play the whore;
 Shee'l say, though I can't, others can,
O shee's the worst wife that ever had man. 60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



EDMUND.

My wife so cleanly is and neate,
 She adds a goodnesse to my meate;
 I eate when I no stomacke have,
 Because 'tis done as I doe crave;
 In sicknesse she is my physician,
For she's the best wife that ever had man.

63

66

DAVID.

My wife is such a beastly slut,
 Unlesse it be an egge or a nut,
 I in the house dare nothing eat,
 For feare there's poyson in the meate;
 The dogs doe licke both dish and pan,
O she's the worst, &c.

69

72

EDMUND.

My wife will weare no yellow hose,¹
 No wench can make her swell i' th' nose ;
 She knowes that I to her am just, 75
 And in my faith she puts her trust ;
 Shee'le not be vext say what I can,
For shee's the best, &c. 78

DAVID.

If I upon a woman looke,
 My wife will sweare upon a booke,
 That she is certainly a whore, 81
 Though I ne're saw the woman before,
 Sheele claw her eyes out if she can,
O shee's the worst, &c. 84

EDMUND.

My wife will never follow me,
 Goe where I will, at home stayes she,
 Though I from morne till night doe rome, 87
 She smiling bids me welcome home,
 This makes me haste home to my Nan,
For shee's the best, &c. 90

DAVID.

If I unto the ale-house goe,
 To drinke a jugge of beere or so,
 Though ne're so fast I thither hye, 93
 My wife is there as soone as I ;
 At me and my friends she'le curse and ban,
For she's the worst, &c. 96

EDMUND.

If any friends come home to me,
 My wife gives entertainment free,
 But out o' th' doores she will not stirre, 99
 Unlesse I goe along with her ;
 She scrapes and saves what ere she can,
O she's the best, &c. 102

¹ Will wear no yellow hose = will not be jealous.

DAVID.

My wife will at the ale-house sit,
 And waste away both money and wit;
 Nay, rather than sheele liquor lacke, 105
 Shee'l sell the smocke from off her backe;
 Shee'l steale from me all that she can,
O she's the worst, &c. 108

EDMUND.

Kind cousen David, I am very sorry,
 To heare thee tell so sad a story.
 Marriage and hanging now I see, 111
 Goe, as they say, by destiny.
 I would thou couldst say as I can,
I have the best wife, &c. 114

DAVID.

I thanke you, cousen, for your good will,
 Long may your blessing continue still,
 My crosse I must with patience beare, 117
 Till God, or the Devill, end my care;
 And thus I end as I began,
I have the worst wife that ever had man. 120

AUTHOR.

You wives who have heard this discourse,
 Now shew who's better and who's worse;
 The best will freely buy this song, 123
 The worst will shew she hath a tongue.
 The head's soone broken that is scald,
 And jades will kick if they be gall'd. 126

Finis.

M. P.

Printed at London for Francis Grove.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 276, 277, and 331.]

An excellent Ballad of the Mercer's Son of Midhurst and the Clothier's Daughter of Guildford.¹

TO THE TUNE OF, *Dainty come [thou] to me.*

There was a wealthy man,
in Sussex he did dwell,
A mercer by his trade,
as many yet can tell. 4
He had a youthful son
whom fancy did so move,
He cried night and day
"Alack ! I die for love. 8

¹ In the Roxburghe Collection the binder has placed the first part of this ballad after "The old man's complaint," which is its second part, although printed with a distinctive title.

This second title has bewildered collectors, as well as book-binders. Evans thought the story ended with the first part, and so printed but half. In the Pepys Collection I. 334, we have again but half the ballad, although a second copy, at pages 540 and 541 of the same volume, is complete. Mr. William Euing has one copy perfect (No. XC.), and one (No. XCI.), the second part of which must be sought for in his No. XII. or XIII. A perfect copy is included in Mr. Fred. Ouvry's Collection. So far for bibliography—about five perfect and several imperfect copies known.

The moral of the story is that parents should not during life relinquish the power over their property, and transfer it to their children; or else they may expect an ungrateful return. That sons' wives have no parental feeling for fathers-in-law, and therefore turn their husbands quite away from their fathers. The story is one that might well have been founded upon an example, but it belongs rather to the local historians of Surrey and of Sussex to trace it. If no old house at Midhurst or at Guildford has yet been consecrated by tradition to the Mercer of Midhurst or to the Clothier of Guildford, it is easy still to remedy the defect. "Nothing so easy as to make a tradition," says Sir Walter Scott.

"Alack ! I die for love,
 Beauty disdaineth me,
 The Cloathier's daughter dear
 works my calamity : 12
 She hath my heart in hold,
 that did most cruel prove,
 Thus cried he night and day
Alack, &c. 16

"Alack ! I die for love,
 Fortune so sore doth frown,
 The jewel of my heart
 dwelleth in Guilford town : 20
 There lives the lamp of life
 for whom this pain I prove.
 Fair Phillis, pitty me,
Alack ! &c. 24

"Alack ! I die for love,
 and can no comfort find,
 The Cloathier's daughter dear
 beareth too high a mind : 28
 Sweet beauties' paragon,
 fair Venus's silver dove,
 Fair Phillis, pitty me,
Alack ! &c. 32

"Alack ! I die for love,
 whilst thou dost laugh and smile ;
 Let not thy pleasure be
 true love for to beguile : 36
 My life lies in your hand,
 then, as it doth behove,
 Slay not the Mercer's son ;
Alack, &c." 40

"If that my beauty bright
 doth grieve thy heart," quoth she,
 "Then let the Mercer's son
 turn still his face from me : 44
 I do no man disdain,
 nor can I cruel prove ;
 My heart must still say nay
where my heart cannot love. 48

"Where my heart cannot love,
lovers all must I shun,"
The Cloathier's daughter thus
answered the Mercer's son. 52

"I bear no lofty mind,
yet pitty cannot move
My mind to fancy him
where my heart cannot love. 56

"Where my heart cannot love
I must his love deny,
Although I laugh and smile,
yet falsehood I defie: 60

Thou art too fond¹ a man
life-danger thus to prove;
I'll not wed, good friend John,
where my heart cannot love. 64

"What good can there befall
to that new married wife
Where goods and wealth is small?
want causeth deadly strife; 68
But where wealth is at will,
experience oft doth prove,
Though love at first is small,
yet goods increaseth love. 72

"Yet goods increaseth love,
and I will never wed
But where the key of gold
opens the door to bed: 76
For she may merry be,
what chance so ever hap,
Where bags of money comes
tumbling within her lap. 80

"Tumbling within her lap,
whilst she her gold doth tell,
With such a husband, Sir,
I do delight to dwell: 84
Were he young, were he old,
deform'd or fair in show,
My pleasure still should be
where pleasure still doth flow." 88

¹ Fond = foolish.

- "Where pleasure still doth flow—
 is that your mind?" quoth he,
 "My father will bestow
 as much as comes to thee: 92
 Hadst thou five hundred pound,
 five hundred more beside
 My father will bestow,
 if thou wilt be my bride. 96
- "If thou wilt be my bride,
 this much I understand,
 My father will give me
 his house and eke his land, 100
 So, while that he doth live,
 with us he may remain—
 What says my heart's delight,
 is this a bargain plain?" 104
- "This is a bargain plain,"
 quoth she, "I am content:
 So he perform this thing,
 I give thee my consent; 108
 And I will merry be,
 my mind shall not remove,
 Thou shalt be my sweet-heart,
 I'll be thine own true love. 112
- I'll be thine own true love,
 then make no more delay,
 I greatly long to see
 our marriage happy day. 116
 To Midhurst in all haste
 goeth the Mercer's son,
 He told his father dear
 his true love he had won. 120
- The old man, hearing this,
 conveyed, out of hand,
 Assurance to his son
 of all his house and land; 124
 When he had done this deed
 he wept most bitterly,
 Saying, "My dearest son,
 thou must be good to me: 128

“Well worth two hundred pound
this morning was I known;
But the cloaths of my back,
now, nothing is my own: 132
And all this I have done,
dear son, to pleasure thee;
Think on thy father's love,
and deal thou well with me.” 136

“Dear Father,” quoth the son,
“if I do not do so,
God pour upon my head
hot vengeance, grief, and woe.” 140
The young man wedded was
to his fair lovely bride,
But wondrous grief and woe
therefore there did betide. 144

As after you shall hear,
in *The Old Man's Complaint*,¹—
A tale of greater grief
cannot your heart attain. 148
A warning by this thing,
all men may understand,
Lest they do come to live
under their children's hand. 152

Finis.

¹ See the following ballad. It forms a second part to the story. The peculiarity of this first part is that, until within the last four stanzas, the last line of each is repeated so as to form a first line for the following stanza.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 276 and 331.]

[The second part; or,]

A Ballad intituled, The Old Man's Complaint against his wretched son, who, to advance his marriage, did undo himself.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



All you that fathers be,
 look on my misery!
 Let not affection fond
 work your extremity. 156
 For to advance my son
 in marriage wealthily,
 I have myselfe undone,
 without all remedy. 160

I that was wont to live
 uncontroul'd any way,
 With many checks and taunts
 am grievèd every day: 164
 Alack and woe is me!
 I that might late command,
 Cannot have a bit of bread,
 but at my children's hand. 168

While I was wont to sit
chief at the table's end,
Now, like a servant slave,
must I on them attend. 172

I must not come in place
where their friends merry be,
Lest I should my son disgrace
with my unreverency. 176

My coughing in the night
offends my daughter-in-law ;
My deafness and ill sight
doth much disliking draw. 180

" Fye on this doting fool !
this crooked churl ! " quoth she,
" The chimney-corner still
must with him troubled be." 184

I must rise from my chair
to give my children place ;
I must speak servants faire ;
this is my woful case. 188

Unto their friends they tell,
(I must not say they lie,)
That they do keep me here
even of meer charity. 192

When I am sick in bed,
they will not come me nigh,
Each day they wish me dead,
yet say I'll never die : 196

O Lord ! an't be thy will,
look on my woful case,
No honest man before
ever took such disgrace. 200

This was the old man's plaint
every night and day,
With woe he waxèd faint,
but mark what I shall say : 204

This rich and dainty pair,
the young man and his wife,
Tho' clog'd with golden coin,
yet led a grievous life. 208

Seven years they married were,
 and yet in all that space
 God sent them ne'er an heir
 their riches to embrace : 212
 Thus did their sorrow breed ;
 joy was from them exil'd :
 Quoth she, " A hundred pound
 would I give for a child. 216
 " To have a joyful child,
 [one] of my own body ;
 Full oft I am revil'd
 of this my barrenny." ¹ 220
 Much physick did she take
 to make a fruitful soil,
 And with access thereof
 her body did she spoil. 224
 Full of grief, full of pain,
 full of each grew she then,
 That she cries out amain,
 " Seek for some cunning men ; 228
 That I my health may have
 I will no money spare."
 But that which she did crave
 never fell to her share. 232
 " Alack ! alack !" she said,
 " what torments I live in !
 How well are they apaid,
 that truly ease can win ! 236
 So that I had my health,
 and from this pain was free,
 I would give all my wealth
 that blessed day to see. 240
 " Oh ! that my health I had,
 tho' I were ne'er so poor,
 I car'd not tho' I went
 begging from door to door." 244
 " Fie on this muck !" quoth she,
 " it cannot pleasure me
 In this my woful case
 and great extremity." 248

¹ " Barren womb " in the Roxburghe copy of the ballad.

- Thus lived she long in pain,
all comfort from her fled;
She strangled at the last
herself within the bed. 252
Her husband full of grief
consumèd wofully,
His body pin'd away—
suddenly he did die. 256
- E're thirteen years was past
dy'd he without a will,
And by this means at last
the old man, living still, 260
Enjoy'd his land at last,
after much misery:
Many years after that
liv'd he most happily, 264
- Far richer than before—
by this means was he known—
He helpt the sick and sore,
the poor man overthrown. 268
But this was all his song,
Let all men understand,
Those parents are accurst
[who] live on their children's hand. 272

Printed by and for A. M., and sold by the
Booksellers of London.

A pleasant Ditty of a Maiden's Uow.

No other early copy of this ballad is known, but it is reprinted in Evans's Collection (I. 127, edit. 1810). Several notices of the tune to which it was sung have been collected in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and a foreign version is included in J. J. Starter's *Boertigheden*, Amsterdam, 1634, under its English name. It belongs to a ballad beginning, "When Phœbus addrest his course to the west," which is not contained in the Roxburghe Collection, but it will be found in Part 2 of *Merry Drollery Complete*, 1661, and in *Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 280, 281.]

A pleasant Ditty of a mayden's vow,
That faine would marry, and yet knew not how.

TO THE TUNE OF, *O no, no, no, not yet.*



There was a lusty youthfull lad
That lov'd a countrey lasse,
And many a sweet discourse they had,
As they alone did passe :
This young man he was apt to wo[o]e,
And well himselfe could carry,
The mayd was kinde, of willing minde,
But yet she would not marry.

4

8

This young man's heart was set on fire,
And still he did invent
How he might compasse his desire,
And frustrate her intent : 12
For still this mayde said, as before,
"From all thy hopes Ile barre thee ;
Therefore be gone, let me alone,
In sooth I will not marry." 16

This answer much dismayed him,
And troubled so his minde
That he thereat look'd pale and grim,
And no content could finde. 20
This mayden she was nothing mov'd,
Nor from her words would vary,
But constantly shee did reply,
"Ile never yeeld to marry." 24

"My love," quoth he, "is so intire,
And firme to thee, my deare,
Whose love againe I much desire,
With many a weeping teare : 28
Therefore, sweetheart, be not unkinde,
Nor say that thou wilt tarry,
But let me prove thy constant love,
And then consent to marry. 32

"Didst thou but know the inward grieve
I suffer for thy love,
Thy flinty heart would yeeld reliefe,
[N]or more obdurate prove : 36
My legs are growne so weake, that they
My body scarce can carry,
Then yeeld reliefe to ease my grieve,
And give consent to marry." 40

"No, no," quoth she, "thy flattring tongue
Shall ne're obtaine his sute,
Thy tempting words have done me wrong,
Therefore I pray be mute : 44
For I am fully purposed
Henceforth to be more wary,
Therefore away, make no delay,
For in sooth I will not marry." 48

He askèd her the reason why
 She should reject him so :
 "She would not wed," she did reply,
 "For friend nor yet for foe :"
 Quoth she, "My yeares are yet but greene,
 I am young enough to tarry
 This twelve-monthes day, therefore away,
 'Tis time enough to marry."

52

56

Quoth he, "It makes me halfe dispaire,
 And troubleth much my minde,
 That one so comely and so faire
 Should e'er prove so unkinde:
 Therefore, sweetheart, tell me the cause
 That thou so much dost vary
 From all the mindes of women kinde,
 As to refuse to marry."

60

64

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



- “Didst thou but know the sweet delights
That marriage doth afford,
And how faire ladyes, lords, and knights,
In marriage bed accord, 68
Thou wouldst not fondly make reply,
Th’ art young enough to tarry;
But be content, and give consent,
Without delay to marry.” 72
- “He that sayes love is vanity
Shall ne’re perswade me to it,
Nor yet deny a curtesie,
If any one will doe it: 76
For I have made a vow,” quoth shee,
“And sworne by great King Harry,
That till I have the thing I crave,
I will not yeeld to marry.” 80
- “If I had knowne the cause,” quoth he,
“Why thou didst make denyall,
I quickly would have proffer’d thee
A sweet contenting tryall, 84
Which would have made thee soone consent,
Though thou wert ne’re so wary,
And never more say as before,
Ile never yeeld to marry.” 88
- “Then use your wit,” the mayde reply’d,
“For now you know the cause;
A mayden’s ‘no’ proves often ‘aye,’¹
To yeeld to Hymen’s lawes: 92
If you prove kinde,” the mayden said,
“Consent, and doe not tarry;
And then I soone will change this tune,
And quickly yeeld to marry.” 96
- With that the young man bad her both
Keepe secret, and prove kinde,
And he would verifie her oath,
And satisfie her minde: 100
Quoth shee, “I shall be satisfied,
If that thou dost not vary,
But yet in troth, I am very loath
To give my grant to marry.” 104

¹ “I,” for “aye,” in the text.

With that they both concluded were ;
 But wote you how she sped ?
 By consequence it did appeare
 That it her liking bred : 108
 For when her oath was verified,
 That she swore by King Harry,
 She never stayde, but quickly said,
 " Sweetheart, now let us marry." 112

This young man's love was quickly colde,
 That heere betwixt them past ;
 Quoth hee, " I will not be too bolde,
 Least I repent at last ; 116
 For he that weds too hastily,
 Had need for to be wary,
 Least he repent he gave consent
 Without advice to marry." 120

Faire maydens all, take good advice,
 Before you give consent
 Unto your loves in any wise,
 These follyes to prevent ; 124
 For shee, that to performe her vow,
 So long a time did tarry,
 Was brought to shame, and much defame,
 Before that she did marry. 128

Finis.

Imprinted at London for H. G.

The woful Complaint of a Love-sick Maid.

It is a curious fact that, although the extant copies of this ballad are confined to the Roxburghe Collection, there should nevertheless be three remaining, and all have other ballads printed on the reverse of the paper. From this it is to be inferred that the complaint of the love-sick maid met with little sympathy from other maidens, and that the ballad was overprinted. If she had encountered a tragical end, it might have been otherwise ; but all her alarms were false, and her lover was even " spooningly " true. In that case, the amusement was strictly confined to the parties primarily concerned, and the lookers-on would not make themselves miserable about her case, nor even buy the record of it.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 280, 281 *b*; 348, 349 *b*; and 412, 413 *b*.]

The wofull complaint of a love-sicke Mayde,
 She was afrayde to have died a Mayde;
 Because her love did prove unkinde,
 She thought he was gone a new love to finde.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Come, my sweet and bonny one.*



As 't was my chance to walke abroad
 One time, to take the ayre,
 I heard a faire maide make great moane,
 And she was in great care:
 "Alas!" quoth she, "now woe is me,
 My love is from me gone;
 And I am here in grieve and care,
 And comfortlesse alone.

"O, art thou gone away from me,
 And bidst me not adue?
 Hast thou forsaken thy olde true love,
 And changed me for a new? 12
 Being it's so,¹ as I doe know,
 Thou bear'st a fl[u]ttering² minde;
 Because that thou didst make a vow,
 To prove both true and kinde. 16

"Thou saidst to me, thou wouldst be true,
 And ever wouldst endure,
 But now I [know] thou art not so;
 Thou seek'st for to procure 20
 My endlesse woe, which will, I know,
 In time procure my smart,
 Because that thou keep'st not thy vow,
 But seek'st to breake my heart. 24

"O faithlesse, false, & forsworne wretch!
 How couldst thou have the heart
 To leave a mayden in distresse?
 O, 'tis a Judas part! 28
 But, cruell thou, though thou didst vow,
 Thou little dost regard
 What cruell paines may be thy gaines,
 At last, for thy reward. 32

"You maydens all, example take
 By me that am in grieve,
 And have beene caught in Cupid's net,
 Which yeelds me no reliefe: 36
 Because I am sure I'm undone,
 What shall I say or doe?
 But may complaine, and all in vaine;
 My heart will breake with woe.³ 40

¹ "Being it's so" = "since," or "seeing it's so."

² "flattering minde" in the text.

³ This half stanza is evidently corrupt. Perhaps it should stand thus:

"Because *I'm won* I am undone,
 What shall I say or doe?
 I may complaine, *but* all in vaine;
 My heart will breake with woe."

"Would God I could enjoy my love,
 Though he be much unkinde,
 And that he would turne to his dove,
 That never chang'd her minde : 44
 But, being¹ he is gone from me,
 And left me here in scorne,
 I must decay, and waste away,
 And pine, and grieve, and mourne. 48

"I doe expect my time is short,
 And soone will have an end,
 Because my love is false in heart;
 Pray God, he may amend, 52
 And prove more true, to's Lover new,
 Th[a]n² he hath beene to me :
 Adieu, sweet love, pray God above,
 Full safe that thou mayst be. 56

"Now of my speech I make an end,
 And meane to say no more :
 But well I wish unto my friend,
 God blesse him evermore : 60
 Though I have spoke, God may provoke,
 His minde to turne againe
 For to love me, most faithfully,
 And long for to remaine." 64

Finis.

¹ "Being." We should now say, "*seeing* that he is gone from me." "It is, in fact, an abbreviated form, instead of 'it being so,' or 'this being so,' equivalent to *since this is so*."

'And *being* you have
 Declin'd his means, you have increas'd his malice.'

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Hon. M. Fort.* act ii.—Nares.

See too "Pearson on the Creed" for many striking instances of the use of the word.

² Text "then." To prevent confusion as to the sense of the ballads, I have frequently altered "then" to "than." It is but reverting to the more strictly etymological spelling employed until after the close of the fifteenth century. (A. S. *thanne*, *thonne*.) See examples in Richardson's Dictionary. The return from the spelling "then" to "than" took place, according to Mr. Danby P. Fry (*Philological Society's Transactions*, 1859, p. 151), "at some time between 1660 and 1680." In a series of pamphlets relating to the Great Rebellion and subsequent events, which Mr. Fry examined, he found the conjunction uniformly spelt "*then*" up to 1660; after 1680 "*than*."

[The second part ; or,]

The young man's kinde reply unto the comfortlesse mayde;
 He [a]grees with his love in all she hath sayd.
 Shewing to her a part of his minde,
 That he will be alwayes most loving and kinde.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The pride of Lester-shire.*



“Harke! harke! methinks I heare one speake,
 What should this eccho meane?
 I thinke it be my owne true love,
 My faire and lonely dame:
 O why shouldst thou, my Philladay,¹
 Complaine that I am gone,
 And knowst I am the onely man
 That loveth thee alone?”

68

72

¹ It may be supposed that the author wrote,

“O why shouldst thou, *my Phillis now*”

because the fifth and seventh lines of each stanza are intended to have an inner rhyme.

- "I am not gone away from thee,
 My onely heart's delight;
 But comfort thou shalt finde by me
 By day and eke by night: 76
 My owne sweet love, and turtle dove,
 Be not disturb'd [with paine];¹
 For thou shalt finde I will prove kinde,
 And never change againe. 80
- "I promised thee for to be true,
 And so I will endure,
 Though I at first did prove thy heart—
 'Tis good for to be sure— 84
 To prove thy minde, and know thee kinde,
 For many false there be,
 And so might'st thou, for ought I know,²
 Have proved unto me. 88
- "Though I did make a vow to thee,
 And pawned with thee my heart,
 Yet thou hast spoken unto me
 As though thou would'st depart: 92
 But now I find thee true and kinde,
 And I the like will be:
 [Till]³ death doth part my tender heart
 I will not part with thee. 96
- "All you kind hearts that have true loves,
 By me example take;
 And have a care whereto you sweare,
 For the Almighty's sake: 100
 Doe not goe on, as I have done,
 To breed a mayden's smart;
 But turne in time in heart and minde,
 And ease your true love's heart. 104
- "Would God I ne'r had wrong'd my love,
 Nor beene to her unkinde:
 Then should she have no cause to mourne,
 Nor be disturbd in minde: 108

¹ The copy has "Be not disturb'd *in mind*," but the line must have been intended to rhyme with "again."

² Perhaps the author wrote, "And so might *you*, for aught I *knew*. The sense requires "knew" for the last word.

³ "Whilst death" in the copy.

But being it's so, I well doe know
 I must unto her goe,
 And speake my minde, in loving kinde,
 And ease her of her woe. 112

"Come, come, sweetheart, doe not repent,¹
 Nor wrastle in despaire,
 Though I to thee have beene unkind,
 Ile ease thee of thy care: 116
 For I will constant prove in love,
 As alwayes thou shalt finde,
 I will be true, not change for new,
 But alwayes will be kinde. 120

"Come, love, let's speake no more of this,
 But faithfully [attend,]²
 And looke before what was amisse,
 I meane for to amend: 124
 Come, let us now perform our vow,
 And make no more adoe:
 But let us joyne in heart and minde,
 And so to church let's goe." 128

And so these lovers made an end
 Of these their former words;
 One loved the other heartily,
 Not breeding no discords: 132
 In peace I pray long live they may,
 And all true lovers else,³
 What ere they be, or what degree—
 So much is spoke of mee. 136

Finis.

London printed for F. Coules.

¹ Probably the author's line was,

"Come, come, sweetheart, doe not *depart*,"

in order to continue the rhyming at the half line, and that, for the same reason, the fifth line should be,

"For I will *prove* constant in love."

² "faithfully *let's joyne*" in the copy, but the line was intended to rhyme with "amend."

³ "*else*" is probably a misprint for "*see*," because the word should rhyme with "*mee*" in the last line.

The Mournful Subjects' Lamentation.

PIETY being one of the special attributes of reigning princes, we here find a lamentation for the death of "princely pious Charles the Second." It concludes with a recommendation to the people to be united to "*Gracious James, for Charles his sake.*" There seems to be no other copy remaining of this sympathetic effusion upon the death of this devout monarch; but Charles's piety had been sung before, and by his favourite, the Earl of Rochester:

"Chaste, pious, prudent, Charles the Second!
The miracle of thy restoration
May like to that of quails be reckon'd,
Rain'd on the Israelitish nation:
The wish'd-for blessing, from heav'n sent,
Became their curse and punishment."

And again:

"I am a senseless thing, *with a hey,*
Men call me a king, *with a ho,*
For my luxury and ease
They brought me o'er the seas,
With a hey tronny, nonny nonny, no.

Whether the pictures drawn by his friend Rochester, or that of the courtly ballad-maker, be most like the truth, may be left to the judgment of the reader.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 282.]

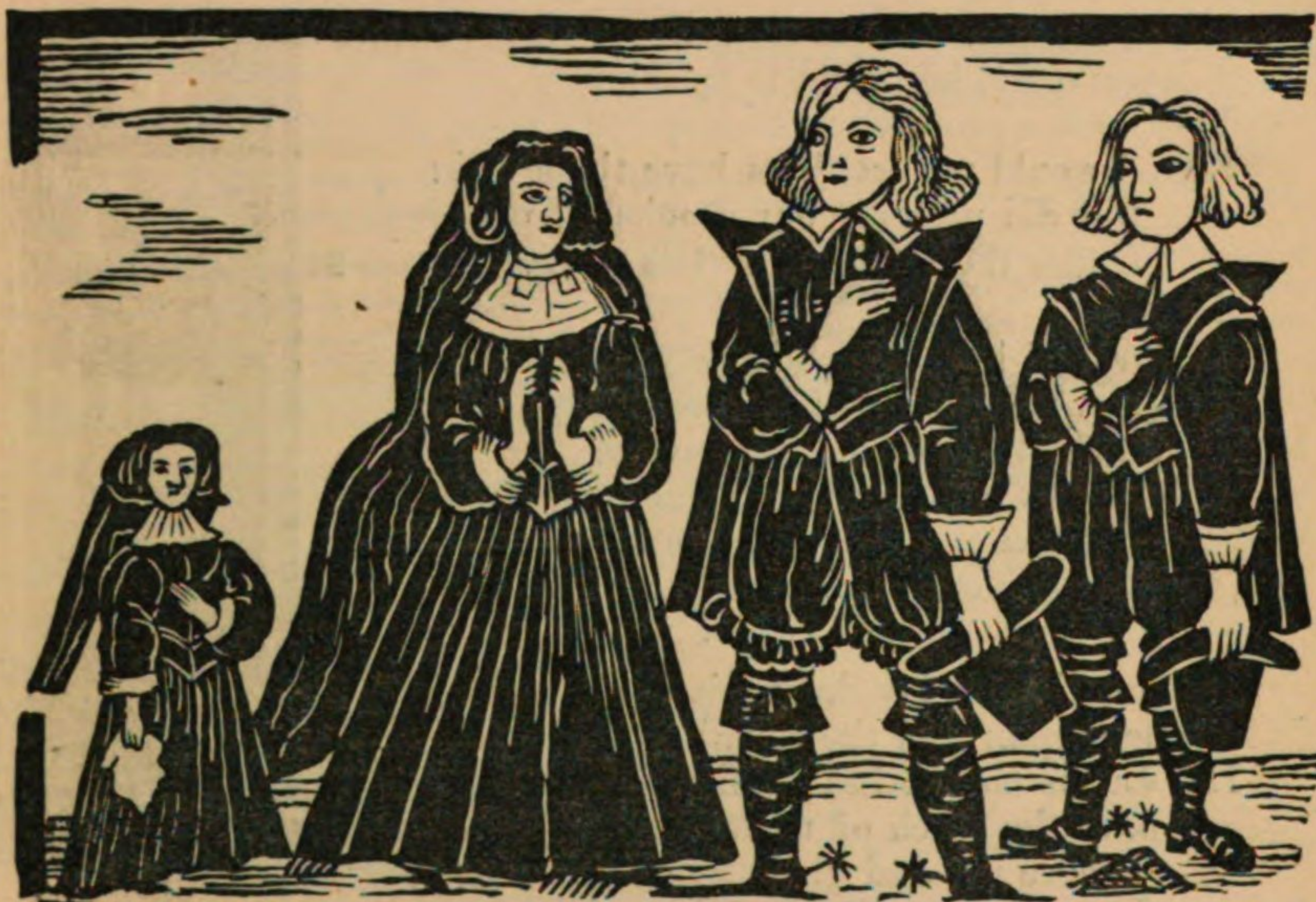


The Mournful Subjects;

Dr,

The whole Nation's Lamentation, from the Highest to the Lowest: who did, with brinish tears (the true signs of sorrow), bewail the death of their most Gracious Sovereign King, Charles the Second, who departed this life Feb. 6th, 1684, and was interr'd in Westminster-Abby, in King Henry the Seventh's Chappel, on Saturday night last, being the 14th day of the said month, to the solid grief and sorrow of all his loving Subjects.

TO THE TUNE OF [*When*] *Troy Town*; or, *The Dutchess of Suffolk*['s Calamity].



True subjects mourn, & well they may
Of each degree, both lords and earls,
Which did behold that dismal day
The death of princely pious Charles :
Some thousand weeping tears did fall
At his most sollid¹ FUNERAL.

He was a prince of clemency,
Whose love and mercy did abound ;
His death may well lamented be
Through all the nations Europe round :
Unto the ears of Christian kings
His death unwelcome tydings brings.

All those that ever thought him ill,
And did disturb him in his reign,
Let horroure now their conscience fill,
And strive such actions to refrain :
For sure they know not what they do,
The time will come when they shall rue.

6

12

18



¹ Solemn ?

How often villains did design,
 By cruelty, his blood to spill ;
 Yet, by the providence divine,
 God would not let them have their will :
 But did preserve our gracious King
 Under the shaddow of His wing.

24

We griev'd his soul while he was here,
 When we would not his laws obey ;
 Therefore the Lord he was severe,
 And took our Gracious Prince away :
 We was not worthy to enjoy
 The prince, whom subjects would annoy.

30

In peace he did lay down his head,
 The scepter and the royall crown ;
 His soul is now to heaven fled,
 Above the reach of mortal frown ;
 Where joy and glory will not cease
 In presence with the King of Peace.

36

Alas ! we had our liberty ;
 He never sought for to devour,
 By a usurping tyranny,
 To rule by arbitrary power :
 No, no, in all his blessed reign,
 We had no cause for to complain.

42

Let mourners now lament the loss
 Of him that did the scepter sway,
 And look upon it as a cross,
 That he from us is snatcht away :
 Though he is free from care and woe,
 Yet we cannot forget him so.

48

But since it was Thy blessed will
 To call him from a sinful land,
 O let us all be thankful still
 That it was done by Thine owne hand :
 No pitch of honour can be free
 From Death's usurping tyranny.

54



The fourteen day of February
They did interr our Gracious Charles;
His funeral solemnity
Accompanied with lords and earls:
Four dukes, aye,¹ and Prince George by name,
Went next the KING, with all his train. 60

And thus they to the Abby went,
To lay him in his silent tomb,
Where many inward sighs was spent
To think upon their dismal doom:
Whole showers of tears afresh there fell
When they beheld his last farewell. 66

Since it is so that all must dye,
And must before our God appear,
O let us have a watchful eye
Over our conversation here:
That like great Charles, our King and friend,
We all may have a happy end. 72

Let England, by their loyalty,
Repair the breach which they did make,
And let us all united be
To Gracious James for Charles his sake:
And let there be no more discord,
But love the King and fear the Lord. 78

Finis.

Printed for J. Deacon, in Guilt-spur-street.

¹ "I," for "aye," in the text.

The Children in the Wood; or, The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament.

VARIOUS theories have been propounded as to the history of this ballad. Bishop Percy supposed the tale to have been taken from a play by Robert Yarrington of "a young child murdered in a wood, by two ruffians, with the consent of his unkle," but the play bears date 1601, and the ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall six years before. Under the 15th October, 1595, we find "Thomas Millington entred for his copie under th' handes of bothe the Wardens, a ballad intituled 'The Norfolk Gentleman, his Will and Testament, and howe he commytted the keeping of his children to his owne brother, whoe delte moste wickedly with them, and howe God plagued him for it.'"

Sharon Turner says, "I have sometimes fancied that the popular ballad of *The Children in the Wood* may have been written at this time, on Richard [III.] and his nephews, before it was quite safe to stigmatize him more openly" (Hist. Eng. iii. 487, 4to.). This theory has been ably advocated by Miss Halsted, in the Appendix to her *Richard III. as Duke of Gloucester and King of England*. Her argument is based upon such similarity as there may be between the two cases, for no direct evidence has yet been found that the ballad is older than the date of the above entry at Stationers' Hall.

In Wager's interlude, *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art*, Moros says, "I can sing a song of Robin Redbreast;" and in Webster's *The White Devil*, Cornelia says, "I'll give a saying which my grandmother was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing unto her lute:

Call for the Robin-redbreast and the Wren,
Since o'er the shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men."

—Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vi. 312 (1825).

This superstition about the Robin was very general. The Rev. John Pickford calls attention to two passages referring to it—the one in *Cymbeline*, Act IV., and the other in Drayton's poem, "The Owl" (see *Notes and Queries* for May 3rd, 1873, p. 370). Still it forms but an episode to the ballad, and does not affect the main points of the Norfolk Gentleman's Will and Testament, especially in reference to the action of the uncle.

The tradition in Norfolk is that the tragedy occurred near Watton, in Wayland Wood, a large tract of land which has long been in the possession of the family of Lord Walsingham. The

house which is reputed to have been inhabited by the cruel uncle is still standing, not far from this wood. However, I am informed that this particular house has, at various times, been so altered and repaired as possibly to have no longer any portion of the old work remaining. It once had chimneys in the Tudor style, and about seventy years ago one room was entirely covered with wood carving, on which was depicted the whole story of the ballad. The late Lord Walsingham, who bought the house, was desirous of ascertaining if any of this old carving remained, and the present Thomas Barton, Esq., of Threxton, near Watton, then made inquiries concerning it. He was informed that the carving had been taken down, in order that the room might be plastered, and that it had been laid by in a granary, and was afterwards gradually burnt as common firewood, except a jamb of the fireplace and a panel of the frieze for the top of the room. These proved to be oak carvings of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and they were given to Lord Walsingham by Mr. Barton. The popular name of the wood is Wailing (instead of Wayland) Wood—an easy corruption, and one that may have begotten the tradition. Such a variation in the name is more likely to have arisen from mispronunciation than from intentional change, but, when once established, some reason would be sought to account for it.

I agree with Mr. Barton in doubting that any political allusion was intended by the ballad. The two young princes, sons of Edward IV., were boys, and the manner of their death differs from this story. There was no occasion to change their sex into that of boy and girl, as in the ballad, if any stigma upon Richard III. had been intended.

The earliest extant copies seem to be only of the latter half of James the First's reign. Three are in the Roxburghe Collection (I. 284, and III. 586 and 588). The last is white letter, of very late date. One in the Pepys (I. 518), and one of the earliest white-letter copies in the Bagford (643 m. 10, 44). Three black-letter editions are in Mr. W. Euing's Collection.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 284, 285; III. 586 and 588.]

The Norfolke Gentleman, his last Will and Testament :

And how hee committed the keeping of his children to
his owne brother, who dealt most wickedly with
them : and how God plagued him for it.

TO THE TUNE OF *Rogero*.



Now ponder well, you parents deare,
The words which I shall write;
A dolefull story you shall heare,
Which time hath brought to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

4

8

Sore sicke he was, and like to die,
No helpe that he could have;
His wife by him as sicke did lie,
And both possest one grave. 12

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde;
In love they lived, in love they dide,
And left two babes behinde. 16

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The next a girle, more young than he,
And made of beauties' mold. 20

This father left his little sonne,
As well it doth appeare,
When hee to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a yeare. 24

And to his little daughter Jane
Three hundred pounds in gold
To be paid downe at marriage day,
Which might not be contrould: 28
But if these children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess this wealth;
And so the will did runne. 32

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Looke to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girle,
No friends I else have here. 36
To God and you I doe commend
My children night and day;
But little time, be sure, wee have
Within this world to stay. 40

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knowes what will become of them
When wee are dead and gone!" 44

With that bespake their mother deare,
"O brother mine!" quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring my babes
To wealth or misery. 48

“If you do keepe them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seeme to deale,
Your deede God will regard.” 52

With lips as cold as any clay
Shee kist her children small:
“God bless you both, my little lambes!”
With that the teares did fall. 56

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there,
“The keeping of your children young,
Sweet sister, do not feare; 60
God never prosper mee nor mine,
Or aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children small
When you are laid in grave.” 64

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home hee takes;
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes. 68
Hee had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away. 72

Hee bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
That were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in the wood: 76
And told his wife, and all the rest,
He did the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend. 80

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoycing of that tide,
And smiling with a merry minde,
They should on cockhorse ride. 84
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on their way,
To them that should their butchers bee,
And worke their lives' decay. 88

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made murtherers' hearts relent;
And that they tooke this deede to doe,
Full sore they did repent. 92
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vow to doe his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired them,
Had paid them very large. 96

The other would not 'gree thereto,
So here they fell at strife,
With one another they did fight
About these children's life. 100
And he that was of mildest mood
Did kill the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
Whiles babes did quake for feare. 104

He tooke the children by the hand,
When teares stood in their eye,
And bade them come and goe with him,
And looke they did not cry ! 108
And two long miles hee led them thus,
When they for bread complaine :
"Stay here," quoth he, "Ile bring you bread,
When I doe come againe." 112

Those pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe ;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the towne. 116
Their pretty lips with black-berries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sate them downe and cry'd. 120

Thus wandred these two little babes
Till death did end their griefe,
In one another's armes they dy'd
As babes wanting reliefe : 124
No buriall these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast, painefully,
Did cover them with leaves. 128

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearefull fiends did haunt his house ;
His conscience felt an hell : 132
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His land was barren made,
His cattle dy'd within the fields,
And nothing with him staid. 136

And in the voyage of Portugall,
Two of his sonnes did die ;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To extreame misery : 140

He pawn'd and morgag'd all his land
Ere seaven yeares went about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out. 144

The fellow which did take in hand
The children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to death—
As was God's blessed will— 148

Who did confesse the very truth,
The which is here exprest ;
Their uncle died while he, for debt,
In prison long did rest. 152

Al you that be executors made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherlesse,
Of infants mild and meeke ! 156

Take you example by the same,
And yeeld to each their right,
Lest God with such like misery,
Your wicked minde requite. 160

Finis.

Printed for J. W.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 286, 287.]

**A new Ballad, shewing the great
misery sustained by a poore man in Essex, his wife
and children, with other strange things done by the
Deuill.¹**

TO THE TUNE OF *The Rich Merchant-man.*



A poore Essex man
that was in great distresse,
Most bitterly made his complaint,
in grieve and heavinesse;

4

¹ The edition in the Roxburghe Collection is perhaps the only extant copy of this ballad. A poor man with a starving family goes to gather acorns in a wood, intending to roast them for his children, and fancies that he sees the Devil, who gives him a purse full of gold, but, when he reaches home, he finds nothing but withered oak leaves. The poor fellow was out of his wits, and was nearly driven to murder his wife and family, through distress

Through scarcity and want he was oppressed sore, He could not find his children bread, he was so extreme poore.	8
His silly wife, God wot, being lately brought to bed, With her poore infants at her brest, had neither drinke nor bread.	12
A wofull lying-in was this, the Lord doth know ; God keep all honest vertuous wives from feeling of such woe !	16
" O husband deare," she said, " for want of food I die, Some succour doe for me provide, to ease my misery."	20
The man, with many a teare, most pittiously replyde, " We have no means to buy us bread : " with that the children cry'd.	24
They came about him round, upon his coat they hung ; And pittiously they made their mone ; their little hands they wrung.	28

of mind. He told the story of his temptation by the Devil when he had recovered, after having been strapped to his bed for a time, always crying for his gold. A ballad-maker heard of his madness, and improved the story into a "godly ballad."

It is difficult to tell the date of this pious effusion. The tune is Elizabethan. We have had the original ballad which lent its name to the tune at p. 320 of our first volume. If a conjecture as to the time of printing the Roxburghe copy of the "Poor man in Essex" may be hazarded, I propose from 1620 to about 1630. It is "printed *at* London for Henry Gosson." If it had been *im*-printed at London, I should have guessed an earlier date; and if the word "at" had been omitted, or had been changed to "in," I should have supposed it later. There are other criterions of date to be derived from forms of type, but it is unnecessary to enumerate them.

“Be still, my boyes,” said he,
 “and Ile goe to the wood,
 And bring some acornes for to rost,
 and you shall have some food.” 32

Forth went the wofull man,
 a cord he tooke with him,
 Wherewith to bind the broken wood
 that he should homewards bring: 36
 And by the way as he went,
 met farmers two or three,
 Desiring them for Christ his sake,
 to helpe his misery. 40

“O lend to me,” he said,
 “one loafe of barley bread,
 One pint of milke for my poore wife,
 in child-bed almost dead: 44
 Thinke on my extreme need,
 to lend me have no doubt—
 I have no money for to pay—
 but I will worke it out.” 48

But they in churlish sort
 did one by one reply,
 “We have already lent you more
 than we can come well by.” 52
 This answer strooke his heart
 as cold as any stone:
 Unto the wood from thence he went,
 with many a grievous groane. 56

Where at the length, behold!
 a tall man did him meet,
 And cole-black were his garments all
 from head unto his feet. 60
 “Thou wretched man,” said he,
 “why dost thou weep so sore?
 What is the cause thou mak’st this mone,
 tell me and sigh no more.” 64

“Alas! good Sir,” he said,
 “the lack of some reliefe
 For my poore wife and children small;
 ’tis cause of all my grieve: 68

They lie all like to starve
for want of bread," saith he ;
" Good Sir, vouchsafe therefore to give
one peny unto me."

72

Hereby this wretched man
committed wondrous evill,
He begd an almes, and did not know
he askt it of the Devill :

76

But straight the hellish fiend
to him reply'd againe,
" An odious sinner art thou then,
that dost such want sustaine ?"

80

" Alack !" the poore man said,
" this thing for truth I know,
That Job was just, yet never man
endured greater woe.

84

The godly oft doe want,
and need doth pinch them sore,
Yet God will not forsake them quite,
but doth their states restore."

88

" If thou so faithfull be,
why goest thou begging then ?
Thou shalt be fed, as Daniel was,
within the lyon's den :
If thus thou doe abide,
the ravens shall bring thee food,
As they unto Elias did,
that wandred in the wood."

92

96

" Mock not a wofull man,
good Sir," the poore man said,
" Redouble not my sorrowes so
that are upon me laid :
But rather doe extend
unto my need, and give
One penny for to buy some bread,
[that] my children poore may live."

100

104

With that he opened straight
the fairest purse in sight
That ever mortall eye beheld,
fild up with crownes full bright ;

108

Unto the wofull man
 the same he wholly gave,
 Who very earnestly did pray
 that Christ his life might save. 112

“Well,” quoth the damnèd spirit,
 “goe ease thy children’s sorrow,
 And if thou wantest anything,
 com[e] meet me here to-morrow.” 116

Then home the poore man went
 with cheerefull heart and mind,
 And comforted his wofull wife
 with words that were most kind. 120

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



“Take comfort, wife,” he said,
 “I have a purse of gold,
 Now given by a gentleman
 most faire for to behold.” 124

And thinking for to pull
his purse from bosome out,
He found nothing but oken leaves,
bound in a filthy clout. 128

Which when he did behold,
with sorrow pale and wan,
In desperate sort, to seeke the purse,
unto the wood he ran, 132

Supposing in his mind
that he had lost it there :
He could not tell then what to think,
he was 'twixt hope and feare. 136

He had no sooner come
into the shady grove,
The Devil met with him againe,
as he in fancy strove : 140

"What seekst thou here?" he said.
"The purse," quoth he, "you gave :
Thus Fortune she hath crossèd me."
And then the Devill said : 144

"Where didst thou put the purse?
tell me, and do not lye."
"Within my bosome," said the man,
"where no man did come nigh." 148

"Looke there again," quoth he:
Then said the man, "I shall :"
And found his bosome full of toads,
as thicke as they could crawle. 152

The poore man, at this sight,
to speake had not the power.
"See," quoth the Devill, "vengeance doth
pursue thee every houre ! 156

Goe, cursed wretch !" quoth he,
"and rid away thy life ;
But murther first thy children yong
and miserable wife." 160

The poore man, raging mad,
ran home incontinent,
Intending for to kill them all,
but God did him prevent. 164

For why, the chiefest man
 that in the parish dwelt,
 With meat and mony thither came,
 which liberally he dealt. 168

Who, seeing the poore man
 come home in such a rage,
 Was faine to bind him in his bed,
 his fury to asswage: 172
 Where longe he lay full sicke,
 still crying for his gold,
 But being well, this whole discourse
 he to his neighbours told. 176

From all temptations [then],
 Lord, blesse both great and small;
 And let no man, O heavenly God,
 for want of succour fall: 180
 But put their speciall trust
 in God for evermore,
 Who will no doubt from misery,
 each faithfull man restore. 184

Finis.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

The two Yorkshire Lovers.

THE first line of this ballad gave a name to the "pleasant new Court tune" to which the ballad was sung. If we turn back, for instance, to p. 515 of our first volume, we shall find that "The Kind Believing Hostesse" was written "to the tune of *When Willy once had stayed*," meaning to the tune of this ballad.

The custom of introducing old ballads into plays is of far earlier date than the reign of James I., but those melodies are not entitled "Court tunes." Since this is so described, it is probably derived from one of the Court masques of James's reign. Dance and ballad airs of the simple kind were better adapted to James's musical taste than productions of a higher class, which depended more upon harmony.

The three extant copies of the ballad bear either the name or the initials of John Wright as printer. The two in the Pepys (I. 240) and in the Ouvry Collections have only the initials, and the Roxburghe copy has the full name.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 288, 289.]

**A pleasant new Northerne Song,
called The two Yorkshire Lovers.**

TO A PLEASANT NEW COURT TUNE; OR, THE TUNE OF *Willy*.



When Willy once he stayed
To fetch home a lamb that straid,
Under a hill-side
A bonny lasse he spide,
Of whom he was well apaied.¹

5

Her cheekes like cherries growing,
Her lips like rose-buds blowing,
Her eyes blacke and cleare
As the sloe upon the breere,²
Or the worme in the hedge lies glowing.

10

¹ Apaied = pleased.

² Breere = briar.

Her waste so small and slender,
 Her skin so soft and tender,
 He sigh'd and he said,
 " That she *was* a faire maid,
 And his love to her he'd render." 15

The wind did seeme to play
 With her tresses, as she lay ;
 Betwixt hope and feare,
 He was in despaire
 To give her the time of the day.¹ 20

Yet resolv'd to court this minion,²
 There stept in a new opinion ;
 This timorous clowne
 Thought Phœbe³ had come downe
 To speak with her loved Endimion. 25

His errand quite forgotten,
 He lean'd to a tree [that] was rotten ;
 He swore by the masse,
 There was never such a lasse,
 His heart with a shaft was shotten. 30

Then boldly he stept unto her,
 His eyes shot affection through her,
 He cast away feares,
 And pricking up his eares,
 Thus Willy began to wooe her. 35

" Good day," quoth he, " my honny,⁴
 Thou dearer to me than money !
 Ile lose my little lambe,
 And gladly give the damme,
 To lig with a lasse so bonny. 40

¹ How to address her.

² Minion = agreeable one.

³ Phœbe = the moon (here as the female of Phœbus), more frequently called Selene, or Artemis.

⁴ My honny = my honey.

“ Now list to what Ile tell thee,
There’s none in shape doth excell thee ;
 So thou wilt wed me,
 None happier than we,
Nor better day ere befell thee. 45

“ Of nuts Ile give thee plenty,
And red-side apples twenty ;
 My butter Ile leese¹
 To make thee summer cheese,
And creame to make egge-pies dainty. 50

“ My lambs new gowns shall beare thee,
No daglockes² shall e’er come neere thee ;
 The poultry of the town
 Shall cackle without downe,
Ere Ile want a soft bed to cheere thee. 55

“ My bagpipes mirth shall make thee,
Each morne with a song Ile wake thee,
 At night Ile not faile
 To tell a merry tale,
And make thy sad thoughts forsake thee. 60

¹ Leese = lose, or give up.

² Daglockes = soiled locks of wool.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



“ White lillies shall pave the closes,¹
 Each brier shall blush with roses ;
 The grasse, greene and sweet,
 Shall kisse thy tender feet,
 And the medowes shall yeeld thee posies.

65

“ With shady bowers set ore thee,
 With thousand contents Ile store thee ;
 While by some cleere brooke,
 With my little dog and hooke,
 Ile bring my fine ewes before thee.”

70

While thus he was close set at her,
 Quoth she, “ I suspect the matter—
 For an houre’s sport,
 Like the false alluring Court,
 The country has learned to flatter.

75

¹ Closes = lanes, or inclosures.

“Therefore leave off thy wooing,
I love not such short doing,
And come unto the matter—
I love not for to flatter,
True affection hates long suing. 80

“But if your love will prove steddy
Till Hymen hath made him ready,
Then, surfet all night
In a captive maid’s delight,
Which yet but [with] ayre hath fed ye.” 85

Quoth he, “I love none above thee,
For chastity I [do ap]prove thee;
As constant Ile prove
As the mate unto the dove;
Nay, thogh thou wert dead, Ile love thee. 90

“And all contents Ile give thee,
So that thou wilt live with me;
Ere I my love abuse,
My life and all Ile lose,¹
And all my rich kith² unto me.” 95

As Willy was thus talking,
The shepherdess’ eyes were walking;
Each legge and each limbe,
So tricked³ [and] so trim,
She thought it no time of balking. 100

Her heart with love was taken;
God Cupid did her awaken;
She⁴ cast a cheerefull eye
Upon him by and by,
To shew he was not forsaken. 105

¹ “loose” in the printed ballad. The order of the third and fourth lines is reversed in the three extant copies, which are all by one printer. I have transposed them, feeling sure that there is an error somewhere, and that this change improves the sense.

² Kith = friends and connexions.

³ Trick = neat.

⁴ “And cast” in the text.

His lips to hers he layèd,
 She never a word gainesayed :
 Thus joyning their hands,
 They tyed the nuptiall bands,
 Which never till death decayèd.¹ 110

Such happy joy God send me,
 When I to wed intend me ;
 And to each faithfull lover,
 Whe'er they be one or other,
 I heartily commend thee. 115

Finis.

London, printed for *John Wright*.

¹ The three rhymes are printed "laid," "gaine-said," and "decai'd," but these are printer's errors, making each line too short by a syllable.

A Ditty of a Lover toss'd hither and thither.

THIS ditty of a diffident lover bears the full name of Peter Lowberry as its author ; and since "The Constant Lover," which has already been included in our first volume (at p. 213), is subscribed P. L., those initials seem to attach themselves more naturally to the name of Peter Lowberry, than they are likely to have been inverted, for the sake of an incognito, by Laurence Price. If, then, P. L. is to be assigned to Peter Lowberry, we must also ascribe to him the authorship of "The valiant Trooper and pretty Peggy," beginning "Heard you not of a valiant Trooper?" before referred to. All the three ditties are in the same style, and of the strongly amative class.

The Roxburghe copy of this ballad is perhaps unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 290, 291.]

A New Ditty :

Of a Lover tost hither and thither,
That cannot speake his mind when they are together.

TO THE TUNE OF *Hide Park*.



Alas ! I am in love,
And cannot speake it ;
My mind I dare not move,
Nor nere can break it.
She doth so farre excell
All and each other,
My minde I cannot tell
When we are together.

4

8

But Ile take heart to me,
I will reveale it ;
Ile try her constancy,
Ile not conceale it.

12

But alas! but alas!
 I doe consider,
 I cannot breake [my] minde
When, &c. 16

Her loving lookes and smiles
 Have so bewicht me;
 Her vertue me beguiles,
 She hath inricht me; 20
 Shee's so faire, shee's so rare,
 Her due to give her,
 Makes me I cannot speake
When, &c. 24

Our oft frequented jests,
 Are turn'd to earnest.
 In th' night I cannot rest,
 For love's severenesse; 28
 It hath turn'd, it hath burn'd
 My heart for ever:
 Alas! I cannot speake
When, &c. 32

Like to the foolish flies,
 Too long I have dallyed;
 With her bright glittering eyes,
 My fort shee'th sallied: 36
 [Thus]¹ I have scorcht my wings
 And heart for ever—
 Alas! I cannot speake
When, &c. 40

Her presence is my joy,
 Her want my sadnesse;
 When I her face enjoy,
 I am turn'd to gladnesse, 44
 And wish our company
 May last for ever;
 But yet I cannot speake
When, &c. 48

¹ "That" in the copy.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



I thinke she loves me well,
But [she]¹ nere broke it ;
I'm sure I love her well,
Though I nere spoke it ;
My love to her shall prove
Constant for ever,
Although I cannot speake
When, &c.

52

56

Suppose she loves me not,
Or loves another,
Too much, yet, care I not,
Still I will love her ;

60

¹ "I" in the copy.

And true doe vow to be,
 And faithfull for ever,
 Although I cannot speake
When, &c. 64

I will doe best I can,
 Ile strive to please her ;
 I will doe any thing
 Whereby to ease her. 68

Over sea I will flee—
 Swimme like Leander—
 Before Ile loose her love,
 Through the world Ile wander. 72

And Ile doe much more too,
 If shee'le command it ;
 If 't be to lose my life,
 Ile not gaine-stand it. 76

But alas ! but alas !
 I doe consider,
 I cannot speake my mind
When, &c. 80

The more I strive to hide,
 The more it flameth ;
 These paines I cannot bide,
 My wits it lameth : 84

And if it hidden be,
 ['T]will burne for ever,
 Unlesse I speake my mind
When, &c. 88

I thinke 'twere good I tride,
 And went to prove her,
 And lay all feare aside,
 Stoutly to move her ; 92

But when I am going to speake,
 My tongue doth quiver,
 And will not breake my mind
When we are together. 96

Finis.

Peter Lowberry.

Printed at London for Edward Wright
 dwelling neere Christ's Church gate.

A New Medley.

WE have here a second of Martin Parker's "new medleys," made out of the titles, burdens, and subjects of other ballads, intermixing them with popular sayings. The same tune is made to serve for this medley as for the other by the same author (see p. 51 *et seq.* of Vol. I.) Tarleton, the stage clown, was perhaps the originator of this kind of entertainment, and it is evident that Martin Parker was not the only one emulous of rivalling him, since his first medley is followed, in the Roxburghe volume, by a similar production from the pen of the unidentified F. D.

Medleys are often useful for dates, especially when the names of ballads are introduced in them, of which only later copies are now extant. This copy of the medley is the only one known.



[In the original the above cut stands to the right of that which we print on the following page, 240.]

[Roxb. Coll. I. 292, 293.]

A New Medley ;

Dr,

A Messe of All-together.

TO THE TUNE OF *Tarlton's Medley.*



Strange news is come from Hounslo' heath,
 That all false theeves are put to death ;
 Nell Collins has a stinking breath,
 I heard Tom Phillips say :
 The cabler and the broome-man's wife
 Have made a match, Ile lay my life ;
 Come drinke a cup and end all strife,
 Sweet Kester.

4

8

They say that Turnbull-street is cleane
Transform'd, there scant is left a queane;
Oh! neighbour Ralph, what doe you meane—
to pawne your shirt for ale? 12
This drinking healths makes many sicke;
Nan Williams has devis'd a tricke
To gull her husband, silly Dicke,
the miller. 16

Pease-porridge makes our Mall breake winde;
She makes us thinke that shee is kinde,
Because she speaks to us behind
as freely as before: 20
The butler is gone out o' th' way,
'Cause no man shall drinke here to-day;
His master bids him do 't, they say,
on purpose. 24

Will Cooke and Sisse, the dairy maide,
Doe sit together in the shade;
Stealing would be an excellent trade,
an 'twere not for this hanging: 28
The hangman he leaves worke by noone;
Sweetheart, goe not away so soone;
I thinke there is a man i' th' moone,
star-gazer. 32

There is more cloathes in Birchin-lane,
I thinke, than would load Charles his Wainé;
King Edward lov'd a gold-smith's Jane,
the best ware in the shop: 36
The tanner made the King a feast;
A mastiffe dog's a valiant beast;
He oft thinks most that says the least:
Old Hobson. 40

Dido was a Carthage Queene;
As I walkt in a meddow greene;
The fairest lasse that ere was seene;
that was the flower of Kent: 44
Looke to your forehead, honest friend;
The longest day must have an end;
Good fortune unto thee, God send,
young bridegroome. 48

When as King Henry rul'd this land,
 All things did in good order stand ;
 Then scarce a lawyer had a hand
 to take a double fee :

52

Eele pyes are dainty meate in Lent ;
 I prethee, Roger, be content ;
 Good land-lords ! doe not raise your rent
 so highly.

56

The courtier scornes the countrey clowne ;
 There dwels a widdow in our towne ;
 Pray, mother, lend me halfe a crowne
 to buy a wedding ring :

60

Tom Taylor did not use me well
 To steale two yards out of one ell ;
 My belly doth begin to swell :
 I'me pepper'd.

64



[This woodcut stands in the original to the right of that printed on the next page, 243.]

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



At Battersey good turnips grow ;
There goes three milkmaids on a row ;
Methinks it is a seemely shew
to see three honest millers :
The sea-man and the souldier bold
Venter their lives for fame and gold ;
A slut, a strumpet, and a scold—
three good wives.

68

72

King Edgar hated drunkennesse ;
 And Julius Cæsar loath'd excesse ;
 I prethee tell me, pretty Besse,
 who lay with thee last night : 76
 Æneas was a perjur'd prince ;
 Too many have done like him since ;
 Sweet-heart, Ile give thee eighteen pence
 to kisse thee. 80

To thinke how things are chang'd of late !
 That charitie's quite out of date
 Would force a silent man to prate :
 Oh the merry dayes of old ! 84
 When knights and squires wore good broadcloth,
 The poore had beefe as well as broth ;
 Oh doe not make us pay for froth,
 good tapster. 88

Our ladies now are like to apes,
 Their mindes doe alter like their shapes ;
 Fie, mistris, fie ! your placket gapes,
 cover your flesh, for shame : 92
 The pander quarrels with the whore,
 And sayes hee'l bee their man no more ;
 The shot is paide, wipe off the score,
 kinde hostis. 96

A usurer and a broker be
 Both brothers of a company ;
 The Devill sure must make them free,
 when they have serv'd their time : 100
 In old time bakers us'd to be
 Promoted to the pillory ;
 Now none, unlesse for perjury,
 peepe thorow. 104

The carrier brings up every weeke
 Brave lasses, which the bawds do seeke :
 What Welchman will not were a leeke
 upon Saint David's Day ? 108
 Saint George lies dead at Coventrey ;
 Oh ! now, for such a man as he ;
 Our capteines dy'd i' th' Ile of Ree—
 Ill tydings. 112

Queene Elinor built Charing-Crosse,
Which now is covered ore with mosse;
The Spanyards mourne for their late losse,
I meane the rich Plate Fleet : 116
The Dutchmen grieve, and so do we,
For th' death of young Prince Henry,
Alas! there is no remedy
but patience. 120

My merry medley here I end,
Which to young men and maids I send;
To make them mirth the same was pend,
although it seeme non-sense : 124
Yet is there such variety
Of sense for each capacity
That old and young may pleasèd be
to learne it.¹ 128

Finis.

M. P.

¹ As the fourth and eighth lines of this ballad have no rhymes, it is probable that they were not sung, but spoken.

The new-found Northern Deedle.

THIS production of Robert Guy's issued from the press in the latter part of Charles the First's reign, when the power of Laud and of the Bishops was at its height. The author seems to have considered the subject unobjectionable, for, if otherwise, he would hardly have subscribed his name at a time when copies of all printed ballads were sent to the Bishop of London. The Roxburghe copy is perhaps the only one now extant.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 294, 295.]

The new-found Northerne Deedle :

Dr,

Mirth and wit according to the times,
Fancies to fit, are in these following rimes.

TO THE TUNE OF *This is my grannam's deedle.*



My mother's a good old woman,
Beloved of knights and yeomen,
That never did hurt to no man:
Her wits together will summon
To call for the new found deedle,
To call for my grannam's deedle,
To call for the dadyes deedle,
This merry conceit of the deedle.

4

8

And also my sister Nanny,
So beautifull and canny,
Content will give to any,
And please them, though nere so many,

12

*In dancing the new found deedle,
In dancing my grannam's deedle
In dancing the dadyes deedle,
This merry conceit of the deedle.* 16

My brother, a swaggering gallant,
Knows Gilderland, Brabbant, [and] Zeland,
And lately is comme out of Holland,
To England to spend his talant : 20
*And calls for the new found deedle,
Come play us my grannam's deedle,
My mammies and dadyes deedle,
This merry conceit of the deedle.* 24

The courtiers' wives so dainty,
Of gold which have great plenty,
Will drink, carouse, and be merry,
And sack it in pleasant sherry : 28
*And call for the new found deedle,
Come play us my grannam's deedle.
The new found northerne deedle,
This merry conceit of the deedle.* 32

The lady which takes upon her
The style of state and honour
Will ride in majestick manner,
With gallants attending on her : 36
*And calls for the new found deedle,
Come play us my grannam's deedle,
The new found northerne deedle,
This merry conceit of the deedle.* 40

The tradesmen's wives of the citty,
So handsome, neat, and pretty,
So understanding, witty,
Delight in no other ditty : 44
*But call for the new found deedle,
Come play us my grannam's deedle,
The new found northerne deedle,
This merry conceit of the deedle.* 48

The country lasses so bonny,
 With breaths as sweet as honey,
 For cost they care not any,
 But freely will spend their money :
*And call for the new found deedle,
 Come play us my grannam's deedle,
 The new found northerne deedle,
 This merry conceit of the deedle.*

52

56

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The yong men so neatly attired,
 Whose braveries are [so] admired,
 When any brave musick they heare it,
 Most heartily doe desire it :

60

*This merry conceit of the deedle,
To heare the new found deedle,
Come play us my grannam's deedle,
The new found northerne deedle.*

64

The musicall skil'd musitian,
However be his condition,
To play it he hath an ambition,
Because unto him they petition
*To play the new found deedle,
To play them my grannam's deedle,
The new found northern deedle,
This merry conceit of the deedle.*

68

72

The carpenter, mason, and glasier,
The bonny blacksmith, the brasier,
And barber that trims with a razor,
Will merry be when they have leasure :
*And call for the new found deedle,
To play them my grannam's deedle,
The new found northerne deedle,
This merry conceit of a deedle.*

76

80

The tanner, and merry shoemaker,
The maltman, the miller, and baker,
And brewer with them is partaker,
If boldly that truth may be speaker :
*To call for the new found deedle,
And call for my grannam's deedle,
The new found northerne deedle,
This merry conceit of the deedle.*

84

88

The lustie and well limb'd sailor,
The nimble and spruce neat taylor,
Agreed like good fellows that present,
Together they would be pleasant :
*And have the new found deedle,
This merry conceit of the deedle,
The new found northerne deedle,
O this is my grannam's deedle.*

92

96

- To see these mad lads come reeling,
 Hearing, seeing, and feeling,
 With pleasing, smelling, and tasting,
 Crying out of Spendthrift's wasting : 100
That spending desires the deedle,
The new found northerne deedle,
My good old grannam's deedle,
The mammy and daddies deedle. 104
- Blind Fortune following after,
 Movèd a hearty laughter,
 To see polt-footed Vulcan
 Tossing off many a full can : 108
And singing the new found deedle,
The new found northerne deedle,
My good old grannam's deedle,
The mammy and daddies deedle. 112
- Mercury, Mars, and Venus,
 So witty and [so] engenious,
 Brought in the yong god Cupid
 To jeere at poore mortalls so stupid : 116
For learning the new found deedle,
O this [is] my grannam's deedle,
The mammy and daddies deedle,
A merry conceited deedle. 120

Finis.

R. Guy.

Printed at London for Thos. Lambert.

The Nightingale.

THIS ditty in praise of the nightingale's song seems to be unique, for no other copy is included in the celebrated collections. It is too irregular as to the length of its lines to have been fitted to one of those rhythmical tunes which were best suited for dancing and for remembrance by uncultivated ears. I suppose the "new and much-affected Court tune" was a composition by some musician of the day, and that its popularity was as short-lived as that of numberless similar compositions which had no marked tune in them. The fashion of harmony grows old much sooner than melody.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 296, 297.]

The Nightingale :

Whose curious notes are here explain'd,
In a dainty ditty sweetly fain'd.

TO A NEW AND MUCH-AFFECTED COURT TUNE.



You Gallants that resort
To Hide Parke or Totnam Court,
To recreate,
And to elevate
Your senses when they are out of date,
Come, listen to my song,
Which doth belong
To the Nightingale's sweet tongue.

4

8

'Tis musicke rare,
 To heare this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty Philomel,
 How she makes the woods for to ring.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, 12
Jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
The Nightingale doth sing.

The courtiers in their pride,
 Walking by the greene wood side, 16
 They doe much admire,
 When they heare the quire
 Of little birds whose notes aspire :
 Above all the rest, 20
 They fancie best
 The Nightingale's sweet breast,
 For she doth straine
 Her little, pretty, dulcid, dainty, pleasant throat, 24
 With musicke fit for a king.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
The Nightingale doth sing. 28

The citizens would faine
 Heare Philomel's sweet straine,
 But that they feare,
 When they come there, 32
 The curious, constant note to heare ;¹
 And therefore they refuse,
 And will not use
 The woods if they can chuse ; 36
 But yet sometimes,
 This little, pretty, dulcid, dainty dilly,
 They delight to heare in the spring.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, 40
Jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
The Nightingale doth sing.

The prentices doe stray
 Upon the first of May, 44
 To meet their loves
 In the gay greene groves,

¹ Of the cuckoo.

Where every one their fancie proves ;
And with love's delight, 48
From morne till night,
They feed their appetite ;
And, while they wooe,
This little, pretty, dulcid, dainty creature, 52
Her musicke to them doth bring.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
The Nightingale doth sing. 56

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The honest labouring swaine,
To extenuate his paine,
When he doth plod
To his worke abroad,

His hay, or corne, or wood to load,
 It doth joy his heart,
 At plough or cart,
 To heare the curious part 64
 Which, among the quire,
 This little, pretty, dulcid, dainty quirister¹
 Doth beare, this delight doth bring.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, 68
Jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet, jug, jug, jug, jug.
The Nightingale doth sing.

The countrey milke-maids sweet,
 When they goe to milke their neat, 72
 In a summer's day
 In June or May,
 Delight to walke i' th' medowes gay;
 They doe thinke it long 76
 To heare a song
 From Philomel's sweet tongue;
 In April they
 Expect this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty bird, 80
 When she first proclaimes the spring.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
The Nightingale doth sing. 84

Both men and women goe
 To the greene wood in a row,
 Both old and young
 Walke in a throng, 88
 Both lads and lasses march along
 In a sympathy
 For company,
 With mirth and jollity. 92
 It is not for nuts,
 But to heare this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty musician,
 How she makes the woods for to ring.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, 96
Jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
The Nightingale doth sing.

¹ Quirister = chorister.

Thus Country, City, and Court,
 Unto the woods resort ; 100
 To please their minds,
 Both lords and hinds,
 All sorts, according to their kinds,
 Walke to take delight, 104
 Both morne and night :
 And as they please their sight,
 Their eares are pleased,
 To heare this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty messenger, 108
 What wisht-for newes she doth bring.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
The Nightingale doth sing. 112

London, printed for F. Coules in the Old Bailey.

The Man in the Moon Drinks Claret.

THIS is a satire upon a set of roistering young debauchees, who thought to show their spirit by carrying their follies and their vices to any ridiculous excess. "Though he dare not kill a sheep, yet out must fly his dagger," says the ballad. It is to be sung, very appropriately, to the tune of *Mad Tom of Bedlam*.

If one of these young fellows proposed to drink to his mistress's health, he, to out-Herod the follies of others, would toast her in "greasy flapdragons," viz. "candle-ends floating in a cup of spirits, and set on fire," and he to swallow the candle. If not so, it would be "with health tapp'd in arms upon naked knees"—pricking his arm to draw blood to mix with his wine, and then falling on his knees to drink off the mixture. Such follies must have been rife, since they are alluded to by Shakespeare, by Ben Jonson, and by Beaumont and Fletcher, as well as by others. (See Nares's *Glossary*, under "Candles-ends," "Flap-dragon," and "Arms.") This ballad has not yet been quoted in illustration, but the author has described those roisterers more fully than perhaps any other. It is really a song which was sung upon the stage at the Curtain Theatre, in Holywell. It was added to some editions of *Mad Tom*, to fill up the vacant space upon the sheet of paper, and because it was sung to the same tune.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 298.]

The Man in the Moon Drinks Claret.

As it was lately sung at the Curtain, Holy-Well.

[TUNE IS, *New Mad Tom*, or *Gray's-Inn Mask*.]



Bacchus, the father of drunken Nowls,¹
Full mazers, beakers, glasses, bowls,
Grease flapdragons, Flemish upsie-freeze,²
With health tap'd in arms, upon naked knees;³
Of all his wines he makes you tasters,
So you tipple like bumbasters.

4

¹ Nowls = noddles, heads.

² Upsie-freeze = Friesland beer, or beer like that of Friesland.

³ This pricking of names upon the arm was one of silly customs of intoxicated health-drinkers.

Drink till you reel, a welcome he doth give ;
O how the boon, claret, makes you live ! 8
Not a painter purer colour shows
Than what's laid on by claret ;
Pearl and ruby doth set out the nose,
When thin small beer doth mar it ; 12
Rich wine is good, it heats the blood,
It makes an old man lusty ;
The young to brawl, and the drawers call,
Before being too much musty. 16
Whether you drink all or little,
Pot it so [as] your selves to whittle :¹
Then, though twelve a clock it be,
Yet all the way go roaring, 20
If the band of Bills cry "Stand !"
Swear that you must a who—
Such gambols, such tricks, such fegaries,
We fetch, though we touch no canaries : 24
Drink wine till the welkin roars,
And cry out, "A pox of your scores."

In wine we call for bawdy jiggs,
Catzoes, rumbillows, whirligigs ; 28
Campo [we] get in huff-cup vain,²
The devill in the places you['d] wot were raign.
Brave wine it thus tickles our heels ;
Mull'd well in wine, none sorrow feels. 32
Our moon man and his powder-beef mad crew
Thus caper through the liquor sweet turnip drew.
Round about, over tables and joint stools,
Let's dance with naked rapiers : 36
Cut the fiddle strings, and then, like fools,
Kick out the fum-fum scrapers.
There is no sound that cares can wound
As lids of wine-pots clinking ; 40
There's no such sport ; when all amort,
Men cry, "Let's fall to drinking."

¹ to whittle = to warm you as a blanket.

² Campo we get in huff-cup vain = We become contentious if we drink vain huff = strong beer.

O 'tis nappy gear !
 Would each belly was filled here ! 44
 Herrings pickled must be tickled
 Down to draw the liquor,
 The salt sammon, and fat gammon,
 Makes our wine drink quicker. 48
 Our man in the moon drinks clarret,
 With powder-beef, turnep, and carret ;
 If he doth so, why should not you
 Drink until the sky looks blew ? 52
 Hey for a turn thus above ground !
 O, my noddle too heavy doth weigh !
 Metheglin, perry, sider, nor strong ale,
 Are half so heavy, be they nere so stale. 56
 Wine in our guts can never rumble,
 Down, now and then, tho' it make us tumble ;
 Yet, scrambling up, a drunkard feels no pain,
 But crys "Sirrah, hoy ! t'other pottle againe." 60
 We can drink no more, unlesse we have
 Full pipes of Trinnidado,
 Give us the best, it keeps our brains
 More warm than does freezado.¹ 64
 It makes us sing, and cry "Hey ding,"
 And laugh when pipes lie broken,
 For which to pay at going away,
 We scorn a mustard token ; 68
 Never curse the saucy score,
 Outswear the bar "You'll pay no more ;"
 In these daies he is no gallant
 That cannot puff and swagger ; 72
 Though he dare not kill a sheep,
 Yet out must flie his dagger :
 If then you do love my host's clarret,
 Fat powder-beef, turnep, and carret, 76
 Come again and again [and again],
 And still welcome [you'll be], gentlemen.²

Printed by and for A. M., and sold by all the
 Booksellers of London.

¹ "freezado" or "frizade" = frieze cloth.

² The changes of metre are so frequent in this wild song, that it is not easy to understand them without referring to the music.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 299.]

New Mad Tom of Bedlam ;

Dr,

The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
With Powder-beef, Turnip and Carret.¹

TUNE IS, *Gray's-Inn Mask*.



Forth from my sad and darksome cell,
From the deep abyss of Hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To see if he can ease his distemper'd brain.

4

¹ This is the song which, under the name of Mad Tom, was much sung in theatres, and in other public places, by singers with bass voices, until within about thirty years ago. In the second half of the last century a quick movement was tacked on to it, beginning, "In my triumphant chariot hurl'd," taken from a song by George Hayden. The original tune seems to have been a dance of anticks in one of the masques given by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, in the time of James I.; and the tune to have been composed by John Cooper, who, after having visited Italy, chose to style himself Giovanni Coperario. He was a well-known composer, and one of the music-masters to the children of James I.

The authorship of the words is unknown. According to Izaak

Fear and despair pursue my soul.¹
 Hark! how the angry Furies howl!
 Pluto laughs, and Prosperine is glad,
 To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad. 8
 Through the woods I wander night and day
 To find my straggling senses;
 In an angry mood I found Old Time
 With his Pentarchy² of tenses; 12
 When me he spies, away he flies,
 For Time will stay for no man;
 In vain with crys I rend the skies,
 For pity is not common. 16
 Cold and comfortless I lie,
 Help! O help! or else I die.
 Hark! I hear Apollo's team,
 The carman 'gins to whistle; 20
 Chaste Diana bends her bow,
 The boar begins to bristle.
 Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
 To shake off my troublesome shackles; 24
 Let Charles make ready his wain³
 To bring me my senses again.⁴

Walton, William Basse wrote a "choice song" of Tom of Bedlam, but whether it was this "New Mad Tom of Bedlam," or not, cannot be told. There are no less than three under the name of Tom of Bedlam in *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660. This one is printed with the music in *Choice Songs and Ayres for one voyce to sing to a Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol*, Book 1, 1673, p. 66.

Copies of the following are in the Percy Folio (III. 123), in the Pepys Collection (I. 502), two in the Bagford (643 m; 9, 52, and 10, 119), in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, etc. It is printed with the tune in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

¹ This line, "Feare and dispayre pursue my soule," is from the Percy Folio, agreeing with some other authorities. The accent of the tune proves it to be right. The Rox. copy has, "Fear and care doth pierce the soul," instead of making Mad Tom the speaker. There are many errors in the Rox. copy. Old Time has there a "pentarchy of *Tenches*," instead of *tenses*. Bacchus is "gorrel *bestied*" instead of "gorrell-bellied," or fat-bellied. Vulcan is *leaping* instead of *limping*, and so on. Where ballad-printers' blunders are so palpable, I think it only tiresome to the reader to note them.

² In some copies this word "pentarchy" has been altered into "pentateuch," so instead of Time's "rule of five tenses," it supposes the five books of the Law of Moses to deal with tenses.

³ The constellation of Charles's wain, or waggon.

⁴ "To fetch my five senses again" in Percy Folio.

Last night I heard the Dog-star bark :
Mars met Venus in the dark ; 28
Limping Vulcan het an iron bar,
And furiously did run at the God of war.
Mars with his weapons laid about
[Till] Vulcan's temples had the gout,¹ 32
For his broad horns did hang so in his light,
He could not see to aim his blows aright.
Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,
Staid to see this quarrel ; 36
Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, gyant-like,
Bestrid a strong-beer barrel :
To me he drank ; I did him thank,
But I could get no sider ; 40
He drank whole butts, till he burst his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor naked Tom is very dry—
A little drink for charity ! 44
Hark ! I hear Acteon's hounds !
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe ;
“ Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,”
All the chase now follow. 48
The man in the moon drinks clarret,
With powder-beef, turnep, and carret—
A cup of old Malaga Sack
Will fire the bush at his back.² 52

¹ “had the gout” = were beaten and swollen.

² The address of the printer, A. M[ilbourne], is on the last song, see p. 258.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 300, 301.]

A pleasant History of a Gentleman
in Thracia, which had foure Sonnes, and three of
them none of his own; shewing how miraculously
the true heire came to enjoy his inheritance.

To THE TUNE OF *Chevy Chase*.



OF this ballad I know no other early copy than the one in the Roxburghe Collection. Mr. Payne Collier reprints it in his *Roxburghe Ballads*, and thinks the style very like that of Thomas Deloney, "excepting that it is a little too prosaic." As this ballad is not included in any of the Garlands into which Deloney's and Robert Johnson's ballads were collected, it is probably one of the productions of the prolific Martin Parker. We have already one signed M. P., beginning:

"In searching famous chronicles
It was my chance to reade" (Rox. I. 226).

and this begins exceedingly like it:

"In searching ancient chronicles
It was my chance to finde" (Rox. I. 300).

Both were printed for H. G[osson]. Further than this, the existence of any such chronicles is exceedingly doubtful in both cases. Ungracious yeomen's sons, and Thracian gentlemen's domestic affairs, are not usual subjects for chroniclers.

In searching ancient chronicles
It was my chance to finde
A story worth the writing out,
In my conceit and mind ; 4
It is an admonition good,
That children ought to have,
With reverence [to]¹ thinke upon
Their parents laid in grave. 8
In Thracia liv'd a gentleman
Of noble progeny,
Who rul'd his houshold with great fame,
And true integrity ; 12
This gentleman did take to wife
A neat and gallant dame,
Whose outward shew and beauty bright
Did many hearts inflame. 16
The luster that came from her lookes,
Her carriage and her grace,
Like beautious Cynthia did outshine
Each lady in that place ; 20
And being puffèd up in pride,
With ease and jollity,
Her husband could not her content,
She other men must try. 24
Lasciviously long time she liv'd,
Yet bore it cunningly,
For she had those that watcht so well,
That he could nought espy : 28
With bribes and gifts she so bewitcht
The hearts of some were neere,
That they conceal'd her wickednesse,
And kept it from her deare. 32
Thus spending of her time away
In extreme wantonnesse,
Her private friends, when she did please,
Unto her had access ; 36
But the all-seeing eye of heaven
Such sinnes will not conceale,
And by some meanes at last will He
The truth of all reveale. 40

¹ "for" in the text.

Upon a time sore sicke she fell,
Yea to the very death,
And her physician told her plaine
She must resign her breath : 44
Divines did likewise visit her,
And holy counsell gave,
And bade her call upon the Lord,
That He her soule might save. 48

Amongst the rest, she did desire
They would her husband bring—
“I have a secret to reveal,”
she said, “my heart doth sting.” 52
Then he came posting presently
Unto her where she lay,
And weeping, then he did desire
What she to him would say. 56

She did intreat that all might voyd
The roome, and he would stay :
“Your pardon, husband, I beseech,”
Unto him she did say ; 60
“For I have wrong’d your marriage bed,
And plaid the wanton wife :
To you the truth I will reveale
Ere I depart this life. 64

“Foure hopefull sonnes you think you have,
To me it best is knowne,
And three of them are none of yours ;
Of foure but one’s your owne, 68
And by your selfe on me begot,
Which hath so wanton been ;
These dying teares forgivenessse beg ;
Let mercy then be seene.” 72

This strooke her husband in a dumpe,
His heart was almost dead ;
But rouzing of his spirits up,
These words to her he said : 76
“I doe forgive thee with my heart,
So thou the truth wilt tell
Which of the foure is my owne sonne,
And all things shall be well.” 80

- “O, pardon me, my husband deare!”
Unto him she did say;
“They are my children every one,”—
And so she went away. 84
- Away he goes with heavy heart;
His griefes he did conceale,
And, like a wise and prudent man,
To none did it reveale. 88
- Not knowing which to be his owne,
Each of his love did share,
And to be train’d in vertues paths
Of them he had a care: 92
- In learning great and gentle grace
They were brought up and taught;
Such deare affection in the hearts
Of parents God hath wrought. 96
- They now were grown to men’s estates,
And lived most gallantly;
Each had his horse, his hawke, his hound,
And did their manhood try. 100
- The ancient man did joy thereat,
But yet he did not know
Which was his sonne amongst the foure;
That bred in him much woe. 104
- At length his glasse of life was run,
The fates doe so decree;
For poore and rich they all must dye,
And death will take no fee. 108
- Unto some judges he did send,
And counsell that were grave,
Who presently to him did come
To know what he would have. 112
- They coming then to his bedside,
Unto them he did say:
“I know you all to be my friends,
Most faithfull every way; 116
- And now, before I leave the world,
I beg this at your hands,
To have a care which of my sonnes
Shall have my goods and lands.” 120

And to them all he did relate
What things his wife had done,—
“There is but one amongst the foure
That is my native sonne; 124
And to your judgement I commit,
When I am laid in grave,
Which is my sonne, and which is fit,
My lands and goods to have.” 128

He dying, they in councell sate
What best were to be done,
For ’t was a taske of great import
To judge which was his sonne. 132
The brothers likewise were at strife
Which should the living have,
When as the ancient man was dead
And buried in his grave. 136

The judges must decide the cause,
And thus they did decree,
The dead man’s body up to take,
And tye it to a tree: 140
A bow each brother he must have,
And eke an arrow take,
To shoot at their dead father’s corps,
As if he were a stake. 144

And he whose arrow neerest hit
His heart, as he did stand,
They’d judge him for to be the right heire,
And fit to have the land. 148
On this they all did straight agree,
And to the field they went:
Each had a man his shaft to beare,
And bow already bent. 152

“Now,” quoth the judges, “try your skill
Upon your father there,
That we may quickly know who shall
Unto the land be heire.” 156
The eldest tooke his bow in hand,
And shaft, where as he stood,
Which pierc’d so deep the dead man’s brest,
That it did run with blood. 160

The second brother then must shoot,
Who straight did take his aime,
And with his arrow made a wound,
That blood came from the same. 164
The third likewise must try his skill
The matter to decide;
Whose shaft did make a wound most deep
Into the dead man's side. 168
Unto the fourth and youngest, then,
A bow and shaft was brought;
Who said, "D'ye thinke that e'er my heart
Could harbour such a thought 172
To shoot at my deare father's heart,
Although that he be dead,
For all the kingdomes in the world
That farre and wide are spread?" 176
And turning of him round about,
The teares ran downe amaine:
He flung his bow upon the ground,
And broke his shaft in twaine. 180
The judges seeing his remorse,
They then concluded all
He was the right; the other three
They were unnaturall. 184
And so he straight possest the lands,
Being made the heire of all,
And heaven by nature in this kind
Unto his heart did call. 188
His brothers they did envy him,
But yet he need not care,
And of his wealth, in portions large,
Unto them he did share. 192

Finis.

Printed at London for H. G.

Patient Grissell.

THIS improbable story belongs to the Middle Ages. It is first known to us through the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, where it is told on the tenth and last day. Boccaccio collected the current fables of the age, and decorated them with new circumstances. We know that the tale of Griselda is not of his invention, because Petrarch, who translated it into Latin in 1373, says, in his letter to Boccaccio, that he had heard it related many years before. Chaucer learnt it from Petrarch, and assigned it to the Clerke of Oxenford, in his *Canterbury Tales*.

The Griselda literature is so multifarious, not only in Italy, but also in France and in England, that I must refer the reader to the editors of Boccaccio and of Chaucer, and especially to the introduction to the play of *Patient Grissil* published by the Shakespeare Society. The original marquis is said to have been of Salazzo, and, if Nature ever framed such a mortal, she must have intended him for a grand inquisitor, and his wife Griselda for his special victim. The ballad carries his cruelty even further beyond probability than the narratives of Boccaccio, and of Chaucer. In the ballad, the torture of Griselda is prolonged to a seclusion of sixteen years, in order to bring her daughter to a marriageable age according to English ideas, and for the purpose of compressing the story. Also the two children are said to have been born at one birth.

The extant editions of the ballad are numerous, but only one, which is included in Mr. Henry Huth's collection, is of the sixteenth century. All other known copies are later. Yet the story of "Pacyente Gressell unto hyr make" [mate], was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1565-6, and two ballads appeared in the same year "to the tune of Pacyente Gressell." We have not the entry of the original ballad, and probably because it was published before 1557, in which year the registers commence.

The extant copies of the seventeenth century are, Percy Folio, III. 423; Rox. I. 302, John Wright; Rox. III. 310, J. White; Rox. III. 312 and 843, no name; Euing, No. 85, Coles, Vere, and Wright; Ouvry, A. Milbourne; Pepys I. 34, H. Gosson; Pepys I. 520, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger; and in the *Garland of Goodwill*, reprinted by the Percy Society. A white-letter copy of the end of the seventeenth century is in the Bagford, 643 m. 10, 23, printed by W. Onley. Lastly, it was reprinted in the eighteenth century in *Old Ballads* of 1716, I. 252.

In the multiplicity of copies, Mr. Huth's, being the earliest, is here adopted for the text.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 302, 303; III. 310 to 313, and 843.]

A most pleasant Ballad of Patient Grissell.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Bride's Good-morrow.*

A noble marques, as he did ride on hunting,
 Hard by a forrest side ;
 A proper mayden, as she did sit a spinning,
 His gentle eye espide : 4
 Most faire and lovely, and of curteous grace was she,
 Although in simple attire ;
 She sung full sweet with pleasant voyce melodiously,
 Which set the lord's hart on fire. 8
 The more he looked, the more he might,
 Beauty bred his harte's delight ;
 And to this dainty damsell then he went :
 "God speede," quoth he, "thou famous flower, 12
 Faire mistres of this homely bower,
 Where love and vertue lives with sweete content."
 With comely jesture and curteous milde behaviour,
 She bad him welcome then ; 16
 She entertain'd him in faithful friendly maner,
 And all his gentlemen.
 The noble marques in his hart felt such a flame,
 Which set his senses at strife ; 20
 Quoth he, "Faire maiden, shew me soone what is thy name ?
 I meane to make thee my wife."

"Grissell is my name," quoth she,
 "Farre unfit for your degree, 24
 A silly maiden, and of parents poore."
 "Nay, Grissell, thou art rich," he sayd,
 "A vertuous, faire, and comely maid!
 Graunt me thy love, and I wil aske no more." 28

At length she consented and, being both contented,
 They married were with speed;
 Her contrey russet was chang'd to silk and velvet,
 As to her state agreed. 32
 And when that she was trimly tyred in the same,
 Her beauty shined most bright,
 Far staining every other brave and comly dame
 That did appeare in sight. 36
 Many envied her therefore,
 Because she was of parents poore,
 And 'twixt her lord and she great strife did raise:—
 Some sayd this, and some sayd that, 40
 Some did call her begger's brat,
 And to her lord they would her soone dispraise.

"O, noble marques," quoth they, "why doe you wrong us,
 Thus bacely for to wed, 44
 That might have gotten an honorable lady
 Into your princely bed?
 Who will not now your noble issue still deride,
 Which shall hereafter be borne, 48
 That are of blood so base by their mother's side,
 The which will bring them in[to] scorne.
 Put her therefore quite away,
 And take to you a lady gay, 52
 Whereby your lineage may renowned be."
 Thus every day they seemde to prate
 That malis'd Grisselles good estate,
 Who tooke all this most milde and patiently. 56

When that the marques did see that they were bent thus
 Against his faithfull wife,
 Whom he most deerely, tenderly, and entirely,
 Beloved as his life; 60

Minding in secret for to prove her patient hart,
Therby her foes to disgrace,
Thinking to play a hard uncurteous part,
That men might pittie her case. 64
Great with childe this lady was,
And at length it came to passe
Two goodly children at one birth she had ;
A sonne and daughter God had sent, 68
Which did their father well content,
And which did make their mother's hart full glad.

Great royall feasting was at these children's christ'nings,
And princely triumph made ; 72
Sixe weekes together, al nobles that came thither
Were entertaind and staid.
And when that al those pleasant sportings quite were done,
The marques a messenger sent 76
For his yong daughter, and his prety smiling son,
Declaring his full intent ;—
How that the babes must murdred be,
For so the marques did decree : 80
“ Come, let me have the children,” then he said.
With that faire Grissell wept full sore,
She wrung her hands and sayd no more,—
“ My gracious lord must have his will obeyd.” 84

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



She tooke the babies, even from their nursing ladies,
 Betweene her tender armes :
 She often wishes, with many sorrowfull kisses,
 That she might helpe their harmes : 88
 "Farewel, farewel, a thousand times, my children deere !
 Never shall I see you againe !
 'Tis long of¹ me, your sad and wofull mother heere,
 For whose sake both must be slaine. 92
 Had I been borne of royall race,
 You might have liv'd in happy case,
 But you must die for my unworthines !
 Come, messenger of death," said shee, 96
 "Take my despised babes to thee,
 And to their father my complaints expres."
 He tooke the children, and to his noble maister
 He brings them both with speed : 100
 Who secret sent them unto a noble lady,
 To be nurst up indeed.
 Then to faire Grissel with a heavy heart he goes,
 Where she sate mildly alone ; 104
 A pleasant gesture and a lovely looke she shewes,
 As if this grieve she never had knowen.

¹ long of = on account of.

Quoth he, "My children now are slaine!
What thinkes faire Grissell of the same?" 108

Sweet Grissell, now declare thy mind to me."
"Sith you, my lord, are pleas'd in it,
Poore Grissell thinks the action fit;
Both I and mine at your command will be." 112

"My nobles murmur, faire Grissell, at thy honor,
And I no joy can have
Til thou be banisht both from my court and presence,
As they unjustly crave. 116

Thou must be stript out of thy costly garments all,
And, as thou camest to me,
In homely gray, instead of bisse and purest pall,¹
Now must all thy clothing be: 120

My lady thou canst be no more,
Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore;
The poorest life must now content thy minde;
A groat to thee I must not give, 124

To maintaine thee while I doe live:
Against my Grissell such great foes I finde."

When gentle Grissell did heare these wofull tidings,
The teares stood in her eyes; 128

Nothing she answered; no words of discontent
Did from her lips arise.

Her velvet gown most patiently she slipped off,
Her kirtle of silke the same; 132

Her russet gown was brought again with many a scoffe:
To beare them all herselfe she did frame.

When she was drest in this array,
And ready was to part away, 136

"God send long life unto my lord," quoth shee;

"Let no offence be found in this,
To give my lord a parting kisse."—

With wat'ry eyes, "Farewell, my deare," quoth he. 140

From stately pallace, unto her father's cottage,

Poore Grissell now is gone:

Full sixteene winters she livèd there contented;

No wrong she thought upon: 144

¹ Bisse and pall = expensive kinds of silk and cloth.

And at that time through all the land the speeches went,
 The marques should married be
 Unto a lady of high and great descent ;
 And to the same all parties did agree. 148
 The marques sent for Grissell faire,
 The bride's bed-chamber to prepare,
 That nothing therein should be found awrye :
 The bride was with her brother come, 152
 Which was great joy to all and some ;¹
 And Grissell tooke all this most patiently.

And, in the morning, when they should to the wedding,
 Her patience sore was tride ; 156
 Grissell was charged, herself, in princely manner
 For to attire the bride.
 Most willingly she gave consent to do the same :
 The bride in bravery was drest, 160
 And presently the noble marques thither came,
 With all his lords, at his request.
 "O Grissell, I would aske," quoth he,
 "If to this match thou wilt agree ?" 164
 Methinks thy lookes are waxen wondrous coy."
 With that they all began to smile,
 And Grissell, she replide the while,
 "God send lord marques many yeares of joy." 168

The marques was moved to see his best beloved
 Thus patient in distresse ;
 He stept unto her, and by the hande he tooke her,—
 These words he did expresse : 172
 "Thou art my bride, and all the brides I meane to have ;
 These two thine owne children be."
 The youthfull lady on her knees did blessing crave ;
 Her brother as well as she. 176
 "And you that envied her estate,
 Whom I have made my loving mate,
 Now blush for shame, and honor vertuous life ;
 The chronicles of lasting fame, 180
 Shall ever more extoll the name
 Of Patient Grissell, my most constant wife." 182

Finis.

¹ "all and some," an old way of expressing "everybody."

[Roxb. Coll. I. 304, 305.]

A posie of rare Flowers,
Gathered by a Young-man for his Mistresse.

TO A DELECTABLE NEW TUNE.



As the flowers of this posie are described in the popular nomenclature of James the First's reign, some of them are not easily identified without an especial knowledge of the subject. The old names linger, probably, in some parts of the country, and yet are unknown in others. It is to be regretted that certain of the prettiest should have fallen into disuse. Suppose a youth now to receive the once well-known "Start-up-and-kisse-me" from a fair hand, and he unable to understand the meaning of the giver! Should not men who write books on *useful* knowledge elucidate such interesting subjects as this? My Berkshire

The summer's sunne ore-heating,
 Within an harbour sitting
 Under a marble shade,
 For my true love, the fairest,
 And of¹ flowers the rarest
 A posie thus I made.

6

The first and last for trusting
 Is called Everlasting:²
 I pullèd from the Bay:
 The blue and crimson Columbine,
 The Dasie and the Woodbine,
 And eke the blooming May.

12

The sweetest flowers for posies,
 Pinkes, Giliflowers,³ and Roses,
 I gathered in their prime;
 The flowers of Musk-millions,⁴
 Come, blow me downe Sweet-Williams,
 With Rosemary and Time.⁵

18

The Larks-heele⁶ and the Lilly,
 The Flag and Daffadilly,
 The Wall-flower sweet of smell:
 The Maidenblush⁷ and Cowslip,
 The Peagle⁸ and the Tulip,
 That doth so sweet excell.

24

gardener was not able to render me any great assistance in antiquated names; therefore I applied to my friend, Professor M. A. Lawson, of Oxford, who kindly stepped in to the rescue.

Four copies of the ballad are extant—two in the Pepys, one in the Roxburghe, and one in the Rawlinson Collections. Pepys I. p. 155, bears the imprint of H. Gosson. Roxburghe I. p. 304, has only the initials of the same person. Pepys IV. 39, and Rawlinson 202, were printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

¹ "of all" in Coles's edit.

² ? The Everlasting Pea trained upon a Bay-tree.—Dr. Prior.

³ Gilly-flowers, corrupted from Gillofers, the old name for the whole Class of Carnations, Pinks, and Sweet-Williams, including some Stocks. See Nares's Glossary. See Prior, p. 90; also lines 31, 32, next page. "*Giroflée*, most properly the Cloue Gilloflower."—Cotgrave, 1611.

⁴ Musk-million = Musk-melon = *Cucumis melo*.

⁵ Time = Thyme.

⁶ Larks-heele = Larkspur.

⁷ Maiden-blush = Maiden-pink = Mead-pink, a pink that grows in meadows, *Dianthus deltoides*, L.—Prior.

⁸ Peagle, a name usually assigned to the Cowslip, but by Ray and Moore to the *Ranunculus bulbosus*.—Prior.

The Violet and Grediline,¹
 The odoriferous Eglantine,²
 With Thrift and Honesty :³
 The Muskerose sweet and dainty,
 With other flowers plenty,
 Oxlops⁴ and Piony. 30

The Giliflowers variety,
 Of every colour severally ;
 The Lady-smock⁵ and Pancy,
 The Batchelor's-button⁶ faire and fine,
 The Primerose and the Sops-in-wine,⁷
 With them the Maiden's-fancy.⁸ 36

The time-observing Marigold,
 Most faire and lovely to behold,
 I pluckt among the rest ;
 The white and red Carnation,
 The sense's recreation,
 With other flowers the best. 42

The flowers fit for smelling,
 Whose sweet is far excelling
 All the perfumes of art ;
 I pulled up each [and] severall,
 And made a posie there withall,
 To beare to my sweetheart. 48

¹ "Grecyline" in Coles's edition of the ballad. *Quere* "Graciline." Possibly "Celandine," though Dr. Prior says it has a small flower and a staining juice.

² Eglantine = Sweetbriar.

³ Honesty = *Lunaria biennis* (Dr. Prior). The word is "Modesty" in Coles's edit.

⁴ Oxlops = Oxlips.

⁵ Lady-smock = *Cardamina pratensis*, Cuckoo-flower, Cuckoo-spittle, or May flower.

⁶ Bachelor's Buttons, a name given to several flowers "from their similitude to the jagged cloathe buttons, antiently worne in this kingdom," according to Johnson's *Gerarde*, p. 472, but ascribed by other writers to "a habit of country fellows to carry them in their pockets to divine their success with their sweet-hearts:" usually understood to be a double variety of *Ranunculus*; according to others, of *Lychnis sylvestris*, L.; in some counties, of *Scabiosa succisa*, L.—R. C. A. Prior, M.D., *Popular Names of British Plants*.

⁷ Sops-in-wine = *Dianthus caryophyllus*.

⁸ Maiden's-fancy = probably a Pink or Rose. Perhaps Maudlin, *Balsamita vulgaris* (Dr. Prior). Maid's-hair is *Galium verum*, L.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Sweet Basill and sweet Margerum,
 The Cowslip of Jerusalem,¹
 The Crow-foot and Sea-flower;²
 The Start-up-and-kisse-me,³
 A flower that shall not misse me,
 In my true lover's bower.

54

The Lady of Essex faire,
 A flower passing sweet and rare,
 I in the midst⁴ did place.
 Because my love is fairest,
 And of all maids⁵ the rarest,
 In body and in face.

60

¹ Jerusalem Cowslip = *Pulmonaria officinalis*.

² Sea-flower = perhaps Thrift [? already named in l. 27], or Sea-lavender. Sea-gilliflower is *Statice armeria*, L.

³ Start-up-and-kiss-me = Pansy. The "Kiss-me-quick" is *Oxalis acetosella*.

⁴ "midst" in Coles's edition.

⁵ "flowers" in Coles's edition.

These flowers being culled,
And their branches pulled,
Did yeeld a fragrant scent :
Observing their fit¹ places,
I bound them in bride-laces,
And to my love I went. 66

In hope she would receive them,
To th' end that I might give them
As pledges of my love
To her whose radiant beauty
Did bind me to this duty,
Hoping shee'l ne'r remove 72

Her permanent affection
To me, who by election
Am hers while life doth last :
These flowers did resemble
My thoughts, which nere dissemble,
But hold both smell and taste. 78

When I had made this nose-gay,
With joyful heart I tooke my way,
To find out my true love ;
Who for my absence mourned,
Untill that I returned,
As doth the turtle-dove. 84

At last I found her sporting,
With other maids consorting,
Close by a river side :
My posie not refused,
When she the same perused,
Upon her arme she tide.² 90

Quoth she, "Although these flowers
Will wither in few houres,
Yet take my word, sweetheart,
My love to thee shall nere decay
Til death doth take my life away,
From thee Ile nere depart." 96

¹ "due" in Coles's edition.

² "ty'd" in Coles's edition.

The like to her I vowed,
 And whilst the time allowed,
 About such things we talked;
 At length, because it waxed late,
 We, for that time, did leave our prate,
 And from each other walked.

102

When with a mild behaviour,
 She thanks me for my favour,
 And wore it for my sake;
 With enterchanging kisses—
 The rest remains in wishes—
 Unwilling leave we take.

108

Printed at London for H. G.

The Politic Maid.

THIS is a re-versification, and an abbreviation, by Richard Climsell, of the ballad of "The Baffled Knight; or, Lady's Policy," which was reprinted by Bishop Percy, in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and will hereafter appear in this collection. The Roxburghe copy of Climsell's version is perhaps unique.

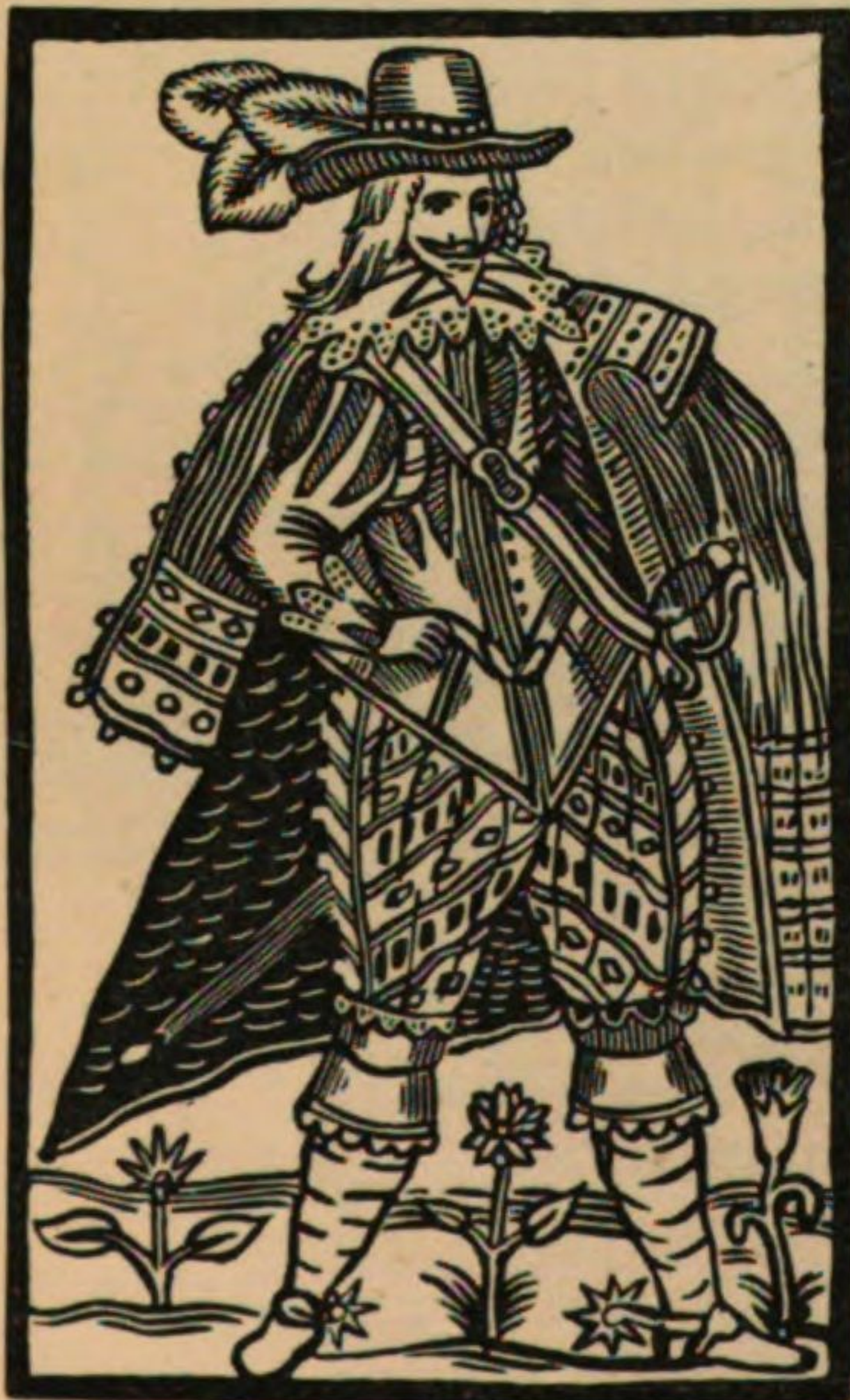
[Roxb. Coll. I. 306, 307.]

The Politick Maid ;

Dr,

A dainty new ditty,
 Both pleasant and witty :
 Wherein you may see
 The maide's policie.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



There was a knight was wine-drunke,
 as he rode on the way,
 And there he spide a bonny lasse
 among the cocks of hay :
Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
blow, merry, merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro, nonney, nonney.

4

8

This gallant knight unto the lasse
 did present take his way ;
 But it seem'd he had a shame-face,
 he did not court and play :
Sing loud, whistle in the winde, &c. 13

When he came to this bonny lasse,
 he found she was not coy ;
 His courtesie she did imbrace,
 and did not say him nay :¹
Sing loud, whistle, &c. 18

"If we should sit us downe here
 upon the grasse so greene,
 Here's neither sheet nor covering
 to keepe our cloathing cleane :
Sing loud, whistle, &c. 23

"And if we should sit downe," quoth he,
 "among the cockes of hay,
 Then would come forth the King's Pinder,
 and take our steedes away."
Sing loud, whistle, &c. 28

"I have rings on my fingers,
 made of the purest gold,
 That will release our steedes againe
 out of the King's pinfeld." 32
*Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
 blow, merry, merry,
 Up and downe in yonder dale,
 with hey tro, nonney, nonney.* 36

¹ Something is wrong in this line ; "joy," or "annoy," would make a rhyme with "coy," but not "nay."

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



“Sir Knight, if you will goe with me
into my father’s bowers,
There may you sit and talke with me
this three or foure houres.”

40

*Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
blow, merry, merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro, nonney, nonney.*

44

When she came to her father’s bowers,
they were moted round about;
Then she slipt in, at a wickèt,
and left Sir Knight without:
Sing loud, whistle in the winde, &c.

49

“Now I am here, a maide, within,
and you, Sir Knight, without;
You may lay straw under your feete,
to keepe you from the gout:
Sing loud, whistle in the winde, &c.

54

“Henceforth, when you doe meet a maide
a mile out of the towne,
Sir Knight, you must not be affraid
of soyling of her gowne:
Sing loud, whistle, &c.

59

“And if you chance to meet a maid
Amongst the cockes of hay,
Sir Knight, you must not be affraid
with her to court and say:
Sing loud, whistle in the winde, &c.

64

“It is a proverb, many say,
and truth it is in tryall,
‘He that will not whenas he may,
shall after have denyall.’
Sing loud, whistle, &c.

69

“And thus, Sir Knight, now fare you well,
to you I bid adieu;
Now you hereafterwards may tell
how I have servèd you.”
*Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
blow, merry, merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro, nonney, nonney.*

73

77

Finis.

R. C.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert,
at the signe of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

The Praise of a Pretty Lass.

THE beauty of the lass described in this ballad consists in her having a marriage portion of thirty pounds. All other beauty is excused for this one brilliant feature, and the writer recounts the ills that might have arisen from his having made any other selection. She might be a proud wife—she might be too fair for his peace of mind—she might prove a scold, or one that would do nothing, or a brawler: whereas the wife whom he selects will at least be quiet when she is asleep.

The Roxburghe copy is perhaps unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 308, 309.]

The Praise of a Pretty Lasse;

Or,

The young man's dissimulation;
Else hee would not disgrace
A maiden in such fashion.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Bank's Game*.¹



Young men and maidens, to you Ile declare,
I love my love, and she loveth me :
Yet to no goddesse will I her compare,
And yet she is pretty indifferent faire:
With O, my love, O, there is none doth know
How I doe love thee.

6

She is not blacke, nor yet is she browne,
I love my love, and she loveth me :
But, to her portion, she hath thirty pound,
Besides all this she hath an old blacke gowne:
O, my love, O, there's none, &c.

11

¹ Probably this should be *Banks's Game*, a tune which was played while Banks was exhibiting his famous horse.

She is not great, nor yet very small,
I love my love, and she loveth me:
 She's a yard and a halfe in the waste, that is all,
 Her flesh will preserve her hard bones from a fall:
O, my love, O, &c. 16

Her haire is as blacke as is any crow,
I love my love, and she loveth me:
 Her good conditions there's no man doth know,
 For she never came where as any did grow:
O, my love, O, &c. 21

She hath a nose in the midst of her face,
I love my love, and she loveth me;
 And that standeth bravely unto her owne grace,
 I dare say a better ne're stood in that place:
O, my love, O, &c. 26

Her cheekes are fat, and faire for to see,
I love my love, and she loveth me:
 They with her eyes wondrous well doe agree;
 She is a brave bonny lasse, lovely and free:
O, my love, O, &c. 31

She hath soft lips, and sound ones they are,
I love my love, and she loveth me:
 You may kisse your fill, and neede not to spare,
 For there is no danger of wearing thrid-bare:
O, my love, O, &c. 36

She hath a chin, and a chopping one,
I love my love, and she loveth me:
 She might spare half on't for her that hath none;
 But now her long chin, I will let that alone:
O, my love, O, there's none, &c. 41

Her necke doth shine like a chimney-stocke;¹
I love my love, and she loveth me:
 When she [doth] her casket of pleasures unlocke,
 I am caught as the miller did catch his mare Brock:
O, my love, O, &c. 46

¹ "a chimney-stocke" = the base of a chimney; perhaps the shining was due to a polish of black lead.

Her downy breasts are swingers indeed,
I love my love, and she loveth me :
She may carry them on her shoulders for need ;
O she's a brave lasse, we want more of her breed :
With O, my love, O, there's none doth know
How I doe love thee.

52

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Her shoulders, I think, they are a whole yard square,
I love my love, and shee loveth me :
 Shee'l beare out her labour, you need not to fear ;
 Give me such a lasse that is able to beare :
O, my love, O, there is none doth know
How I doe love thee. 58

Likewise she hath good lusty strong armes,
I love my love, and shee loveth me :
 They are able to defend her body from harms ;
 To set forth her praise it me much concernes :
O, my love, O, there is none, &c. 63

Her hand like a shoulder of mutton appeares,
I love my love, and shee loveth me :
 But I would not have her fist about mine eares ;
 T' incounter my love there is no lass that dares :
O, my love, O, there is none, &c. 68

She hath strong-post legs her body to beare,
I love my love, and shee loveth me :
 Shee need dread no falling—that she doth not feare ;
 But if that you throw her, shee'l show you a beare :
O, my love, O, there is none, &c. 73

Her fine daintie foot is of the fourteens,
I love my love, and she loveth me :
 And I can tell you that completely it seemes¹—
 I must speak her praises, cause love is between's :
O, my love, O, there is none, &c. 78

If I should marry with one that were proud,
I love my love, and she loveth me :
 She would desire more than can well be allow'd ;
 From such haughty creatures myselfe I will shrowd :
O, my love, O, there is none, &c. 83

And if I should marry with one that is faire,
I love my love, and shee loveth me :
 Perhaps cornuting might fall to my share,
 And so she might work me unto much dispare :
O, my love, O, there is none, &c. 88

¹ "seemes" = seams = the edges join.

And if I should chance to wed one that is small,
I love my love, and shee loveth me :
 Then shee is not able to doe ought at all,
 And yet shee'l be apt to scold and to brall :
O, my love, O, there is none, &c. 93

If I should chance for to marry a scold,
I love my love, and shee loveth me :
 Then I must alwayes by her be control'd,
 And then my libertie would be quite sold :
O, my love, O, there is none, &c. 98

Well, I my choice of the first meane to keepe,
I love my love, and shee loveth me :
 For shee will be quiet when she is asleepe,
 And our affections are setled deepe :
O, my love, O, there is none, &c. 103

Thus to conclude, you that heare my song,
I love my love, and she loveth me :
 When I am wedded Ile praise my wife's tong,
 But then it never shall doe me once wrong :
With O, my love, O, there is none doth know
How I doe love thee. 109

Printed at London by M. P. for F. Grove,
 neere the Sarazen's Head without New-gate.

A young Lass's Resolution.

THE maiden of this ballad describes herself as "young and in her prime," and further that she has "some treasure, besides house and land." Therefore, although she is decidedly anxious to change her state, she can resolve to wait until she shall find a handsome young man—one with a good complexion, with neat feet, legs and hands, and one who can "maintain his quarrel." If she cannot have such a man for her husband, she will "endure" to live unwedded.

The date of the ballad is either of the reign of James the First or Charles the First. H. Gosson, the publisher of the two Roxburghe copies (which are of different editions), printed from about 1607 to 1641; and as this was to be sung to the tune of *I know what I know*, it must be posterior to the ballad which gave it that name. See p. 116 of our first volume.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 310, 311, and III. 264, 265.]

A pretty new Ditty ;

Dr,

A young Lasses Resolution,
As her mind I truly scan,
Who shews in conclusion,
She loves a handsome young man.

TO THE TUNE OF *I know what I know.*



Young maids, and young men,
I pray you give eare,
And with hand and pen
Ile plainly declare
Of a maid's resolution,
Which to love is won,
And, in the conclusion,
Shee'll have a handsome young man.

4

8

Quoth shee, I am young, And now in my prime, Though some stay too long Yet Ile lose no time :	12
I will have some pleasure As soone as I can ; What care I for treasure ? <i>Ile have a handsome young man.</i>	16
Some maidens are coy, And strange in their carriage ; They scorne to enjoy A neat young man in marriage :	20
Some wed [but] for money, And some wed for land ; But Ile chuse a honey <i>Shall be a handsome young man.</i>	24
I have knowne [of] some maids That have [once] denied men, And [were] afterwards glad To obtaine them agen :	28
They will not, and will, Thus will they withstand ; But Ile use my skill <i>For a handsome young man.</i>	32
Some happily ¹ will Conjecture of mee That I desire still To live wantonly :	36
No, I'm a lasse, sure, That live unwedded can ; And much will endure <i>For a handsome young man.</i>	40
I would have you know, That I am not so base, Nor shall our sex so By mee have disgrace :	44
No, I have some treasure Beside house and land, Therefore Ile take pleasure <i>With a handsome young man.</i>	48

¹ happily = haply, perhaps.—*Cotgrave.*

The man that I chuse
 Shall be of good size,
 (Yet Ile none refuse
 If that he be wise), 52
 With handsome complexion,
 Neat foot, leg, and hand :
 This is my affection,
To have such a man. 56

If I wed a foole
 With great store of treasure,
 Then hee'l pine and whule,¹
 And debar me of pleasure: 60
 Hee'l tell of fine gownes,
 Maske, kertles, and fan ;
 For a thousand [good] pounds
Ile not wed such a man. 64

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



¹ whole = whine.

And further than that,
If I wed with a clowne,
Hee'l answer me "What?"
And with anger hee'l frowne: 68
Then must I beware,
[Or,] perchance, with his hand
Hee'l strike me o' th' eare!
But Ile have no such man. 72

And many there are
That somewhat are jealous,
But Ile have a care,
And match no such fellowes; 76
Their wives neere to men
Must not sit nor [e'en] stand,
But their heads [would] ake then—
Oh! hang such a man! 80

Loe, thus I have showne
The conditions of some;
But none can be knowne
Till to tryall they come: 84
And I am inclined,
As soone as I can,
For to be joyned
With a handsome young man. 88

Some maidens doe chuse
For to have tradèsmen,
And some will refuse
Them, as much agen: 92
But, for my owne part,
As at first I began,
I love with my heart
A handsome young man. 96

Let him be a taylor,
Or a neat shoemaker,
A weaver, or glover,
A brewer, or baker: 100
Be he neat or comely,
My love is soone won;
For my mind is onely
Of a handsome young man. 104

If that he be gallant,
 Or meane in apparell,
 If his looks be valiant
 To maintaine his quarrell, 108
 Then shall he be welcome
 Unto pretty Nan ;
 For I am delightsome
 To a handsome young man. 112

I passe not what name
 He is called by,
 If that I can frame
 To love him trulÿ. 116
 Either Dicke, [Tom,] or Robin,
 Will, Humphrey, or John,
 Any one me shall win
 That's a handsome young man. 120

And thus I conclude,
 And here end my song ;
 Let none thinke me rude,
 Nor large of my tongue. 124
 For I am intended
 As first I began ;
 Then let me be friended
 With a handsome young man. 128

Finis.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson.

A Penny-worth of Good Counsell.

THE copy of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection has the initials of Martin Parker as the author, but it does not bear the name of the printer. Another edition, in the Pepys (I. 168) being "Imprinted at London for E[dward] W[hite]," may be dated in the reign of James the First. The subject of the ballad is the lamentation of a wife, who had brought a marriage portion to her husband, and he had promised her "all things plenty"; but she finds him neither as amiable nor as kind as she feels entitled to expect. While other wives are allowed to lead "brave lives," to go to plays, to hear fiddlers sing, and to spend their coin on ale or wine, this barbarian of a husband expects her to be a house-dove, and not to fly abroad and roam. So, if he does not amend, she fully determines to ring a peal in his ears.

The tune is included in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 312, 313.]

A Penny-worth of Good Counsell.

To Widowes, and to Maides,
 This Counsell I send free;
 And let them looke before they leape,
 Or that they married be.

TO THE TUNE OF *Dulcina*.



Of late it was my chance to walke,
 for recreation in the spring,
 Where as the fethered quiristers
 melodiously aloud did sing.
 And at that tide
 I there espide

A woman faire her hands sate wringing;
 Shee wept apace,
 And cry'd, "Alas!
My husband hath no fore-cast in him."

10

Quoth she, "When as I was a mayden,
 I had store of suitors brave,
 And I most coyly did reject them,
 to take the man that now I have:
 But woe is me,
 That e'er I see
 The face of him makes me thus singing;
 Most heavily
 I sing and cry,
My husband hath no fore-cast in him.

15

20

"His flattering tongue it did bewitch me,
 faire promises to me he gave,
 And said, I should have all things plenty,
 but no such thing I'm sure I have:
 His purse is light,
 Nothing is right,
 Although a portion I did bring him;
 Aye me! poore soule,
 Thus to condole!
My husband hath no fore-cast in him.

25

30

"Hee's not the man I tooke him for:
 Alas! who would be so much tyed?
 I tell you, friends, now seriously,
 my husband he doth nought but chide:
 His lookes are sowre,
 And he doth lowre;
 For nature no good parts hath gi'n him:
 For which I grieve,
 You may believe!
My husband hath no fore-cast in him.

35

40

"When as he was a batcheler,
 then who but he amongst the maids?
 He went most neat in his apparell;
 but now I finde his glory fades:

So spruce he went, 45
[’T] would give content
To any maiden that could win him ;
He’d dance and sing,
Wrestle and ring ;
But now he hath no fore-cast in him. 50

“Some men unto their wives are loving,
and all content to them doe give ;
But mine is lumpish, sad, and heavy,
which is the cause wherefore I grieve :
If I prove kind, 55
Some fault hee’l finde,
And sayes, he knowes where his shooe wrings him :
In darke or light,
By day or night,
My husband hath no fore-cast in him. 60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



"He keepes me short of every thing,
 no money he will give or lend;
 'Tis fitting sometimes that a woman
 should with a friend some money spend:
 I must sit here, 65
 With heavy cheere,
 Although that I did something bring him:
 Which makes me thus
 To cry, alas!
My husband hath no fore-cast in him. 70

"He doth not use me like a woman,
 and doth not care what clothes I have;
 When other men's wives weare each fashion,
 and are maintained rich and brave:
 Thus to the wall 75
 I may condole,
 Although that this same song I sing him—
 Some counsell give,
 Me to relieve!
My husband hath no fore-cast in him. 80

"Eringo-roots I doe provide him,
 with cawdles made of muscadine;
 Yea, marrow-bones and oyster-pyes,
 which all are dishes good and fine:
 And lobsters great 85
 For him to eat,
 And yolks of eggs, these have I gi'n him:
 Doe what I can,
 Yet this same man
By no meanes will have fore-cast in him. 90

"He will not have me goe abroad,
 yet seldome is himselfe at home;
 He saith that I must be a house-dove,
 I must not flye abroad and roame:
 When other wives, 95
 Doe lead brave lives,
 They'l goe to playes, heare fiddlers singing,
 And spend their coyne
 At ale or wine;
My husband hath no fore-cast in him. 100

“ Thus, like the turtle, I sit mourning
 because I have an unkind mate ;
 And fickle Fortune on me frowneth ;
 it is my destiny and fate :
 I hope hee’l mend 105
 And be more kinde ;
 With sweet embraces I will cling him ;
 Ile speake him faire
 To have more care
That he may have more fore-cast in him. 110

“ But if I see hee will not mend,
 come, tell me, widdow, maid, or wife—
 What shall I doe in this same woe ?
 for I am weary of this life :
 My tongue Ile tune, 115
 It shall chime noone,
 And in his eares a peale Ile ring him ;
 I am put too ’t,
 And I will doo ’t,
Because he hath no fore-cast in him.” 120

Finis.

M. P.

A Peerless Paragon.

THE intention of the writer of this ballad seems to be, first to raise the highest expectations of beauty in his peerless paragon : and, in the second part, to describe the most repulsive of all creatures. The rhymester must have been at the end of his wits for a subject, when he took up such a one as this. Even the proverbial “cat looking out of a gutter” would have been an improved idea, for it would have excited some invention to carry it through.

The Roxburghe copy of the ballad is perhaps unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 314, 315.]

A peerelesse Paragon;

Dr,

Few so chaste, so beautilous or so faire,
For with my love I think none can compare.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The mother beguil'd the daughter.*



In times of yore, sure men did doate,
And beauty never knew,
Else women were not of that note,
As daily come to view:
For read of all the faces then
That did most brightly shine,
Be judg'd by all true judging men,
They were not like to mine.

4

8

- King Pryam loved Hecuba,
And thought her wondrous faire,
But had he seene mine, I dare say
There had beene no compare : 12
Stout Hector held Andromicha
A stately beautious queene ;
But she's no Troylus' Cressida,
Yet faire as ere was seene : 16
- Nay, all the faces Jupiter
Did like and phansie most,
Are to her substance shadowes meere
Of whom I make my boast : 20
Surely you wonder what she is,
Whose beauty I proclaime,
Ile [tell] you truely, and not misse
Though she be without name. 24
- My love she is the non-pareil
Of all that ere was seene,
And had not Venus come i' th' way,
Shee had been beauties queene : 28
Her comely feature, lovely lookes,
I will describe at large ;
God Cupid puts her in his bookes,
And of this gem takes charge. 32
- The Grecian Helen was a Moore
Compared with my deare saint ;
The faire fac'd Hyren 's beauty poore,—
And yet shee does not paynt. 36
Andromeda, whom Perseus lov'd,
Was blacker th[a]n the night ;
Her lineaments, so well approv'd,
In praise of them Ile write. 40
- Queen Vesta for her chastitie
With her may not compare ;
Nor Lucrece for her honestie—
Shee's like the Phoenix rare : 44
A sommer's day I could commend
Her parts, were 't nere so long,
But yet her parts so farre extend,
I feare to do her wrong. 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



But yet my tongue cannot refraine,
 To set her praises forth ;
 Then list, and Ile describe her plaine,
 And show you her true worth :
 Her haire not like the golden wire,
 But black as any crow ;
 Her beetle browes all men admire ;
 Her forehead wondrous low.

52

56

Her squinting, stareing, goggle eyes
 Poore children do affright ;
 Her nose is of the Sarazen's¹ size ;
 Oh shee's a matchlesse wight.

60

¹ Like the sign of The Saracen's Head, on Snow Hill.

Her eares so hound-like, that they fall
Upon her shoulder bone ;
I know not truly how to call
Her, shee's such a worthy one. 64

Her oven-mouth wide open stands,
Her teeth like rotten pease ;
Her blabber-lips my heart commands,
Her neck all bit with fleas : 68
Her tawnie duggs, like two great hills,
Hang sow-like to her waist ;
Her bodie's round as a wind mill,
And yet I hold her chaste. 72

Her belly tun-like to behold,—
No more shall be exprest,—
But if the truth were plainly told,
I'm sure they are the best : 76
Her brawnie blind-cheeks plump and round,
As any horse of war ;
Her speckled thighs they are not sound,
Her knees like hoggs-heads are. 80

Her leggs are like the elephant's,
The calfe and small all one ;
Her ancles they together meet,
And still knock bone to bone ; 84
Her pretty foot not 'bove th' eighteenes,
So splaid as never was,
An excellent usher for a man
That walkes the dewy grasse. 88

Her shoulders are so camel-like,
Shee'd make an excellent porter ;
I vow I never knew her like,
If any man consort her. 92
No shoulder of mutton like her hand
For thickness, breadth, and fat ;
With a scurvy mange upon her wrest,
Oh Jove ! how I love that ! 96

Thus have you heard my love set forth,
 And yet no flatterie us'd ;
 Your judgment—is shee not of worth ?
 Let her not be abus'd. 100
 If any to her have a mind,
 Hee wrongs mee many waies ;
 For as shee's beautious, so shee's kind,
 And here conclude[s] my praise. 104

Finis.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*.

A pleasant new Ballad of two Lovers.

ALTHOUGH we have perhaps no earlier edition of this ballad extant than of the seventeenth century, the fact of its being referred to by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet* proves it to belong to the sixteenth century. *Romeo and Juliet* was printed in 1597. It is in Act IV. Scene 5, that Peter urges the musicians to play the tune of *Heart's-ease* :

“Musicians, O musicians, *Heart's-ease, Heart's-ease* ; O an you will have me live, play *Heart's-ease*.

1st Mus.—Why *Heart's-ease*.

Peter.—O musicians, because my heart itself plays, “*My heart is full of woe*.”

“My heart is full of woe” is the after-name of the “pleasant new tune” of this ballad. It derives it from the last line of the first stanza.

The Roxburghe edition was printed for the Assigns of Thomas Symcock, and another of the same is in the Ouvry Collection. The Pepys copy (I. 338) was printed for H[enry] G[osson]. These are, possibly, the only three extant.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 316.]

A pleasant new Ballad of two Lovers.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



“ Complaine my lute, complaine on him
that stayes so long away ;
He promis’d to be here ere this,
but still unkind doth stay :
But now the proverbe true I finde,
Once out of sight, then out of minde :
Hey, hoe ! my heart is full of woe !

7

"Peace, Lye, peace ! it is not so,
 he will by and by be here ;
 But every one that is in love
 thinkes every houre a yeere.
 Harke ! harke ! me thinks I heare one knocke ;
 Run quickly then, and turne the locke,
 Then, farewell all my care and woe !

14

"Come, gallant, now ! come, loyterer !
 for I must chide with thee ;
 But yet I will forgive thee once :
 come, sit thee downe by mee."
 "Faire lady, rest yourselfe content ;
 I will indure your punishment,
 And then we shall be friends againe.

21

"For every houre that I have stayd
 so long from thee away,
 A thousand kisses will I give ;
 receive them, ready pay.
 And if we chance to count amisse,
 Againe wee'le reckon every kisse ;
 For he is blest that 's punisht so.

28

"And if those thousand kisses then
 we chance to count aright,
 We shall not need to count againe
 till we in bed doe light :
 And then be sure that thou shalt have
 Thy reckoning just as thou shalt crave ;
 So shall we still agree as one."

35

And thus they spent the silent night
 in sweet delightfull sport,
 Till Phœbus, with his beames so bright,
 From out the fiery port
 Did blush to see the sweet content
 In sable night so vainely spent
 Betwixt these Lovers two.

42

And then this gallant did perswade
that he might now be gone.
“Sweet-heart,” quoth he, “I am afraid
that I have stayd too long.”
“And wilt thou then be gone?” quoth she,
“And wilt no longer stay with me?
Then welcome all my care and woe.”

49

And then she tooke her lute in hand,
and thus began to play ;
Her heart was faint, she could not stand,
but on her bed shee lay :
“And art thou gone, my love?” quoth she,
“Complaine, my lute, complaine with me,
Untill that he doth come againe.”

56

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcock.

The Lover's Complaint.

Two copies of this ballad are extant; one in the Roxburghe and the other in the Ouvry Collection. Both were printed for the Assigns of Thomas Symcocke: therefore the copies are not of earlier date than the reign of James the First; but it is the opinion of Mr. Payne Collier, as well as my own, from internal evidence, that the ballad itself is of the sixteenth century.

When Mr. Collier published his Roxburghe Ballads in 1847, he thought it probable that the two tunes referred to by Shakespeare, *I waile in woe* and *Light o' love*, might have derived their names from this ballad. The earliest notices of the first are perhaps in 1578, in *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, and in 1584, in *The Handfull of Pleasant Delites*. (*Light o' Love* may be carried back to 1570.) The first, however, seems rather to be taken from "A woefull Ballade made by Mr. George Mannyngton, an houre before he suffered at Cambridge Castell." This was licensed to Richard Jones in 1576. It is reprinted in Ritson's *Ancient Songs* (p. 152, ed. 1790), and begins:

"I wayle in woe, I plundge in payne,
With sorrowing sobbes I do complayne,
With wallowing waves I wish to dye,
I languish sore here as I lye."

In the fourth stanza of the following ballad we have only—

"I alwaies waile in woe,
I travaile still in paine"—

where the metre differs, and the alliteration is lost. Ritson has given an excellent introduction to his reprint of Mannyngton's ballad, and cites other notices of it by Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston.

The source from which *Light o' love* derives its name has not been recovered; but the tune itself will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. The designation of *A light o' love* was not always a complimentary one. It came to be used euphemistically to express a wanton, as:

"One of your London *Light-o'-loves*, a right one,
Came over in thin pumps and half a petticoat."
—Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*, Act. iv. Scene 2.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 317.]

The Lover's Complaint for the losse of his Love.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



I wander up and downe,
And no body cares for me;
Though I am but poore and browne,
Yet constant will I be:
My dearest love, farewell!
A thousand times adew!
Seeing thou hast forsaken me,
And changed me for a new.

4

8

I never gave thee cause
Why thou shouldst me forsake,
Nor never brake the faithfull vow
That you and I did make:
Farewell, my dearest love!
I tooke thee at thy word;
Hard hap had I to beate the bush,
And another to catch the bird.

12

16

I will goe range abroad ;
 Ile find some other thing :
 If I had knowne you would have flowne,
 I would have clipt your wing. 20
 "Would you have clipt my wing?"
 She answered me againe :
 "You might have done it in the wood ;
 You know the time and when." 24

Farewell, my dearest love !
 To thee I made my sute ;
 Hard hap had I to graft the tree,
 Another to reape the fruite : 28
 I alwaies waile in woe,
 I travaile still in paine :
 I see my true love where shee goes ;
 I hope shee'l come againe. 32

I heard a pretty tune,
 Concerning to a song,
 A lover mourning for his love,
 And said she did him wrong : 36
 He had her in the wood,
 He might have wrought his will ;
 Pittie it was to doe him good
 That had no better skill. 40

In woods, or desert place,
 Had I ere my love so,
 I thinke I would have plaid with her,
 Before I had let her goe : 44
 Had she bin light of love,
 I should have soone espied :
 I trow I would a clipt her wing,
 And caus'd her to abide. 48

Should I let scape the bird
 That I had fast on fist ?
 Then, let her laugh and scoffe at me,
 And use me as she list. 52
 He still doth beate the bush,
 Although the bird be lost,
 And being slothfull in his suit,
 Thus fortune hath him crost. 56

If with my love in woods
So happy were I sped,
I should suppose my hap were hard,
To misse her maiden head. 60
Good friend, be ruld by me,
That made this mortall song;
If thou wander up and downe,
Thy selfe hath done thee wrong. 64
Thou alwaies wailst in woe,
Thou travailest still in paine:
Looke yonder, where [th]y true love goes,
She will never come againe! 68
Therefore be rulde by me,
And let thy lover passe:
If thou looke well, thy chance may be,
To find another lasse. 72

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The Pair of Northern Turtles.

THE copy of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection is perhaps unique, but the second part of it is found in the Pepys Collection (I. 372) as a complete ballad under the title of *The Northern Turtle*, etc. The story is of a pair of constant lovers worthy to emulate the models of antiquity set before us by classical authors. She claims to be as Thisbe to her Pyramus, and he to be a Leander to her Hero. The death of the fair one intervenes to take her from her lover, and he expresses not only his grief, but also his readiness to follow her.

The ballad-tune attained considerable popularity, and will be found as *Lulling beyond her* in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 260.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 318, 319.]

The paire of Northerne Turtles :

Whose love was firme till cruell Death
Depriv'd them both of life and breath.

TO A NEW NORTHERNE TUNE, OR, *A health to Betty.*



“Farewell, farewell, my dearest deare,
all happinesse wait on thee!
For now, alas! my turtle dove,
I am departing from thee.
Nothing but Death could change our loves,
But now [’t is] he that will sever
And separate those turtle doves,
which long lay lulling together.

4

8

“Ofttimes with kind imbraces sweet
thy armes have me inclosed,
With kisses lulling me asleepe,
like lovers kind-disposed,

12

- Whose firm affections nought but Death,
 at any time could sever ;
 But now he'l part those turtle doves
which long lay lulling together. 16
- " O, could I stay but now with thee,
 thou shouldst as constant prove me,
 As Thysbe to her Pyramus,
 so dearely doe I love thee 20
 As not the love of any man
 our loves at all should sever ;
 Farewell, my love, we now no more
shall nere lye lulling together. 24
- " Could teares expresse my grieve of heart,
 which now I have conceived,
 Whole rivers from mine eies should flow,
 to tell thee how I'm grieved 28
 That now I needs must part from thee,
 since Death our loves doe sever,
 And that, alas ! we canot now
no more lye lulling together. 32
- " But yet, assure thy selfe, my dove,
 my turtle, and my dearest,
 Above all other men in the world
 thy love to me was neerest : 36
 No fancy towards another mate
 our loves at all could sever ;
 So kindly did we always greet,
while we lay lulling together. 40
- " Which makes me sigh, and weep, and mourn,
 to leave my onely sweeting ;
 But yet, I hope, in joy and blisse
 wee shall have better meeting : 44
 Though in this world most cruell Death
 our love and joyes doe sever,
 Yet we, in better joyes, I hope,
in heaven shall meet together. 48
- " Therefore, my deare, be not thou sad,
 nor too much discontented ;
 O, let not my departure hence
 of thee be now lamented, 52

Lest killing griefe perplex thy mind ;
 for, though our bodies sever,
 We shall, in the Elizian fields,
in joy and blisse meet together.

56

“ So, once more, I bid thee adieu !
 now take thy latest kisses,
 For now pale Death hath wounded me,
 farewell ! all earthly blisses.
 Farewell, my dearest turtle dove,
 yet though our bodies sever,
 I hope in everlasting blisse
we shall shortly meet together.”

60

64

The second part of the Northerne Turtle.

Wapling his unhappp fate,
 In being deprived of his sweet mate.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



As I was walking all alone,
 I heard a man lamenting;
 Under a hollow bush he lay,
 full sor[e] he did repent him: 68
 "Alas!" quoth he, "my love is gone,
 which causeth me to wander;
 Yet merry will I never be
 till I lye lulling beyond her. 72

"Good Lord, so soundly could I sleepe
 if that I lay lulling beyond her;
 All the night, till day were light,
 and the sun did shine upon her: 76
 Yet early by day I would steale away,
 to keepe my love from slander;
 Yet never will I merry be
 till I lye lulling beyond her. 80

"My love and I [whiled¹] gallantly
 so many yeeres together;
 Her love was so inclined to me,
 that now I'm loth to leave her: 84
 But now this wicked world is such
 that causeth me to wander;
 Yet will I never woman touch
 till I lye lulling beyond her. 88

"Like to the turtle, I will mourne
 in absence of my marrow;
 With bitter teares I cry and mourne,
 my joy is all [turn'd²] sorrow; 92
 My comfort is to me [no³] care
 whil'st floods and woods I wander;
 Nay, merry will I never be
 till I lye lulling beyond her. 96

"O gods, that make the fowles that fly
 to love their mates so dearely;
 Yet for her sake they doe refuse
 to sing or chirp once cheerely: 100
 What comfort can the world afford!
 what joyes then can I render!
 Nay, merry will I never be
 till I lye lulling beyond her. 104

¹ "will gallantly" in text. ² "but sorrow" in text. ³ "much care" in text.

"A pretty dame was once my love
 till death made separation;
 And she to me did constant prove
 without dissimulation: 108
 Yet, for her sake, still will I weepe
 while I on earth doe wander;
 Nay, soundly will I never sleepe
 till I lye lulling beyond her. 112

"Though cruell death hath cut the breath
 of this my comely creature,
 To meet againe we have true faith,
 our change is but a feature: 116
 Death may indeed in bondage keepe,
 yet not our love can hinder;
 Then soundly, soundly, shall I sleepe
 when as I lye lulling beyond her. 120

"My dearest deare, I come to thee
 when 't pleaseth Death to send me;
 The grave I count my dearest home;
 Oh! quickly then befriend me. 124
 She prov'd a Hero true to me,
 and I will be Leander;
 I never shall in quiet be
 till I lye lulling beyond her." 128

Finis.

Printed at London for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old Baily.

A Pair of Turtle Doves.

THIS dainty new "Scotch" dialogue is by Martin Parker, and it affords one of the multitude of instances in which "Scotch" is used in the sense of the earlier word "Northern." It is not to be inferred from this that Parker claims either to be a Scotchman, or to write in a dialect peculiar to the north, but simply that his dialogue is intended as one of rustic life. The copy in the Roxburghe Collection is perhaps unique. A tune called *I live not where I love* will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (II. 453). It is still very generally sung about the country, and to various words; but its age cannot be guaranteed, since the only evidence is tradition. It was a great favourite with the late Douglas Jerrold, who often requested his friend Hazlitt, now Mr. Commissioner Hazlitt, to sing a west-country ditty to it.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 320, 321.]

A Paire of Turtle Doves;

Dr,

A dainty new Scotch Dialogue between a Yong-man and
his Mistresse, both correspondent in affection, etc.

TO A PRETTY PLEASANT TUNE, CALLED *The absence of my
Mistresse, or I live not where I love.*



YONG-MAN.

Must the absence of my mistresse
Gar¹ me be thus discontent
As thus to leave me in distresse
And with language to lament?

4

¹ Gar = gare, to make or cause.

Nothing earthly shall divorce me
 From my deerest, but disdaine;
 Nor no fortune shall enforce me
 From my fairest to refraine. 8

*O! my deerest,
 My heart neerest,
 When shall I so happy bee
 To embrace thee,
 And to place thee
 Where thou nere maist part from me?* 14

MAIDE.

Since my absence doth so greeve thee,
 It doth wound me to the heart;
 If my presence could releeve thee
 I would play a loyall part: 18
 But, I prethee, be contented,
 Sith the Fates will have it so,
 Though our meeting be prevented,
 Thou my constancy shalt know. 22

*O, my sweetest,
 The compleatest
 Man alive in my conceite;
 Lady Fortune
 Ile importune
 Soone to make our joyes compleate.* 28

YONG-MAN.

Since thy absence doth conjure me
 With perplexity and paine,
 What would thy presence then allure me
 For to see thee once againe! 32
 As thy absence sends such sadnesse
 That it scarcely can be told,
 So thy presence yeeldeth gladnesse
 To all eyes that thee behold.
O, my deerest, etc. 37

MAIDE.

What reward then shall I render
 To him that me doth so respect?
 But my constancy to tender,
 With like favour to affect: 41

And since thy love to me is fervent,
So my heart shall be to thee;
And, as thou prov'st my loyall servant,
Thy true mistresse I will be.
O, my sweetest, etc.

46

YONG-MAN.

Then, my love, my dove, my fairest,
Sith I may repose such trust,
In my heart thou only sharest—
None else crave a portion must:
Thou hast settled thy affection
Upon me, and none beside;
And I of thee have made election,
Thou alone shalt be my bride.
Come, my dearest, etc.

50

55

MAIDE.

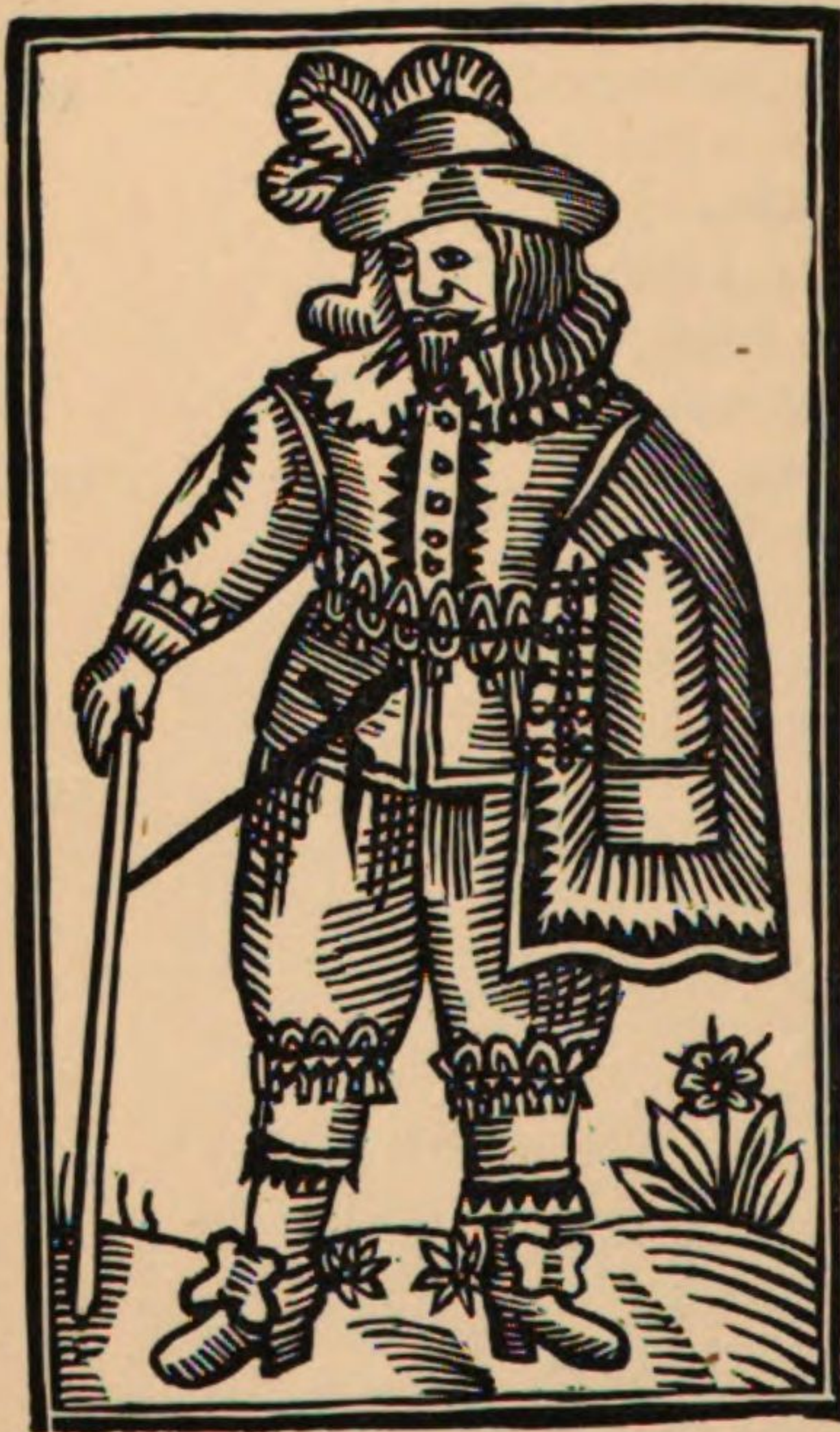
My heart's joy, more sweet than honey,
Or the odoriferous rose,
I have laid such hold upon thee
As the world can nere unlose;
The gordian knot, which though, as yet,
Is not by Hymen tyed fast;
Yet heaven knowes my heart is set
On thee, my choice, while breath doth last.
Come, my sweetest, etc.

59

64

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



YOUNG-MAN.

When Hyperion doth for ever
 From the skye obscure his rayes ;
 When bright Luna (constant never)
 Leaves to sever nights from dayes ;
 When the sea doth cease from running ;
 When all thus change preposterously ;
 Then that firme vow which I once made,
 (And not till then), Ile breake with thee.

68

72

*Come, my deerest,
 My heart neerest,
 When shall I so happy be
 To embrace thee,
 And to place thee,
 Where thou nere maist part from me ?*

78

MAIDE.

When rich mizers throw their mony
 In the streets, and hoord up stones ;
 When my father's nagge so bonny
 Leaves good hay, to picke dry bones ; 82
 And when the dogge, conforme to that,
 Doth change his food for oates and hay—
 Then shall my oath be out of date,
 Or else last till my dying day. 86

*Come, my sweetest,
 The compleatest
 Man alive in my conceite:
 Lady Fortune
 Ile importune
 Soone to make our joyes compleate.* 92

YOUNG-MAN.

When the bucke, the hare, or cony,
 Doe pursue the dogge to death ;
 When a rocke, so hard and stony,
 Can dissolv'd be with man's breath ; 96
 When turtles make a second chusing—
 Then will I a new love seeke :
 Till then, all but thee refusing,
 Though I might change every weeke.
Come, my dearest, &c. 101

MAIDE.

When both toads, with snakes and adders,
 Breed upon the Irish ground ;
 When men scale the skie with ladders ;
 When two Phœnixes are found ; 105
 When the goose the fox doth follow,
 Or seeke to hunt him forth his den ;
 Or swine in dirt refuse to wallow—
 Ile not forsake my love till then.
Come my sweetest, &c. 110

YOUNG-MAN.

Then, sweet love, sith both agree thus,
 Having hearts reciprocally,
 Long, I hope, we shall not be thus
 Barrèd from the principall 114

Of all our joy, which is blest marriage.

Hymen, haste to knit the knot !

I' th' meane time our constant carriage

will i' th' world nere be forgot.

118

Come, my deerest,

My heart neerest,

When shall I so happy be

To embrace thee,

And to place thee

Where thou nere maist part from me.

124

Finis.

Martin Parker.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the signe of the
Hors-shoee in Smithfield.

Pretty Nannie.

THIS ballad bears the initials of R[ichard] C[limsell], and the copy is perhaps unique. I suppose Mr. Richard Climsell to have been employed to lengthen out an earlier composition, beginning "I have a love that's faire," a copy of which is included in the Percy Folio (I. 255). Length was indispensable for a street ballad, which was sold at the large price of one penny—a sum quite equal to sixpence at the present time. The Percy Folio version is corrupt, and even the ballad serves to amend such a line as "If venus *will consent my vow* to grace my bed." The ballad substitutes, "If Venus *would descend, and grant* to grace my bed" if we assume only that an "f" in descend has been substituted for a long "f," and so become corrupted into "defend." But in other respects the shorter copy is the better.

The ballad seems to have attained some popularity, for its tune became known in Holland, and is printed in Jan Jansz Starter's *Friesche Lust-hof* (Amsterdam, 1634, p. 81), with Dutch words, but bearing the English name at the head,

[Roxb. Coll. I. 322, 323.]

Pretty Nannie ;

Dr,

A dainty, delicate new Ditty,
 Fit for the Contry, Town, or Citty ;
 Which shewes how constant she did prove
 Unto her heart's delight and onely Love.

TO A DAINTY DELICATE NEW TUNE NAMED *Northerne Nannie*.



I have a love so faire,
 So constant, firme, and kind ;
 She is without compare,
 Whose fancies¹ me doth blind :

4

¹ "favor" in the Percy Folio.

She is the flower of maids
 That ever was or can be ;¹
 Faire Nymphs, lend me your ayds
 To sing of my sweet Nannie : 8
 Her golden hair, her face so faire,
 Her glancing eye hath wounded me,
 Her cheeks like snow, where roses grow :

Pretty Nanny,
My mistris of true constancy,
I am thine owne, and shall be. 14

If Venus would descend,²
 And grant to grace my bed,
 I would not wrong my friend,
 By no inticements led : 18
 No, not the fairest dame
 Shall win her favour from me ;

For, in the mind I am,
 Ile honour none but Nannie : 22
 For she may command my heart, my hand,
 My body too, for to ride or goe,
 If she but say, by night or day.³

Pretty Nannie,
My mistris of true constancy,
I am thine owne, and shall be. 28

My love I will not change
 For Croesus' gold and treasure ;
 Nor will I seem to range
 From thee, my joy and pleasure : 32

Though some doe count our sex
 To waver in affection,
 Yet doe not thou suspect,
 For I doe hate that action : 36

¹ In the Percy Folio :

" Shee is the flower of maids, that hath beene, is, or can bee !
 When beautye's garland 's made, it shall be borne by Nannye."

² " defend " in the copy.

³ In the Percy Folio it stands thus :

" For shee may command both hart and hand,
 And my body too, to ryde or goe,
 Both night and day, if she will but say,
 ' Good servant, do this for mee.' "

My love is set, none shall me let,¹
 Nor me perswade—be not afraid—
 From thee to turne, Ile rather burne
 with fire ;
Thou plaine shalt see that I love thee,
And will yeeld to thy desire.

42

She is so rare and wise,
 And prudent in her cariage,
 That gallants did devise
 To win her unto marriage ;
 But she denies all those
 That doe aske such a question,
 And to me she doth disclose
 Her constant true affection :
 She will not lie nor falsifie,
 But true doth prove like the turtle-dove,
 As I doe find to me shee's kind :

46

50

Pretty Nannie,
My mistris of true constancy,
I am thine owne, and shall be.

56

¹ let = hinder.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Her favour and her face
 Doe set my heart on fire ;
 When I doe her imbrace
 I have my heart's desire : 60
 Her pretty lispig tongue
 Doth joy my heart in speaking ;
 I thinke no time too long,
 While I with her keepe waking : ¹ 64
 Her lips so soft I kisse full oft,
 Yet shee'l deny immodestie ;
 "My mother's come, O I must be gone :"
Pretty Nannie,
My mistris of true constancy,
I am thine owne, and shall be. 70

¹ Perhaps instead of "waking" the word should be "freaking," if to rhyme with "speaking."

When I am from her sight,
 My heart is drown'd with sorrow ;
 If I doe misse one night,
 I see her the next morrow : 74
 She is my onely deare,
 My joy, and my sweet pleasure ;
 She is a jewel rare,
 That far surpasseth treasure : 78
 Her glistering eyes, like starry skies,
 Her dimpled chin I have joy'd to see,
 Her necke so white, like christall bright :
Pretty Nannie.
My mistris of true constancie,
I am thine owne, and shall be. 84

For to seal this bargaine now,
 I leave my heart in pawne,
 As by a faithful vow
 That is betwixt us twaine : 88
 Then doe not thou disdaine
 My mistris true for to be ;
 Grant love for love againe,
 My owne sweet pretty Nannie : 92
 And with a kisse—befriend me this—
 My love, adieu ! I pray be true,
 My heart with faith for ever saith,
Pretty Nannie, &c. 96

Then kindly she replide,
 “ Thou hast thy heart's desire,
 Ile be thy lovely bride,
 My love to thee is intire : 100
 As I have constant beene,
 So Ile remaine for ever ;
 As plainely shall be seene,
 From thee I will not sever : 104
 With hand and heart Ile take thy part,
 In wealth and woe I will doe so,
 The world shall see that I love thee :
Most kindly,
Thy mistris, &c. 109

"Though all my friends doe frowne
 And seeme for to prevent me,
 Not for a thousand pound
 That I will discontent thee : 113
 I will not yeeld to love,
 Nor fansie any other ;
 My mind shall not remove,
 With father nor with mother : 117
 I will not change, nor seeme to range,
 No, Ile indure for ever sure,
 My heart is thine, and thou art mine,
Sweet honey, &c." 121

"What saist thou, my sweet heart,
 Wilt thou consent unto me ?
 'Tis thou must ease my smart,
 Or else thou wilt undoe me." 125
 Quoth she, "I doe consent
 To what thou dost require ;
 My selfe I doe present,
 To please thy heart's desire : 129
 My love on thee shall settled be ;
 What thou dost crave I grant ; you have
 My life, my bloud, to doe thee good,
My hony.
Then doe not doubt my constancy,
I am thine owne, and will be." 135

Finis.

R. C.

Printed at London for Tho. Lambert, at the signe of the
 Horshoo in Smithfield.

The Praise of St. David's Day.

THIS ballad begins with the fabulous history of Britain, as related by Geoffrey of Monmouth, giving the story of Brute, and the descent of the Britons from the Trojans. It then accounts for the adoption of the leek as the national emblem to be worn on St. David's Day, in celebration of a great victory over the original Pagan inhabitants ; and it recounts the later princes who had continued the custom of wearing it.

The Roxburghe copy of this ballad is the only one that I have been able to trace.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 324, 325.]

The Praise of Saint David's Day.

Shewing the reason why the Welsh-men honour
the Lecke on that day.

TO THE TUNE OF *When this Old Cap was new.*



Who list to reade the deeds
by valiant Welch-men done,
Shall find them worthy men of armes
as breathe beneath the sunne :
They are of valiant hearts,
of nature kind and meeke—
An honour on Saint David's Day
it is to weare a Lecke !

4

8

The Welch most ancient is
 of this our famous land,
 Who were the first that conquer'd it
 by force and warlike hand. 12
 From Troy stout Brute did come
 this kingdome for to seeke;
 Which was possest by savage men—
then honoured be the Leeke! 16

He, having won the same,
 and put them to the sword,
 Of Brute did Britaine first take name,
 as Chronicles record: 20
 The Welch true Brittaines are,
 whose swords in blood did reeke
 Of Pagan men, being heathenish—
then honoured be the Leeke! 24

And now, if you would know
 why they the Leeke do weare
 In honour of Saint David's Day,
 it plainly shall appeare. 28
 Upon Saint David's Day,
 and First of March that weeke,
 The Welchmen with their foes did joyne—
then honoured be the Leeke! 32

And being in the field,
 their valour they did try;
 Where thousands on both sides being slaine,
 within their bloods did lye: 36
 And they, not knowing how
 their friends from foes to seeke,
 Into a garden they did goe,
where each one pull'd a Leeke. 40

And wore it in his hat
 their countrey men to know;
 And then most valiantly they did
 o'ercome their warlike foe. 44
 Then were no colours knowne,
 nor any feathers eeke,
 The feathers' first originall—
it was the Welch-man's Leek! 48

And ever since that time
the Leeke they use to weare;
In honour of Saint David's Day
they doe that trophy beare.
A reverend Bishop was
Saint David, mild and meeke;
And 'tis an honour, that same day,
for them to weare a Leeke!

52

56

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



For Englishmen Saint George,
Saint Andrew for the Scot,
Saint Patericke for Ireland,
Saint David Welshmen's lot:

60

In honour of which Saint
those countrey-men doe seeke,
For to remember the same day,
in wearing of a Leeke. 64

Each countrey hath his Saint :
why should not Welsh-men then
Give honour to her country due,
as well as other men ? 68
A reason for the same
are many men to seeke ?
Then know it is an honour brave
that day to weare a Leeke ! 72

What Royall Princes have
in fruitfull Wales bin borne !
Yea, for to weare a Leeke that day
they tooke it for no scorne : 76
The seventh Henery
was borne on mountaine peke,
Which on that day did use to weare
in solemne sort the Leeke. 80

From him Elizabeth
did lineally descend ;
Who did the Gospell true maintaine,
untill her life did end : 84
And shee upon that day,
with divers courtiers meeke,
In token of that victory,
did weare the honoured Leeke. 88

And Royall Kings likewise
from Heneryes loynes did spring,
With many Noble Princes else,
besides our Royall King : 92
And Princes more of Wales
that day were nere to seeke ;
For on that day, for David's sake,
they allwaies wore a Leeke. 96

When princes of the blood
did celebrate the same,
(Whom forraine nations so admir'd,
and prais'd with lasting fame), 100
Who had such lyons' hearts,
yet like to lambes were meeke,
That did in honour of that day,
still weare the royall Leeke. 104

I call it royall Leeke
'cause princes it doth weare,
Let no true-hearted Welch-man then
disdaine the same to beare : 108
But let them now, as they
true honour alwaies seeke,
And still remember David's Day
in wearing of a Leeke. 112

Finis.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 326, 327.]

The Poore Man Payes for All.¹

This is but a dreame which here shall insue,
But the Author wishes his words were not true.

TO THE TUNE OF *In slumbring sleepe I lay.*



As I lay musing all alone
Upon my resting bed,
Full many a cogitation
Did come into my head :
And, waking from my sleepe, I
My dreame to mind did call :
Me thought I saw before mine eyes,
How poore men payes for all.

4

8

¹ The Roxburghe copy of this ballad is perhaps unique.

I many objects did behold In this my frightfull dreame, A part of them I will unfold :	
And though my present theame Is but a fancy, you may say, Yet many things doe fall To[o] true, alas ! for at this day <i>The poore man payes for all.</i>	12 16
Me thought I saw (which caus'd my care— What I wish were a fable) That poore men still inforced are To pay more than they are able :	20
Me thought I heard them weeping say, Their substance was but small ; For rich men will beare all the sway, <i>And poore men pay for all.</i>	24
Me thought I saw how wealthy men Did grind the poore men's faces, And greedily did prey on them, Not pittying their cases :	28
They make them toyle and labour sore For wages too-too small ; The rich men in the tavernes rore, <i>But poore men pay for all.</i>	32
Me thought I saw an usurer old Walke in his fox-fur'd gowne, Whose wealth and eminence controld The most men in the towne ;	36
His wealth he by extortion got, And rose by others' fall ; He had what his hands earned not, <i>But poore men pay for all.</i>	40
Me thought I saw a courtier proud Goe swaggering along, That unto any scarce allow'd The office of his tongue :	44
Me thought, wert not for bribery, His peacock's plumes would fall ; He ruffles out in bravery, <i>But poore men pay for all.</i>	48

Me thought I met, sore discontent,
 Some poore men on the way ;
 I asked one whither he went
 So fast and could not stay.
 Quoth he, " I must goe take my lease,
 Or else another shall ;
 My landlord's riches doe increase,
But poore men pay for all."

52

56

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Me thought I saw most stately wives
 Goe jetting on the way,
 That live delightfull idle lives
 And go in garments gay ;

60

That with the moon their shapes doe change,
Or else they'l chide and brawle;
Thus women goe like monsters strange,
And poore men pay for all. 64

Me thought I was i' th' countrey,
Where poore men take great paines,
And labour hard continually,
Onely for rich men's gaines: 68
Like th' Israelites in Egypt,
The poore are kept in thrall;
The task-masters are playing kept,
But poore men pay for all. 72

Me thought I saw poore tradesmen,
I' th' city and else-where,
Whom rich men keepe as beads-men,
In bondage, care and feare: 76
Thei'l have them worke for what they list—
Thus weakest go to the wall:
The rich men eate and drinke the best,
But poore men pay for all. 80

Me thought I saw two lawyers base
One to another say,
"We have had in hand this poore man's case
A twelvemonth and a day: 84
Ant yet wee'l not contented be
To let the matter fall;
Beare thou with me, & Ile beare with thee,
While poore men pay for all." 88

Me thought I saw a red-nose host,¹
As fat as he could wallow;
Whose carkasse, if it should be roast,
Would drop seven stone of tallow: 92
He growes rich out of measure
With filling measure small;
He lives in mirth and pleasure,
But poore men pay for all. 96

¹ "oast" in the printed ballad.

And so likewise the brewer stout,
 The chandler and the baker,
 The mault-man also, without doubt,
 And the tobacco-taker : 100
 Though they be proud, and stately growne,
 And beare themselves so tall ;
 Yet to the world it is well knowne
That poore men pay for all. 104

Even as the mighty fishes still
 Doe feed upon the lesse ;
 So rich men, might they have their will,
 Would on the poore men cess :¹ 108
 It is a proverbe old and true—
 That weakest goe to th' wall ;
 Rich men can drink till th' sky looke blue,
But poore men pay for all. 112

But now, as I before did say,
 This is but a dreame indeed ;
 Though all dreames prove not true, some may
 Hap right as I doe reade : 116
 And if that any come to passe,
 I doubt this my dreame shall ;
 For still 'tis found too true a case—
That poore men pay for all. 120

Finis.

Printed at London for H. G.

² "cess" = levy upon : misprinted "ceaze" in the ballad.

The Praise of Nothing.

THE copy of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection is perhaps unique; but it may be familiar to many readers through a republication by Mr. Payne Collier, in his *Roxburghe Ballads* in 1847. That accomplished Elizabethan scholar, at the close of an introduction which is one of numberless proofs of the wide extent of his reading, expresses an opinion that, "had not the ballad been written before the date of Shakespeare's comedy, it would, perhaps, have been called, "Much ado about Nothing."

Notwithstanding the reasonableness of this inference, there are very strong grounds for doubting that the ballad can have been written before the play. The ballad is known to us through this edition "Printed at London for H. Gosson, dwelling upon London Bridge nere the Gate." Gosson's publications have been found to range from 1607 to 1641, but, hitherto, not earlier than 1607.

The tune of The Praise of Nothing is, "Though I have but a marke a yeare," and that is the first line of the burden to one of Martin Parker's ballads in this metre, and which is reprinted in our first volume (pp. 365-369). Again, Martin Parker does not there name the tune after his own ballad, but entitles it "Oh! grammercy, Penny," from an earlier production by L[aurence] P[rice]. Lastly, Laurence Price (who gives a still earlier name to the tune) published his ballad through the Widow Trundle.

If we now refer to our list of ballad-publishers and of their dates, we shall find that John Trundle flourished in 1624, and that his widow had taken up the business in 1628. Thus we have a series of ballads to one tune under four different names, the second of the series having been published about 1628. We must then admit an interval for the third and fourth to acquire popularity, and it may reasonably be inferred that our "Praise of Nothing," which is the fourth of the series, can hardly have been printed before 1630, and probably some years later. "The lamentable days" referred to in the title of the ballad seem to point to the commencement of the Revolution of 1641.

The tune to these four ballads will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 357.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 328, 329.]

The praise of Nothing:

Though some doe wonder why I write in praise
Of Nothing, in these lamentable daies,
When they have read, and will my counsell take,
I hope of Nothing Something they may make.

TO THE TUNE OF *Though I have but a marke a yeare*, etc.



The praise of wisdom some doe write,
And some the praise of money;
And every one, like bees to th' hive,
From something gather hony:
But if my genius doe not faile
To promp[t] me, ere I end my tale
You'll finde that Nothing will prevaile;
For all must turne to Nothing.

4

8

Nothing was first, and shall be last,
For Nothing holds for ever;
And Nothing ever yet scap't death,
So can't the longest liver: 12
Nothing 's immortal; Nothing can
From crosses ever keepe a man;
Nothing can live when the world is gone;
For all shall come to Nothing. 16

Nothing in all the world we finde
With sorrow more perplexed
Th[a]n he that with a scolding wife
Eternally is vexed; 20
Whose tongue by nothing can be quel'd,
Although with red-hot pincers held;
For shee will to no reason yeeld,
But scold and brawle for Nothing. 24

Nothing is swifter th[a]n the winde,
Or lighter th[a]n a feather;
Yet I another thing have found,
Which quite excelleth either: 28
A harlot's love, that every day
Is chang'd and swiftly blowne away;
But what's more light th[a]n her, I pray?
The wise man answers, Nothing. 32

Nothing shall therefore please me more
Than¹ women to abandon;
For if that I should fall in love,
Or joyne with such a wanton, 36
Shee'd breake my very heart-strings sure,
Or, I must Vulcan's lot indure,
And patiently abide the cure,
Or else be help'd by Nothing. 40

Take you heed, then, unmarried lads,
Before you grow a lover,
And ere too soone you chuse a wife,
With honest patience prove her: 44

¹ Here, in the fifth stanza, we have "than," and in the third and fourth "then." It is a mere compositor's vagary.

For Nothing can againe unwed,
 Nor cure a cuckold's aking head;
 Besides, once lost, a maiden-head
 Can be recal'd by Nothing.

48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



In heat of war Nothing is safe;
 In peace Nothing respected
 But ill-got wealth, which to procure,
 No vice at all's neglected:
 The sonne doth wish his father's end,
 That he may have his wealth to spend;
 But let such lads their manners mend,
 Or all will come to Nothing.

52

56

Nothing is safe by sea or land,
Nor alwaies free from danger,
Which is committed to the trust
Of either friend or stranger : 60
For Nothing in the world remaines
But, for their private ends or gaines,
The'il hav't, although they break their brains,
Or bring themselves to Nothing. 64

Nothing['s] regarded more th[a]n gold,
But vertue's quite decay'd ;
For gold the usurer sels his soule,
Which must at last be paid : 68
When Nothing from the grave can call
Such misers, who their soules inthrall
To gripe and hoord the devill and all ;
But better they had Nothing. 72

Nothing can from the sight of God
Conceale the faults of any ;
For his cleare eye can search into
The smallest chinke or cranny : 76
He can within thy heart espy
The secret'st sinnes which there doe lye ;
But if you to repentance hie,
They shall appeare as Nothing. 80

Nothing therefore hereafter seeke
But vertue, vice detesting,
With purest rob[e]s of sanctity
Your humble soule investing : 84
And seeke you after no such thing
Which may your soule to sorrow bring,
Or while thou liv'st thy conscience sting,
Or else desire Nothing. 88

For though but little thou art worth,
Yet Nothing dost desire,
Nor covetest thy neighbour's goods,
Nor 'bove thy selfe aspire, 92
But retest honestly content
With that poore little God hath sent,
Thou mayst disperse in merriment,
And say thou wants for Nothing. 96

When earth-wormes spend their dayes in care,
 And nere can rest in quiet,
 Nor, with the feare to lose their gold,
 Have time to sleepe or dyet; 100
 But with a sad and pensive minde,
 Still studying how the poore to grinde,
 Untill at last, with sorrow pinde,
 Themselves are turn'd to Nothing. 104

And thus you now have heard the praise
 Of Nothing, worth a penny,
 Which, as I stand to sing here now,
 I hope will yeeld me many: 108
 But if that price be held to[o] deare,
 Or any dislike this counsell here,
 He may depart with a flea in's eare;
 For I will give him Nothing. 112

Printed at London for H. Gosson, dwelling upon London
 Bridge nere the Gate.

The Obsequy of faire Phillida.

THIS funeral dirge was more popular with music than as a ballad. It was indeed unfitted for ballad-singing by its changes of rhythm. The only known broadside copy is in the Roxburghe Collection, but there are two or more copies of the music, one in a collection for the virginals transcribed by Sir John Hawkins, and another in J. J. Starter's *Friesche Lust-Hof*, printed at Amsterdam in 1634. Dutch words are there adapted to the music under its English name. In the library of the British Museum is a copy of "Psalmes or Songs of Sion, turned into the language and set to the tunes of a Strange Land, by W[illiam] S[latyer], intended for Christmas Carols, and fitted to divers of the most noted and common, but solemne tunes, everywhere in this land familiarly used & knowne," 1642. Upon this copy a former possessor has written the names of the tunes designed, and one is "The fairest Nymph the valleys."

The music will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 319.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 330.]

The Obsequy of faire Phillida :
With the Shepheards and Nymphs Lamentation for
her losse.

TO A NEW COURT TUNE.



The fairest Nymph that vallyes	
Or mountaines ever bred,	
The shepherdes joy,	
So beautifull and coy,	4
Faire Phillida is dead ;	
On whom they oft have tended,	
And carol'd on the plaines ;	
And for her sake	8
Sweet roundelayes did make,	
Admir'd by rurall swaines.	
But cruell Fates, the beauties envying	
Of this blooming rose,	12
So ready to disclose,	
With a frost unkindly	
Nipt the bud untimely,	
So away her glory goes.	16

The sheep for woe goe bleating
 That they their goddesse misse,
 And sable ewes,
 By their mourning¹ shewes 20
 Her absence cause of this.
 The nymphs leave off their dancing,
 Pan's pipe of joy is cleft,
 For great 's his griefe; 24
 He shunneth all reliefe
 Since she from him is reft.
 Come, Fatall Sisters, leave your spooles,²
 Leave [weaving]³ altogether, 28
 That made this flower to wither :
 Let envy, that foule vipresse,
 Put on a wreath of cypresse :
 Sing⁴ sad dirges altogether. 32

Diana was chiefe mourner
 At these sad obsequies,
 Who, with her traine,
 Went tripping ore the plaine, 36
 Singing dolefull elegies :
 Menalchus and Amintas,
 And many shepheards moe,
 With mournfull verse, 40
 Did all attend her hearse,
 And in sable sadly goe :
 Flora, the goddes that used to beautify
 Faire Phillis' lovely bowers 44
 With sweet fragrant flowers ;
 Now her grave adorned,
 And with flowers mourned,
 Teares thereon in vaine she powres. 48

Venus alone triumphed
 To see this dismall day ;
 Who did despaire
 That Phillida the faire 52
 Her lawes would nere obey.

¹ "mournfull" in the text.

² "leave *there* your spooles" in the text. A spool is to wind yarn upon.

³ "Leave *mourning* altogether" in the text; but the reference seems to be to the Fates *weaving the thread of life*.

⁴ "Singing" in the text.

The blinded boy his arrowes
 And darts were vainely spent;
 Her heart, alas! 56
 Impenetrable was,
 And to love would nere assent:
 At which affront Citharea repined,
 'Cause Death with his dart 60
 Had pierc't her tender heart:¹
 But her noble spirit
 Doth such joyes inherit,
 [As]² from her shall nere depart. 64

¹ I suppose these three lines should be:

“At which affront Citharea, repining,
 Caused Death with his dart
 To pierce her tender heart.”

² “Which from her shall nere depart” in the text.

The Old Man, his Wife, and their heartless Children.

FOUR editions at least of this ballad are extant. The earliest seems to be the one included in the Christie-Miller Collection. It is there entitled “A most excellent *new* Ballad”—“At London, printed for W. B.” In the other editions the word “new” does not appear. The copy in the Pepys Collection, I. 43, was printed for E. W[right]. It is earlier than either the Roxburghe (I. 332) or the Rawlinson (No. 173), which are, to appearance, the same, both having the imprint of Coles, Vere, Wright, and other stationers of Charles the Second's time; while the still later Bagford 643, m. 10, p. 53, was printed by W. O[nley] and sold by B. Deacon. The earliest text is here followed.

The story seems to have been intended to paint a catalogue of horrors, whereby undutiful children were to take warning against the first step of disregarding their duty to parents. A son, who had refused to relieve his aged father and mother in their deep distress, and who had driven them away with threats, is set upon by his own children, and murdered for the sake of his gold. The parricides are in turn slaughtered by an evil cousin, who resolves to possess himself of their ill-gotten wealth; and this last wretch is taken, and hung for his crimes. Thus poetical justice is satisfied. There can be no doubt that this extraordinary family picture is due to the imagination of the poet. If such a series of unnatural crimes had been actually committed, the writer would have been careful not to omit the names of the delinquents, and those other particulars which are so fully detailed by ballad-mongers in actual cases of murder.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 332, 333.]

A most excellent new Ballad of an
Olde Man and his Wife, in their olde age and misery,
which sought to their owne Children for succour, by
whom they were disdained, and scornfully sent away
succourless; and how the vengeance of God was
justly shewed upon them for the same.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Priscilla.*



It was an old man, which, with his poore wife,
 In great distress did fall;
 They were so feeble with age, God wot,
 They could not work at all:
 A gallant sonne they had,
 Which livèd wealthily;
 To whom they went, with full intent
 To ease their misery:
Alack! and alas! for woe!
Alack! and alas! for woe!

5

10

A hundred miles when they had gone,
With many a weary step,
At length they saw their sonne's faire house,
Which made their harts to leape : 14
They sate them on the greene,
Their shoos and hose to trim,
And put cleane bands about their necke,
Against they should enter in.
Alack, &c. 19

Unto the doore, with trembling joynts,
When this olde couple came,
The woman with a shaking head,
The olde man blind and lame, 23
Full warily they did knocke,
Fearing for to offend ;
At last their sonne doth frowningly come
Unto them in the end.
Alack, &c. 28

"Good folks," quoth he, "what would you here ?
Methinkes you are too bolde ;
Why get you not home to your own country,
Now you are lame and olde ?"
With that they both replyed 33
With sorrow, care, and grief,
"Here are we come to thee our sonne,
For succour and relief.
Alack ! and alas ! for woe !
Alack ! and alas ! for woe ! 38

"This is thy father, gentle sonne ;
And I thy loving mother
That brought thee up most tenderly,
And lov'd thee above all other : 42
I bore thee in this womb ;
These breasts did nourish thee ;
And as it chaunst, I often daunst
Thee on my tender knee.
Alack, &c. 47

“And humbly now we do thee intreat,
 My deare and loving sonne,
 That thou wilt doe for us in our age
 As we for thee have done.” 51

“No, no, not so,” he said,
 “Your sute is all in vain;
 ’Tis best for you, I tell you true,
 To get you home againe.
Alack, &c. 56

“The world is not now as when I was born,
 All things are growne more deare;
 My charge of children is not small;
 As plainely doth appeare: 60
 The best that I can doe
 Will hardly them maintaine;
 Therefore I say, be packing away,
 And get you home againe.”
Alack, &c. 65

The olde man, with his hat in hand,
 Full many a leg did make;
 The woman wept, and wrung her hands,
 And prayd him, for Christ his sake, 69
 Not so to send them back,
 Distressèd and undone,
 But “let us lie in some barne here by,”
 Quoth she, “my loving sonne!”
Alack, &c. 74

By no meenes would he thereto consent,
 But sent them soone away:
 Quoth he, “You know the perill of the lawe;
 If long time here you stay, 78
 The stockes and whipping-poast
 Will fall unto your share;
 Then take you heede, and with all speed,
 To your country do repaire.”
Alack, &c. 83

Away then went this woful olde man,
Full sad in heart and minde;
With weeping teares his wife did lament
Their son was so unkinde: 87
"Thou wicked child!" quoth they,
"For this thy cruell deede,
The Lord send thee as little pittie,
When thou dost stand in neede!"
Alack, &c. 92

His children hearing their father set
His parents thus at naught,
In short time after, to have his lands,
His death they subtilly wrought: 96
"What cause have we," quoth they,
"More kindness to expresse,
Th[a]n he unto his parents did,
In their great wretchedness?"
Alack, &c. 101

They murdered him in pittifull sort;
They wayde not his intreates;
The more he pray'd impassionately,
The greater were [their]¹ threates: 105
"Speake not to us!" quoth they,
"For thou the death shalt dye."
And with that word, with dagger and sword,
They mangled him monsterously.
Alack, &c. 110

When they had got his silver and golde,
According to their minde,
They buried him in a stinking ditch,
Where no man could him finde: 114
But now, behold and see
God's vengeance on them all!
To gain that gold their couzen came,
And slew them, great and small.
Alack, &c. 119

¹ "his" in both editions.

He came amongst them we¹ a great club,
 In dead time of the night;
 Yea, two of the sonnes he brained therewith;
 And taking of his flight
 The murderer taken was, 124
 And suffered for the same:
 Deservedly for their cruelty,
 This vengeance upon them came.²
Alack! and alas! therefore,
Alack! and alas! therefore. 129

Finis.

At London, printed for W. B.

¹ "we," "with" in the Roxburghe edition.

² This last line is omitted in the Roxburghe edition.

The Cryer.

A SECOND old copy of this ballad will be found in the Pepys Collection, I. 272. It bears the imprint of the same publisher as the Roxburghe edition. The "O, yes!" of the Cryer is a well-known corruption of the Norman French "Oyez!" = Hear!

The "tune of The Parrator" means "of the Apparitor"—one who summoned people to appear at a Court.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 334, 335.]

O, yes!

If any man or woman any thing desire,
Let them repaire forthwith unto the Cryer.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Parrator*.



O, yes!

If any man or woman,
in countrey or in city,
Can tell where liveth charity,
or where abideth pittie,
Bring newes unto the Cryer,
and their reward shall be,
The prayers of poore folkes every day,
upon the humble knee.

4

9

O, yes!

If any man hath gon
so long unto the law,
That he hath lost his wits,
and is not worth a straw,

13

That to regaine the saddle
 is glad to lose the horse,
 Let them turne downe by Beggers'-bush,
 and rest at Weeping-crosse. 18

O, yes!

If any man there be
 that loves the crafty foxe,
 And yet the mumping cunny 22
 will ferret¹ with a poxe,
 Let him come to the Cryer,
 And for his just reward,
 He may dye in an hospitall,
 and stinke within the yarde. 27

O, yes!

If any loving wench
 doth misse her mayden-head,
 And knowes not where she lost it, 31
 abroad, or in her bed,
 Let her come to the Cryer,
 and pay him for his paine,
 And tell the markes of it, and she
 shall have it straight againe. 36

O, yes!

If there be any ostler
 has lately lost a nagge,
 By lodging in his hay-mowe 40
 of every tag and rag,
 And now is forst to pay for 't,
 let him trust knaves no more;
 But now the steed is stolne, be sure
 to shut the stable doore. 45

O, yes!

If any man or woman,
 or mayden, if she be,
 That hath, by any sodaine chance, 49
 lost some small honesty,
 Let them come and demaund it,
 they shall have their desire,
 Without telling the markes of it
 or paying of the Cryer. 54

¹ "firret" in the text.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[In the original there are two cuts; that to the right is placed on p. 357 below.]

O, yes!

If any gentle lady,
in court or in the city,
Hath lost all her complexion,
the Cryer, in meere pittie,
Hath got a box of beauty,
the like was never seene,
Full of the purest red and white,
to cover blacke or greene.

58
63

O, yes!

If any gallant squires,
who ne'er¹ their bodies spare
In any great hot service,
have strangely lost their hayre,
Let them come to the Cryer,
and straight he will them fit
With curled locks, which like² them best,
To cover all their wit.

67
72

¹ "neare" in the text.

² "like" = suit.

O, yes!

If there be any cut-purse
 that, the last market day,
 By chance did cut a purse that went 76
 unwillingly astray
 With twenty pounds in money,
 let him forthwith appeare,
 And if he chance to scape the rope,
 he shall have whipping cheere. 81

O, yes!

If there be any woman
 the which hath lost her tongue,
 To helpe her to recover it 85
 would doe her husband wrong:
 For thus the good-man wishes,
 if that she be a scold,
 With all his hart that she might take
 an everlasting cold.¹ 90

O, yes!

If there's any man or woman
 that can directly tell
 Where² any petty-fogger, 94
 that takes no bribes, doth dwell,
 Bring word unto the Cryer,
 he shall be payd therefore,
 For he will never plead aright
 the causes of the poore. 99

O, yes!

Or is there any here
 can tell me any newes
 Where dwells an honest broker 103
 that never will refuse
 To take ten in the hundred?
 of such a one, I pray,
 Bring word to me, I am his friend,
 a twelvemonth and a day. 108

¹ "could" in the text.² "Where's" in the text.

O, yes !

If there be any man
hath lately lost his wife,
Who never since she saw fifteene
did lead an honest life ;
Let him three market dayes
expect to see his evill,
Or mounted in a cart, or else,
shee's gone unto the devill.

112

117

O, yes !

If there be any lasse
that will her skill engage
To finde a sucking infant left
of twenty yeares of age ;
And let her bring him home—
she shall be welly paide,
And have her praises prickt & prickt,
and sent away no maide.

121

126

Finis.

Printed for F. Coules.



[In the original this cut stands to the right of that printed on p. 355 above.]

[Roxb. Coll. I. 336, 337.]

The olde Bride;¹

Or,

The gilded Beauty.

TO A DAINTY NEW TUNE.



Nor morning red nor blushing faire
 Be through your glasse or curtaine spide!
 But cloudy gray, like the short haire
 Of your old everlasting Bride.

4

¹ The Roxburghe copy of this bitter satire upon some old widow, who is said to be marrying for the eighth time, is perhaps unique. It is printed in half lines in the original, in order to spin it out to the required length for a ballad-buyer, and the burden is repeated to every stanza. It would have been a waste of paper to follow this vagary; moreover, the subject is not sufficiently agreeable to create a desire to make it especially conspicuous.

*So old, so wondrous old,
in the nonage of time,
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.*

8

Whose swarthy dry Westphalia lips
Are sunke to mu[m]my in her skin;
Whose gums are empty, and her lips
Like eye-lids hairy, and as thin:

12

*So old, so wondrous old,
in the nonage of time,
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.*

16

For amorous sighs which virgins use,
She coughs aloud through lungs decaid;
And with her palsie cannot chuse
But quake, like trembling of a maide:
So old, etc.

21

If that her bridegroome be ill-spel,
Hee's not the first that hath been sad;
For hee's the last heire to her bed,
Of seven before that she hath had.
So old, etc.

26

Why should her husband then vexe heaven,
Or for a plenteous offspring beg?
Since all the issue can be given
Is that which runneth in her leg.
So old, etc.

31

Of losing her there is no doubt,
Nor need you aske where she doth dwell;
For you may easily scent her out,
As hounds doe finde their game by th' smell.

35

*So old, so wondrous old,
in the nonage of time,
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.*

39

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Her nose and chin are now grown friends,
 And meet together lovingly :
 From danger these her mouth defends,
 So neere they joyne in unity.
So old, so wondrous old,
in the nonage of time,
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

43

47

Her painting serves her turne no more ;
 Her face is like a ruin'd wall
 That hath so oft been plaister'd ore,
 With age at length it needs must fall.
So old, etc.

52

Her husband hath no cause to dread
 (As many doe through jealousie)
 That any will defile his bed ;
 There's none will use such charity.
So old, etc.

57

What hath been spoken is not meant
 Any old woman to disgrace,
 But she who is to mariage bent
 When Death's character 's in her face.
*So old, so wondrous old,
 in the nonage of time,
 Ere Adam wore a beard
 she was in her prime.*

61

65

Finis.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the sign of the
 Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

The Praise of Brotherhood.

THIS, again, is a ballad of which no other copy seems to remain. It is subscribed I. D., whose initials have already been found to "Dr. Do-good's Directions," in our first volume (p. 234, but misprinted "34," in the index of authors at p. 635 of that volume). The two ballads are of the same moralizing stamp, of the same indifferent metre, and they were published by one bookseller, or ballad-seller. Their date is probably between 1635 and 1642.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 338, 339.]

The Praise of Brotherhood;

Dr,

A description of Hoodes, writ in Verse, not in Prose,
Shewing which best becomes the Nose.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Abington Fayre.*



To fashions strange the world is bent :
One fashion gives not all content,
For some with maskes their faces hide,
And some their brests lay open wide :
Some goe with curlèd locks of haire,
And some fine hoodes like haukes doe we[a]re :
Then choyce of hoodes I will disclose,
And shew which best becomes the nose.

He that through stormes and tempests doth ride,
 Hath neede of a hood his head for to hide,
 To keep off each blast of the northerne winde,
 For to[o] much cold comfort I know is unkind : 12
 When tempests rise, and windes doe blow,
 And sturdy stormes their fury shew,
 A close hood is good, when cold the winde blowes ;
Yet brother-hood best becomes the nose. 16

He that will have the world to his minde,
 Must search well his wits new fashions to finde,
 And study new fangles to pleasure fond fooles,
 For wantons are willing to follow bad rules. 20
 Deceipt is unseemely, it blindes the eyes,
 Plain-dealing is pleasing, which fooles doe despise ;
 Keepe peace in thy bosome, shew love to thy foes,
For brother-hood best becomes the nose. 24

For brother-hood most I must commend,
 The vertue thereof so farre doth extend ;
 True love and peace and charity
 In brother-hood doe hidden lye. 28
 He that true brother-hood hath possest,
 Shall live well belov'd, and die double blest :
 Greate hopes therein I doe repose,
For brother-hood best becomes the nose. 32

In dayes of old, when I was but a boy,
 Then brother-hood went for a fashion each day ;
 But brother-hood now is out of request,
 And other hoodes are accounted best. 36
 For now strange tricks and trifles they use,
 Which makes the poore man to stand in a muse ;
 I doe say no more th[a]n all the world knowes,
For brother-hood best becomes the nose. 40

Priest-hood is an order divine,
 Let them that attaine it in glory so shine
 That poore men unlearned may find out the way
 Which leades unto rest that shall never decay : 44
 This priest-hood was unto the learned ordaynd—
 O blest is the man that true wisdom hath gayn'd
 To succour the needy and pray for his foes !—
For brother-hood best becomes the nose. 48

Knight-hood proceedes from honour and fame,
 When men try their valour to win them a name,
 With undaunted force to fight in the field,
 To purchase renowne with sword and with shield. 52
 He that fights in field with might and with mayne,
 Deserves well the honour of knight-hood to gaine.
 Thus poore men by valour to honour have rose,
For brother-hood best becomes the nose. 56

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Man-hood Ile prayse the best that I can,
 For he that wants man-hood is counted no man ;
 And he that wants manners is counted an asse,
 A dunce, or a foole—but for that let it passe : 60

Man-hood is more th[a]n some men have possest,
Yet he that hath man-hood is a man at the least,
And a man is a man, where so ever he goes,
Yet brother-hood best becomes the nose. 64

Woman-hood next I in order apply,
In good sooth, gossip, Ile tell you no lye;
A beautifull woman from woman-hood free,
Is like a faire image made of an old tree. 68
A modest woman is counted [for] wise,
And a shamelesse woman is a griefe to the eyes;
A woman that's shamelesse her shame will disclose,
Then brother-hood best becomes the nose. 72

Neighbour-hood next doth follow in rancke,
But men are not now so free and so franke:
So franke and so free, so loving and kinde,
For neighbour-hood now is quite worne out of minde. 76
Each man for himselfe now, and God for us all;
For neighbour-hood now among men is but small:
Yea, those that are friends live as if they were foes,
Then brother-hood best becomes the nose. 80

The French-hood is a fashion of old,
In France well respected, as I have bin told;
For it so well becomes the crowne
That it is held in high renowne: 84
Old women doe think it is wonderfull rare,
As if that none with them might compare;
But, for all that, I doe depose—
That brother-hood best becomes the nose. 88

Yet 'cause the French-hood doeth make a fine show,
Therefore Ile speak of it as much as I know;
For sure the French-hood much honour doth gayne,
It holds all the witt that comes in[to] the braine: 92
Give Jone the French-hood, and she will appeare
To looke like a lady all times of the yeare.
For hoods are deceitfull, which makes me suppose—
That brother-hood best becomes the nose. 96

Child-hood is a wonderfull simple thinge,
Yet time and old age more wisdom will bring;
Yet some men, in age, so childish are grown,¹
As if that true man-hood they never had knowne: 100

¹ "are so childish grone" in the text, and in the next line "had never knowne."

Let child-hood alone for children to use,
 And when they are old, they will it refuse ;
 As a child growes in age, so in wisdom he growes ;
Yet brother-hood best becomes the nose. 104

But yet there's one hood which I have not exprest,
 And that is call'd fals-hood, more worse than the rest ;
 For false-hood breeds folly in any man's heart,
 That doth so unwisely from vertue depart : 108
 He that two faces beares under a hood,
 His deeds are deceitfull, they cann't be withstood ;
 It will make true friends to be mortall foes—
Then brother-hood best becomes the nose. 112

I would that the world to love were inclind,
 That each man might bare a brotherly mind ;
 For brother-hood then would come in request,
 And poore men find comfort which are much opprest: 116
 He that hath purchast much wealth and much gold,
 And lets his poore brother to starve in the cold,
 I respect such a friend¹ but as one of my foes ;
For brother-hood best becomes the nose. 120

Finis.

I. D.

Printed at London for R. Harper.

¹ "I respect such a friend," meaning "I look upon such a *false* friend."

The Devil and the Scold.

OF this ballad there are two extant editions, the earlier being in the Roxburghe Collection. The second is in the Rawlinson Collection, No. 169, published by Coles, Vere, and other stationers—a trade edition, of the reign of Charles II.

Mr. Payne Collier includes "The Devil and the Scold" in his volume of *Roxburghe Ballads*, and says: "This is certainly an early ballad: the allusion, in the second stanza, to Tom Thumb and Robin Goodfellow (whose 'Mad Pranks' had been published before 1588) is highly curious, and one proof of its antiquity, although it has reached us only in an impression, 'Printed at London for Henry Gosson, dwelling upon London-Bridge, neare to the Gate.'"

At the end of Mr. Payne Collier's edition of the ballad, he gives a copy of the woodcut which appeared on the title-page of that early edition of Robin Goodfellow.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 340, 341.]

A Pleasant new Ballad you here may behold,
How the Devill, though subtle, was gul'd by a Scold.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Seminary Priest*.



Give eare, my loving countrey-men,
that still desire newes,
Nor passe not while you heare it sung,
or else the song peruse ;
For, ere you heare it, I must tell,
my newes it is not common ;
But Ile unfold a trueth betwixt
a Devill and a woman.

4

8

Tom Thumb is not my subject,
whom fairies oft did aide ;
Nor that mad spirit Robin,
that plagues both wife and maid ;
Nor is my song satyricke like,
invented against no man ;
But onely of a pranke betwixt
a Devill and a woman.

12

16

Then widdowes, wives and maides,
 give eare, as well as men,
 And by this woman learne
 to gull the world agen : 20
 You may by this turne artists,
 or masters of your art ;
 And when the Devill comes for you,
 you need not care a fart. 24

A woman well in yeares
 liv'd with a husband kinde,
 Who had a great desire
 to live content in minde : 28
 But 'twas a thing impossible
 to compasse his desire ;
 For night and day with scolding
 she did her husband tire. 32

With "Roughish lowtish clowne !
 despight thee Ile be wilde ;
 Doest thou think I marryed thee
 to use thee like a childe, 36
 And set thee on my lap,
 or humour what you speake ?
 Before Ile be so fond
 thy very heart Ile breake !" 40

"Why, loving wife," quoth he,
 "Ile never doe thee wrong,
 So thoul't be rul'd by me,
 and onely hold thy tongue : 44
 And when I come from worke,
 wilt please at boord and bed ?
 Doe this, my loving wife,
 and take all, being dead." 48

"Marke well," quoth she, "my words !
 what ere you speak me to,
 By faire meanes or by foule,
 the contrary Ile doe !" 52
 According to her speech,
 this man led such a life,
 That oft he wish't the Devill
 to come and fetch his wife. 56

Had he bid her goe homely,
why then she would goe brave;
Had he cal'd her "Good wife!"
she cal'd him "Rogue and slave!" 60
Bade he, "Wife, goe to church,
and take the fairest pew,"
Shee'd goe unto an alehouse,
and drinke, lye downe, and spew. 64

The Devill, being merry
with laughing at this mirth,
Would needs from hell come trotting
to fetch her from the earth; 68
And coming like a horse,
did tell this man his minde,
Saying, "Set her but astride my backe,
Ile hurry her through the winde." 72

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



- "Kinde Devill!" quoth the man,
 "if thou a while wilt wait,
 Ile bid her doe that thing
 shall make her backe thee straight: 76
 And here Ile make a vow—
 for all she is my wife—
 Ile never send for her againe
 whilst I have breath or life." 80
- "Content," the Devill cry'd;
 then to his wife goes he:
 "Good wife, goe leade that horse
 so black and fair you see." 84
 "Goe leade, Sir Knave!" quoth she,
 "and wherefore not goe ride?"
 She took the Devill by the reines,
 and up she goes astride. 88
- The Devill neighèd lowd,
 and threw his heeles i' th' ayre:
 "Kick, in the Devill's name!" quoth she;
 "a shrew doth never fear." 92
 Away to hell he went
 with this most wicked scold;
 But she did curbe him with the bit,
 and would not loose her hold. 96
- The more he cry'd, "Give way!"
 the more she kept him in,
 And kickt him so with both her heeles,
 that both his sides were thin. 100
 "Alight!" the Devill cry'd,
 "and quicke the bridle loose!"
 "No! I will ride," quoth she,
 "whiles thou hast breath or shooes." 104
- Againe she kickt and prickt,
 and sate so stiffe and well,
 The Devill was not [half] so plagu'd
 a hundred yeares in hell. 108
 "For pittie, light!" quoth he,
 "thou put'st me to much paine!"
 "I will not light," quoth she,
 "till I come home againe." 112

The Devill shew'd her all
the paines within that place,
And told her that they were
ordain'd for Scolds so base. 116
“Being bereft of breath,
for scolding 'tis my due;
But whilst I live on earth
Ile be reveng'd on you!” 120
Then did she draw her knife,
and gave his eare a slit:
The Devill never felt
the like from mortall yet. 124
So, fearing further danger,
he to his heeles did take,
And faster than he came,
he poast-haste home did make. 128
“Here, take her!” quoth the Devill,
“to keep her here be bold;
For hell will not be troubled
with such an earthly scold. 132
When I come home, I may
to all my fellowes tell,
I lost my labour, and my bloud,
to bring a scold to hell.” 136
The man halfe dead did stand;
away the Devill hyde.
Then, since the world, nor hell,
can well a scold abide, 140
To make a saile of ships
let husbands fall to worke,
And give their free consents
to send them to the Turke. 144
Then, honest wives and maides,
and widdowes of each sort
Might live in peace and rest,
and Silence keep her court: 148
Nor would I have a scold
one penny here bestow;
But, honest men and wives,
buy these before you goe. Finis. 152

Printed at London for Henry Gosson, dwelling upon
London-Bridge neare to the Gate.

Sir John Barley-corn.

THIS ballad does not exhibit the hand of the usual London ballad-maker, but rather of some one versed in the processes of barley-culture, of malting, and of brewing,—all which are here described. The oldest known copy of the ballad is of the reign of James I., but the language is not that of London and its neighbourhood during James's reign. It is either northern dialect—which, according to Puttenham, would commence about sixty miles from London—or it is much older than the date of any of the printers. It may indeed be inferred from the all but certain rejection of the word "bombard" from the text, because it had become antiquated in its double meaning of a drinking-vessel and of a cannon (see note on line 118 of the ballad), that liberties have been taken with an earlier version. The edition in the Pepys Collection I. 426, "Printed at London for H. G[osson]," is perhaps the oldest of those now extant, since Gosson seems to have commenced business before John Wright of "Guilt-spurre street at the signe of the Bible," who published contemporaneously with Gosson, and from whose edition this reprint is taken. All the others appear to be of later date. Thus we have Pepys I. 470, printed for Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger (in the reign of Charles II.), and two copies of the three in the Euing Collection are by the same publishers. The ballad of Mas[ter] Mault he is a Gentleman," was ordinarily printed on the same sheet, and hence the name of the publishers is sometimes catalogued as belonging only to the one ballad, and sometimes as only to the other.

Two more editions, of the second half of the seventeenth century, are included in the third volume of the Roxburghe Collection, at pages 360 and 364. Advantage has been taken of the former of these to exhibit in notes the less objectionable part of the process of modernizing ballads. Some of the other alterations are very bad, destroying rhyme and sense, but such have been usually passed over. The modernizer thought nothing of altering "kill" to "kiln," although it should rhyme with "will." Again, there are such strange alterations as in the following stanza:

EARLIER EDITION.

They rubbèd and they stirrèd him,
And still they did him turne;
The Malt-man swore that he should die,
His body he would burne.

LATER EDITION.

They rub'd and stir'd him up and down,
And oft toil and ture;
The Malt-man likewise vows his death,
His body should be sure.

The Readers at these printing-offices did not trouble themselves overmuch for their uncritical customers—the ballad-buyers.

The tune of this ballad is included in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 343 ; III. 360 and 364.]

A pleasant new Ballad to sing both Even and Morne,
Of the bloody murther of Sir John Barley-corne.

To THE TUNE OF *Shall I lye beyond thee.*



As I went through the North Countrey,
I heard a merry greeting ;
A pleasant toy and full of joy—
two noble men were meeting :¹ 4

And as they walkèd for² to sport
upon a summer's day,
Then with another nobleman
they went to make a fray : 8

Whose³ name was Sir John Barley-corne ;
he dwelt down in a dale ;⁴
Who had a kinsman dwelt him nigh,
they cal'd him Thomas Goodale. 12

¹ In the later edition, Rox. III. 360, "meeting" and "greeting" are transposed.

² "forth to sport" in the later edition. And—

"*They met another Noble Man,
With whom they had a fray.*"

³ "*His* name" in the later edition.

⁴ "vale" in the later edition. Also "*And* had a kinsman dwelt *with* him."

Another namèd Richard Beere
 was ready at that time;
 Another worthy knight was there,
 call'd Sir William White Wine. 16

Some of them fought in a Blacke-Jacke,
 some of them in a Can;
 But the chiefest in a Blacke-pot,
 like a worthy noble man.¹ 20

Sir John Barly-corne fought in a boule,
 who wonne the victorie,
 And made them all to fume and sweare
 that Barly-corne should die. 24

Some said "Kill him," some said "Drowne,"
 others² wisht to hang him hie—
 For as many as follow Barley-corne
 shall surely beggers die. 28

Then with a plough they plow'd him up,
 and thus they did devise
 To burie him quicke³ within the earth,
 and swore he should not rise. 32

With harrowes strong they combèd him,
 and burst clods on his head:
 A joyfull banquet then was made
 when Barly-corne was dead. 36

He rested still within the earth
 till raine from skies did fall,
 Then he grew up in branches greene,
 which sore amazed them all. 40

And so grew up till Mid-sommer,
 which made them all afeard;
 For he was sprouted up on hie,
 and got a goodly beard. 44

¹ In the later edition—

"But *yet* the chiefest in a Black-Pot,
Fought like a Noble Man."

² In the later edition "some" instead of "others," and, in the next two lines,
 "For *those that* follow Barley-Corn,
they said would Beggars die."

³ "quick" = alive. The later edition omits the word "quick" as unnecessary for the metre.

Then he grew till¹ S. James's tide,
his countenance was wan;
For he was growne unto his strength,
and thus became a man. 48

[Wherefore]² with hookes and sickles keene
into the field they hied;
They cut his legs off by the knees,
and made him wounds full wide.³ 52

Thus bloodily they cut him downe
from place where he did stand,
And, like a thiefe, for treachery,
They bound him in a band. 56

So then they tooke him up againe,
according to his kind,
And packt him up in severall stackes,
to wither with the wind. 60

And with a pitch-forke that was sharpe
they rent him to the heart;
And like a thiefe, for treason vile,
they bound him in a cart.⁴ 64

And tending him with weapons strong,
unto the towne they hie,
And straight they mowed him in a mow,
and there they let him lie.⁵ 68

There he lay groning⁶ by the walls
till all his wounds were sore;
At length they tooke him up againe,
and cast him on the floore. 72

¹ "When ripening at St. James's tide
his countenance *waxed* wan"—in the later edition.

² "Wherefore" is here supplied from the later edition. The metre requires it.

³ "And limb from limb divide" in the later edition.

⁴ In Onley's edition—

"Then with a Pitchfork sharp & long
they rent him to the Heart;
And, Traytor like, for Treason vile,
they bound him in a Cart."

⁵ "Whereas they mow'd him in a Mow,
and so they let him lie"—in the later edition.

⁶ In the later edition—

"They left him groaning by the walls
till all his bones were sore."

They hyrèd two with holly clubs,
 to beat on him at once;
 They thwackèd so on Barly-corne
 that flesh fell from the bones. 76

And then they tooke him up againe
 to fulfill women's minde;¹
 They dusted and they sifted him
 till he was almost blind. 80

And then they knit him in a sacke,
 which grievèd him full sore:
 Then steep'd him in a Fat,² God wot,
 for three dayes space and more. 84

Then they tooke him up againe,
 and laid him for to drie;³
 They cast him on a chamber floore,
 and swore that he should die. 88

They rubbèd and they stirrèd him,
 and still they did him turne;
 The malt-man swore that he should die,
 his body he would burne. 92

They spightfully tooke him up againe,
 and threw him on a kill;⁴
 So dried him there with fire hot,
 and thus they wrought their will. 96

Then they brought him to the mill,
 and there they burst⁵ his bones;
 The miller swore to murther him
 betwixt a paire of stones. 100

¹ "Then after took him up again,
 to please some women's mind,
 Yea, dusted, fann'd, and sifted him,"—in the later edition.

² "Full fast they knit him in a sack,
 which griev'd him very sore;
 And soundly steep'd him in a Fat [*i.e.* vat]
 for three days space and more."—Onley's edition.

³ In the later edition these two lines are:
 "From whence again they took him out,
 And laid him forth to dry,
 Then cast him," etc.

⁴ kill = kiln.

⁵ "bruise'd" in the later edition.

Then they tooke him up againe,
and serv'd him worse th[a]n that ;
For with hot scalding liquor store
they washt him in a Fat. 104

But not content with this, God wot,¹
that did him mickle² harme,
With threatning words they promised
to beat him into barme.³ 108

And lying in this danger deep,
for feare that he should quarrell,
They tooke him straight out of the Fat,
and tunn'd him in a barrell. 112

An then they set a tap to him,
even thus his death begun ;
They drew out every dram of blood,
whilst any drop would run. 116

Some brought jacks upon their backes,
some brought bill and bow ;⁴
And every man his weapon had
Barly-corne to overthrow. 120

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,
he came with mickle might,
And there he tooke their tongues away,
their legs, or else their sight. 124

¹ "I wot," instead of "God wot," in the later edition.

² "They wrought him so much" in the later edition.

³ "barm" = yeast, fermentation.

⁴ This line is probably corrupt, for "bill and bow" would not carry ale, whereas the "jack" was both a coat of mail and a measure, made of leather, for beer, ale, or wine :

"And I wish his heirs may never want sack
That first devis'd the bonny black jack."

The lines in the later edition cannot be considered an emendation. They are :

"Some brought in *bowls and pails* ;
Yea, every man some weapon had
Poor Barley-Corn to *kill*."

As "bombard" seems to be the only other word that bears the double meaning of a drinking vessel and of a weapon of offence (a cannon), the original line may possibly have been, "And some with bombards go," instead of "Some brought in *bill and bow*."

And thus Sir John, in each respect,
 so paid them all their hire,
 That some lay sleeping by the way,
 some tumbling in the mire. 128

Some lay groning by the wals,
 some in the streets downe right;¹
 The best of them did scarcely know
 what they had done ore-night. 132

All you good wives that brew good ale,
 God turne from you all teene;²
 But if you put too much water in,
 The devill put out your eyne!³ 136

Finis.

London, printed for John Wright, and are to be sold at his
 shop in Guilt-spurre street, at the signe of the Bible.

¹ "Some fell i' th' street down right."—Onley's edition.

² teen = sorrow.

³ "eyne," evidently pronounced "een" for the rhyme. This last stanza is very lamely modernized in the later edition:

"All you good Wives that brew good Ale,
Heav'n keep you from Sin;
 But if you put too much water in,
 The *De'il* put out your Eyne."

Master Mault he is a Gentleman.

ALL that has been said of the editions of the last ballad applies equally to this, which was printed on the same sheet of paper. Although entitled "a new Ballad," the following is not like an original edition. It is evidently older than the reign of James I., and it includes some unusual words. The more recent edition in Rox. III. 361, is here useless, for all those words are changed, and new stanzas are substituted.

The tune of *Triumph and Joy* is probably the same as the old version of *Green Sleeves*. See *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 775.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 342; III. 361 and 365.]

A new Ballad for you to looke on,
How Mault doth deal with every one.

TO THE TUNE OF *Triumph and Joy*.

Mas. Mault he is a Gentleman, And hath beene since the world began ; I never knew yet any man That could match with Master Mault, Sir.	4
I never knew any match Mault but once ; The Miller with his grinding stones He laid them so close that he crusht his bones : You never knew the like, Sir.	8
Mault, Mault, thou art a flowre, Thou art belovèd in every bowre, Thou canst not be missing one halfe howre : You never saw the like, Sir.	12
For laying of his stones so close Mault gave the Miller a copper nose, Saying, "Thou and I will never be foes, But unto thee I sticke," Sir.	16
Mault gave the Miller such a blow That from his horse he fell full low ; He taught him his master Mault for to know : You never saw the like, Sir.	20
Our hostesse maid she was to blame, She stole Master Mault away from her dame, And in her belly she hid the same : You never saw the like, Sir.	24
So when the Mault did worke in her head, Twice a day she would be sped ; At night she could not goe to bed, Nor scarce stand on her feet, Sir.	28
Then came in the Master Smith, And said that Mault he was a theefe ; But Mault gave him such a dash in the teeth : You never saw the like, Sir.	32

For when his iron was hot and red,
 He had such an ach[e] all in his head,
 The Smith was faine to get him to bed,
 For then he was very sicke, Sir. 36
 The Carpenter came a peece to square,
 He bad Mault come out, if he dare;
 He would empty his belly, and beat his sides bare,
 That he knew not where to sit, Sir. 40
 To [th'] fire he went with an arme full of chips,
 Mault hit him right betweene his lips,
 And made him lame in both his hips:
 You never saw the like, Sir. 44
 The Shooe-maker sitting upon his seat,
 With Master Mault he began to fret;
 He said he would the knave so beat:
 You never saw the like, Sir. 48
 Mault peept his head out of a hall,
 The Shoo-maker said he would drink him up all;
 They tumbled together till downe they did fall:
 You never saw the like, Sir. 52
 The Weaver being in his loome,
 He threatened Master Mault to bum,
 When he had knit on to the thrum:¹
 You never saw the like, Sir. 56
 And such a Court some Weavers held,
 They would pay our Hostes when they had feld,²
 But when every one had his part, and deal'd,
 They knewe not where to sit, Sir. 60
 The Tinker he tooke the Weaver's part,
 Because he is touching unto his art;
 He tooke the pot and dranke a quart:
 The worlde was very quicke, Sir. 64
 Mault had of him his owne desire,
 He made him tumble into the fire,
 And there he lost his burling ire;³
 He hath not found it yet, Sir. 68

¹ "thrum," the extremity of a weaver's warp, often about nine inches long, which cannot be woven.—*Halliwell*.

² One meaning of "felde" is "folded," "embraced" (kissing was the usual compliment to a hostess), but possibly the word should be "fill'd." The laws of rhyme are not very strictly regarded in this ballad.

³ "burling ire," *quere* "burling iron," which *Halliwell* explains as "an instrument used in burling cloth, made similar to large tweezers, but with very small points." Burell cloth was a roughened coarse cloth. See *English Gilds*.

The Taylor he came in to grind his sheares,
Mault and he were together by the eares ;
Great is the company Mault still reares :¹

You never saw the like, Sir.

72

For when his pressing-iron was hot,
He pressed a boord instead of a coat,
And sayled home in a feather-bed boat :

You never saw the like, Sir.

76

So then the Tinker did sound his pan,
Then said Master Mault, " I must be gone,
I am the good fellow that helpeth each one."

You never saw the like, Sir.

80

The Tinker then, that he was faine
With Mault to have a bout or twaine,
Mault [made] him sore in every vaine :

You never saw the like, Sir.

84

Then bespake the Tinker anon,
He said he would prove himselfe a man,
He laid on Mault till the bousse² was gone :

The bung³ and the Tinker fell sicke, Sir.

88

The Sayler he did curse and ban,
He bad the boy, " Goe, tap the can,
He have a bout with Mault anan."

You never saw the like, Sir.

92

Aboord they went to try their match,
And there they playd at Hop and Catch ;
Mault bestowed him under the hatch,

And made him keepe the ship, Sir,

96

Then came the Chapman travelling by,
And said, " My masters, I will be w'ye ;
Indeed, Master Mault, my mouth is dry,

I will gnaw you with my teeth, Sir."

100

The Chapman he laid on a pace,
Till store of blood came in his face ;
But Mault brought him in such a case,

You never saw the like, Sir.

104

¹ " reares " = mocks, or gibes.—*Halliwel*.

² " bousse "—bouse, or bouze = drink. Evans, who reprints this ballad, IV. 224, changes " bousse " into " house." Perhaps it should be " till the bousse was gane," to be nearer to a rhyme with " man." As a parallel example we find " anan " for " anon " in the following stanza.

³ " bung "—boug = a purse.—*Halliwel*.

The Mason came an oven to make,
 The Bricklayer he his part did take,
 They bound Mault to the good ale-stake :¹
 You never saw the like, Sir. 108
 Then Mault began to tell his mind,
 And plide them with Ale, Beere, and Wine ;
 They left brick, axe, and trowell behind,
 They could not lay a bricke, Sir. 112
 Then came the Labourer out with his hood,²
 And saw his two masters how they stood ;
 He tooke Master Mault by the whood,³
 And swore he would him stricke, Sir. 116
 Mault he ran, and for feare did weep,
 The Labourer he did skip and leape ;
 But Mault cast him into the mortar heape,
 And there he fell asleepe, Sir. 120
 The Butcher came to buy a sheepe ;
 He said he would make Mault to creepe ;
 But Mault made hym the cat to whip :⁴
 You never saw the like, Sir. 124
 The Glover came to buy a skin,
 Mault hit him right above the chin ;
 The pewter John⁵ came doubling in :
 You never saw the like, Sir. 128
 And laid on head, armes, and joynts,
 Tooke away his gloves, and grosse of points,
 And swore they had paid him in quarts and pints :
 You never saw the like, Sir. 132
 Thus of my song I will make an end,
 And pray my hostesse to be my friend,
 To give me some drink now my money is spend,
 Then Mault and I am quits, Sir. 136

Finis.

¹ Ale-stake = a post set up for a sign before an ale-house.

² "hood" = hod.

³ "whood." "Whod" means "hood," according to Halliwell.

⁴ "made him the cat to whip" = made him drunk.

⁵ "pewter John," perhaps for "pewter jack." The jack was a measure for ale and beer.

The Praise of Country Barley-break.

THE author of this ballad complains that the innocent old country game of Barley-break, the very School of Loyal Love, has become perverted by Pride and by Lust. In contempt of Cupid's laws, Pride has dared to say, "No, no, you shall not have her!" but such a thing was not to be tolerated by lovers.

The author next desires that such an enemy as Lust "shall be arraign'd, and that none shall plead for pity" on him—

Because he hath defil'd
what Love hath oft united,
And so unloos'd the knot
that Cupid so delighted
To see in every breast.

After his due condemnation,

Then will old customs come
unto their former use,
And Love be made amends
for this, his great abuse,
That he hath long sustain'd
in country, town, and city.

"The ancient rural game of Barley-break," says the Revd. Thos. Corser, "though now become quite obsolete, was a favourite pastime in the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I. It is probable that the neglect and subsequent declension of this and other similar amusements were caused by the severe and fanatic zeal of the Puritans, who were violently opposed to these popular games. It was also called the *Last couple in Hell*, from the middle place in the game being so termed, to which frequent allusions are made by our old writers. Thus Herrick, in his *Hesperides* (p. 34), has the following epigram:—

Barley-break; or, Last in Hell.

We two are last in Hell: what may we feare—
To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here?
Alas! if kissing be of plagues the worst,
We'll wish in Hell we had been Last and First."

(*Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, Part 3, p. 63.)

Many modern writers have referred to Barley-break as a game and as a pastime, but few have noticed it as a dance, with music. The music of a piece named Barley-break is included in Lady Neville's Virginal Book, which was transcribed for her in 1591. This tune remained in manuscript until about 1856, when it was printed in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*; but in 1678, Adam Littleton had defined *Chorus circularis*, in his *Dictionary*, as "barley-break, when they dance, taking their hands round."—See

Payne Collier's note in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, III. 316.) And Sir John Suckling says:—

“Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak;
Three mates to play at Barley-break.
Love Folly took; and Reason Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride; *so dance they*:
Love coupled last, and so it fell,
That Love and Folly were in Hell.”

“Hell” has not an agreeable sound for “a home,” in the theological sense of the word. The original meaning is “a concealed place.” But as the couples were not concealed, it seems rather to be an easy corruption of Hæl or Heal—the “Hall, or place of entertainment;” since there the greeting and kissing went on. The game was danced and played by six young people (if not more), three of each sex, who were to be coupled by lot. The outer couples were to advance towards the centre, so as to give the tenants of the Hell, or Hall, the chance of catching them and bringing them in. But as the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, and the outer ones might do so, if hard pressed, there would have been considerable difficulty in performing such a feat, if there had been any real reluctance on the part of the outsiders to be caught. There was, of course, a display of agility evinced by each of the fair ones, that she might escape being kissed, and, in her justification, we must suppose the space to have been limited, and that she was only at last obliged to resign through being out of breath.

The music opens in triple time, which we may suppose to be intended for the round dance, when all took hands, and it is followed by a quick movement in compound common time, which we may imagine was for the running away.

Sir Philip Sidney says, in the first book and last eclogue of his *Arcadia*,—

“By neighbours prais'd, she went abroad thereby
At Barley-brake her sweet, swift feet to try.

* * * * *

Then couples three be straight allotted there;
They of both ends the middle two do flie:
The two that, in mid-place, hell callèd, were,
Must strive, with waiting foot and watching eye,
To catch of them; and them to hell to beare,
That they, as well as they, hell may supply:
Where you may see that, as the middle two
Do, coupled, towards either couple make
They, false and fearful, do their hands undo.”

The pastime ended when the four were brought in, supposing only six in the game; but in the play of *The Guardian* we read:

“Heyday! there are a legion of young Cupids at Barlibreak”
(Act I. Sc. 1).

“Let them play at ball and barley-brakes!” says Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*; and indeed the game had a temporary revival in the reign of Charles II. In 1677 Poor Robin says in his *Almanack*, in the Observations on April, opposite the 16th and 17th, which were Easter Monday and Tuesday :

“Young men and maids
now very brisk
At Barley-break and
Stool-ball frisk.”

A Poem, attributed to Nicholas Breton, entitled *Barley-breake*, by W. N., Gent, was printed in 1607, and a copy of it was sold with the library of the Revd. Thomas Corser. The story includes a full description of the game, to which there are also many allusions by early dramatists, as well as by Michael Drayton and by minor poets.

The Roxburghe copy of the following ballad is perhaps unique. It was published by Henry Gosson in the time of James I., or of Charles I.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 344, 345.]

The Praise of our Country Barly- Brake ;

Dr,

Cupid's advisement for young men to take
Up this loving old sport, called Barly-Brake.

TO THE TUNE OF *When this Old Cap was new.*



Both yong men, maids, and lads,
Of what state or degree,
Whether south, east, or west,
Or of the North Country ;
I wish you all good health,
That in this summer's weather,
Your sweet-hearts and your selves
Play at Barly-Brake together.

4

8

As it a custom was,
So let it flourish still :
Flora againe hath deckt
Your much-frequented hill ; 12
And Phebus too¹ divides
What Boreas pacts² together,
That he, with furious chides,
Do not oreicast the weather. 16

Then, sith the cause so stands,
That all these thinke it good
To put their helping hands,
Let nothing be withstood : 20
Fulfill the proverbe old,
“ Your lovers in faire weather,
As well as to make hay,
Play Barly-Brake together.” 24

If thy love give the stroake,
Be sure [to] have an eye ;
Before-hand it is spoke,
Then follow presently : 28
And if thou dost him catch,
Then pray for more faire weather,
That you may play a match
At Barly-Brake together. 32

Then William lovèd Nan,
And that with such good will,
That they of love must scan
Upon yon greeny hill ; 36
Their talke is not of wealth,
But how they may persever
In that same love was showne
At Barly-Brake together. 40

Then Thomas lovèd Nell,
Although her friends were poore ;
Her vertue did excell,
She needed then no more. 44

¹ “two” in the text.

² pacts = compacts.

Aye,¹ Nicholas then would smile,
And Phillis² pleased was ever,
When they could play awhile
At Barly-Brake together. 48

Nay, Simon, Franke, and Steven,
With Sisly, Doll, and Mary,
Need not to this bee driven,
Nor Kate, that keepes the dary : 52
For with a forward mind,
Not fearing wind nor weather,
She knowes young men are kind
At Barly-Brake together. 56

Then Harry would bestow
Wine, beere, and cakes on Bridget ;
But now 'tis nothing so—
His father doth forbid it. 60
If wealthy maids be slack,
There's few that dare shew favour :
Their fathers keep them back—
“ No, no, you shall not have her ! ” 64

¹ “ I ” for “ aye ” in the text.

² “ Phillis ” is printed “ Phillip ” in the text.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And that was Cupid's time,
Wherein he got much praise ;
For none did usher then
In his schoole, in those dayes :
Now Lust has¹ usher's hand,
And Pride beares such a sway,
That all his shafts are burn'd,
That were so sweet and gay.

68

72

When as this mirth was used,
Of which I now doe write,
Love was not so abused,
Nor in so bad a plight
As he is now adayes ;
For though he be no foole,
Amongst his schollers now
He is hist out of his schoole.

76

80

¹ " his " in the text. Perhaps the line should be :
" Now Lust has th' upper hand."

But cheere up, pretty maids,
 For now Ile leave the city,
 And bring your country blad[e]s
 Unto their former pittie; 84
 And if they ever did love,
 So shall they now persever,
 And you shall play like doves
 At Barly-Brake together. 88

It is a lively sport
 To set; how nimblely!
 You need no great report
 The same to testifie: 92
 To see with sweet imbrace
 Each lad his lass doth clip,
 And, laying face to face,
 Doth taste each other's lip. 96

Thus are our country youth
 Both merry too and loyall;
 If they set love, 'tis truth,
 They hate to be disloyall: 100
 And therefore in their praise
 My pen shall write for ever,
 Because they love doe raise
 At Barly-Brake together. 104

And many pastimes more
 Which long hath beene neglected,
 Againe to you is restored;
 Then let it be respected. 108
 And, as in times before,
 So doe you now persever,
 Then will you ever love sore
 At Barly-Brake together. 112

Therefore, you country maids
 That are to London gone,
 Let me, with faire perswades,
 Intreat you to come home: 116
 If you your love will meet,
 Make haste and hie you hether,
 That he and you may greet
 At Barly-Brake together. 120

Then thinke not you amisse
Of this my good advise,
Nor for to take a kisse
I pray you be not nice: 124
'Tis Cupid doth direct
You how you may persever,
Let that be no neglect
At Barly-Brake together. 128

Then will old customes come
Unto their former use,
And Love be made amends
For this, his great abuse 132
That he hath long sustain'd
In country, towne, and city,
And Lust shall be arraign'd,
And none shall plead for pity. 136

Because he hath defil'd
What Love hath oft united,
And so unloos'd the knot
That Cupid so delighted 140
To see in every breast:
Within this summer's weather,
True lovers never a-blest
But when they play together. 144

Finis.

Printed at London for *H. Gosson*.

The excellent Parable of the Prodigal Child.

THIS ballad upon the Parable of the Prodigal Son seems to be of much earlier date than either of the two extant copies. In 1562-3 Thomas Colwell had a license to print "The repentance shewed by the Prodigal Child," and, in 1570-1, William Griffith had also a "lycense for the printing of a Ballett intituled The

Prodygall Chylde." "This," says Mr. Payne Collier, "might either be a new production on the same subject, or a reprint of that from Colwell's press."

The only two extant copies of the ballad which seem now to be known are of the second half of the seventeenth century. One is in the Pepys (II. 84), and the other in the Roxburghe Collection. The two agree as to headings and first lines, although there may be internal differences. The Roxburghe copy is exceedingly corrupt, and it is to be regretted that we have no earlier text. The ballad is in the very marked and peculiar metre of a tune called *Paggington's Pound* (sometimes corrupted into *Packington's Pound*). Thomas Paggington was a musician of Henry VII., and it was to his tune that Ben Jonson wrote his song of "My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near," in his comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*. The ballad which Shakespeare is said to have written on Sir Thomas Lucy is also in this peculiar metre (see Dyce's *Shakespeare* I. xxii.). The rhythm is so marked that the ear readily discovers any defective lines (see *Popular Music*, p. 123).

As the ballad is here directed to be sung "to the tune of *The Wanton Wife*," some one may have told Chaucer's story of "The Wanton Wife of Bath," in the form of a ballad written in this metre, but it is not known to me.



[This cut in the original stands to the right of that printed on p. 394.]

[Roxb. Coll. I. 346, 347.]

A New Ballad ;
Declaring the Excellent Parable of the Prodigal Child.
 TO THE TUNE OF *The Wanton Wife.*



[In the original are two cuts : that to the right is printed on p. 393.]

There was a grave man both wealthy and wise,
 Two sons had [he], both healthy and fine ;¹
 The elder was proper,² and very precise,
 The other to wildness did wholly incline. 4
 His parents therefore was grievèd full sore,
 And mighty displeasure against him they bore.
Young Men, remember ! Delights are but vain,
And after sweet pleasure comes sorrow and pain. 8

¹ "*proper* and *tall*" in the text, but these must be errors, as the last word should rhyme with "*incline*," and one of the sons was very "*improper*," instead of "*proper*."

² "*very proper*" in the text, but the superfluous word destroys the metre.

This lusty brave youngster that livè[d] at ease,
 And never had tasted the temper of care,
 Quoth he, "If my doings your mind do displease,
 Then give me my portion that falls to my share; 12
 Then ye shall not be long troubled with me,
 Yet will I live gallant and pleasant," quoth he.
Young Men, &c. 15

"Oh!" quoth his parents, "you wicked lewd lad!
 What will become of thee where thou shalt go?
 Seeing thy government it is so bad,
 But misery and beggery upon thee shall grow!" 19
 Quoth he, "If I knew that this would be true,
 Be sure I would never make moan unto you."
Young Men, &c. 22

His parents that saw him put him to flight,¹
 Paid him his portion without all delay;
 Saying, "Good Sir, I pray take your flight."
 "I mean not," quoth he, "in your presence to stay; 26
 But now I will see each foreign country,
 And view [in] the world what fashions there be."
Young Men, &c. 29

Thus, in his jollity he rides along,
 And, in his apparel most sumptuous and brave,
 To view this brave gallant much people did throng,
 Where he like a prince himself did behave. 33
 Yea honoured was he, with cap and with knee,
 And at his command the proudest now be.
Young Men, &c. 36

With musick each morning his ears they had fed;
 Of gold and [of] silver he maketh no spare;
 With flattering speeches away he was led;
 His body is fed with delicate fare: 40
 What he doth require, he hath at his desire;
 But such as want money may lie in the mire.
Young Men, &c. 43

¹ This line must be wrong. "Flight" cannot have been intended to rhyme with "flight." Perhaps:

"His parents then seeing he would not do right,
 They paid him," etc.

Proper fine women, of beauty most bright,
 Do strive for his favour and friendship each day ;
 They call him their honey, their joy and delight,
 They kiss him, they cull him, and wantonly play ; 47
 They swear, "Till they die,"—tho' falsely they lie—
 "He shall be their sweetheart and pritty Pigs-nie !"
Young Men, &c. 50

Some gave him handkerchiefs, some gave [him] rings,
 Some strew'd his windows with flowers so sweet,
 Some to delight him both dances and sings,
 Some with rose-water doth wash his feet ;¹ 54
 And what shall I say, they took him away,
 They woo him, and do him what kindness they may.
Young Men, &c. 57

Thus with their allurements, their winks and their wiles,
 They us'd to bewitch this [poor] Prodigal boy ;
 He buys with gold angels their kisses and smiles,
 And stores them with every new fangle and toy : 61
 He buys them new gowns, and many fair pounds
 In white-wine and sugar amongst them he drowns.
Young men, &c. 64

When he had upon them thus wasted his wealth,
 Consumèd his substance, his treasure and store,
 Yea, crackt all his credit, with hazard of health,
 That [so] he could banquet these minions no more ; 68
 With words of despight, they fly from his sight,
 They call him "Base Rascal !" forsaking him quite.
Young Men, remember ! Delights are but vain,
And after sweet pleasure comes sorrow and pain. 72

¹ A syllable short in this line—perhaps, instead of "doth wash," "are washing."

The second part,

Shewing the great misery he endured, being constrained thro' hunger to eat with the hogs, and how his merciful Father received him again.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Then was he brought to misery great,
 His garments all ragged and torn you might see,
 His body near starved for want of good meat,
 His cloaths out at elbows, his hose broke at knee ; 76
 And in his distress, he knew no redress ;
 His harlots spit at him in his heaviness.

*Young Men, remember ! Delights are but vain,
 And after sweet pleasure comes sorrow and pain. 80*

Then bitterly mourning, he went up and down,
 To get him a master that [so] he might dine :
 At length a rich citizen, dwelling in town,
 Sends him to the country to keep all his swine ; 84

Whose hunger was great; for want of good meat,
He sat by the hogs, [of the] husks for to eat:¹

Young Men, &c.

87

And as by the hogs he was feeding apace,

With many a sigh and [a] sob he did say,

"Now I am brought to a pittiful case!

Alack, that my parents I did disobey!

91

Their servants at home, the very worst groom,

Have meat and drink plenty, and here I have none."

Young Men, &c.

94

"Wherefore to my father again I will go,

And ask him forgiveness for my lewèd life,²

Showing to him my grief and my woe,

Repenting my folly that set us at strife."³

98

Then straight the same day, he taketh his way,

And came to his father in ragged array.

Young Men, &c.

101

With bitter[est] mourning he falls on his knee,

Saying, "Dear father, forgive what is done,

For I have offended Christ Jesus and thee,

Unworthy I am to be callèd thy son;

105

Yet do not disdain to take me again

As one of thy servants, to take any pain."

Young Men, &c.

108

With that the tears fell from his [kind] father's eyes,

With joy and gladness they flowèd⁴ full fast;

He kissèd his son, and [he] bid him arise,

Saying, "I have found my child that was lost."

112

With garments full gay, he did him array,

And killed a fat calf, to honour that day.

Young Men, &c.

115

¹ This line in the text stands thus:

"He sat him down by the hogs, husks for to eat."

So the three words "sat him down" must go to the first accent, or "He sat him" before the accent, and a pause after "hogs." This cannot have been written by the author. It is the copy which is at fault, both here and in many other places.

² This line is printed, "*Asking him forgiveness for my lewd life,*" quite out of metre.

³ "Reputing my folly that *it set* at strife," in the text.

⁴ "flew" in the text.

And gently [he] led him [along] by the hand,
 Great joy and melody there[of] was made ;
 But when his eldest brother did [thus] understand
 The truth of every thing that hath been said,¹ 119
 Full angry was he, when this he did see,
 His prodigal brother thus honoured would be.
Young Men, &c. 122

And, to his father, thus he did speak,
 "Long have I served thee, and many a day,
 And thy commandments [I] never did break,
 But all my life long I did thee obey ; 126
 Yet never found I such great courtesie,
 As this wretched unthrift that let his wealth flye."
Young Men, &c. 129

"O !" quoth his father, "consider, my son,
 All that I have one day shall be thine ;
 Then do not [be]grudge at what I have done,
 Nor at thy poor brother do thou [so] repine ; 133
 For he was lost plain, but is found again,
 He was dead, but now [he] is risen again."
Young Men, &c. 136

This worthy parable Christ he did tell
 Unto the comforters of Christians each one ;²
 Altho' by our wickedness we do rebel,
 Yet by true repentance our Father of Heaven 140
 Doth pittie our case, and receive³ us to grace,
 In joys everlasting with him to take place.
Young Men, remember ! Delights are but vain,
And after sweet pleasures come sorrow and pain. 144

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of
 London.

¹ These two lines are provokingly out of metre.

² "each one" cannot have been written as a rhyme to "Heaven," and "comforters" should no doubt be "comfort." I suspect that the line stood originally thus: "Unto the comfort of Christians to leaven" = to administer and to raise up comfort to Christians; or, "for leaven."

³ "receiving," instead of "and receive," in the text.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 348, 349.]

Mr. Playstowe's Epithalamium;

Dr,

The Mariage of Pandarus and Flora.

TO THE TUNE OF *Ha o'er, ha o'er the water.*



THE author of this severe satire upon the tenants and upon the frequenters of Turnbull Street, of Bankside, and other ill-reputed places "o'er the water," seems now to be unknown to fame; but the extant copy of the ballad was printed in the reign of James I.

At a time when the state of public morality, not merely permitted, but perhaps encouraged the representation of debauched characters upon the stage, and when reprehension, if any, was but mildly administered, it is well to find that an attempt was made to check the evil tendency of bad example by ballads. Mr. Plaistowe deserves credit for his endeavour, although his picture is necessarily a coarse and an unpleasing one. We must therefore be content to consider that he is reproving those who "soyled honest names," and that he is holding up to us one of the dark aspects of the misnamed "good old days."

A wedding, *hay*, a wedding, *hoe*,
 Sir Pandar marries Flora ;
 Looke for no solemn bidding, *hoe*,
 The feast for to decore-a : 4
 Let every streete of trading meete,
 The wedding to adore-a,
 Both he and she of brothelrie—
 That's pandar, baude, or whore-a. 8
 God Priapus the bride-knight is,
 and leades the lads before-a ;
 With cakes of spice, old Meretrice
 Comes ushering Mistresse Flora. 12
 The route consists of amorists,
 And painted faces store-a ;
 There's Tib for Tom, and Ned for Nan,
 And every knave is hoe-there.¹ 16
 Don Cupid's priest, with cozun² crest,
 Their golls³ hath join'd together ;
 A peale of hornes the match adorne,
 And windes them fast for ever. 20
 Obscenitie and Ribauldrie
 Goes sidling on before them ;
 Desire is guide, and leades the bride,
 With Baldpate to adore them. 24
 In at the dore, with kissings store
 The damsels are received,
 And every guest downe to the feast
 In equipage is seated : 28
 Ryatt, excesse, and wantonnesse,
 Upon the guests attendeth,
 Quack-salvers stand with drugs in hand,
 To helpe if ought offendeth. 32
 At cupboard by, with vigill eye
 Doth stand apothecaries ;
 For every griefe to lend reliefe
 With oyles and applicaries : 36

¹ A fit of modesty has here seized the compositor ; an excellent sign, but one which he forgot to display in the stanza immediately preceding.

² "cozun," I suppose "coxun," for "cox-comb," the top of a fool's cap.

³ golls = hands, or fists.

Pich waters rare in vyols are
For buboes and for poxes;
If other wrong shall chance among,
Ther's antidotes in boxes.

40

The Rhenish boules among them troules
Hot sacke and aquavitie;
Tobacco than, from man to man,
Be-smoakes the roomes as titelie.
A ribauld song by every tongue
Throughout the house is canted;
God Bacchus skinkes¹ to all their drinkes,
There was no liquor wanted.

44

48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



¹ skinks = acts as tapster.

Disease and Need bids them good speed,
 But Lust is deafe and heares not ;
 For Venus' glance and dallyance
 Besot them so, they feare not. 52
 The fiddlers sing, lads closely cling,
 And make your right *conjunctum* ;
 The lasses throate to every noate,
 " O, Io, Io, *Punctum*." 56

God Pan comes in, and brings with him
 A maske of sundry gallants—
 As squires and knights, and city wights—
 Crown'd all with Vulcan's talants : 60
 To them comes Lust, with baudy thrust
 Of wanton wenches many ;
 Who daunce and sing, and clip and cling,
 No matter who, so any. 64

The rusticke rout thus skipt about
 The hall, in antic faces,
 While Bacchus' bowles turn'd all [their] nowles
 Out of their sober places. 68
 Like Silvans fayre with horne and hayre,
 They daunct the cornucopia.
 With forkèd shapes, to shew the scapes¹
 Of this their Lady Flora. 72

All civill joyes, by wanton toyes
 To surfets were submitted ;
 And hayrlesse sculs, markt out for guls,
 In being not stedfast witted. 76
 Blinde beldams came, all halting lame,
 To shew the maskers' folly,
 That young-bred lust would turne to dust,
 And mirth to melancholy. 80

The five fine senses, by expences,
 Were hyrèd slaves to riot :
 The sight imbrast,² with touch and tast,
 To feed on wantons' diet ; 84

¹ scapes = tricks, shifts, or evasions.

² "imbrast," *quere* imbast = debased, degraded.

The eare and smell on pleasures dwell
 When Panders prove their keepers;
 Luxurious play, thus spent the day,
 The senses all lay sleepers.

88

Blacke night drew on, and every one
 Unto his lasse betakes him;
 But drunkennesse so drowl'd¹ the guesse,²
 Delight could not awake them;
 And honest³ names so soyl'd their fames,
 At peeping of Aurora,
 Like headlesse flies, away each hyes,
 Asham'd of Pandar's Flora.

92

96

Finis.

Printed at London by G. E.

¹ "drowl'd," *quere* drown'd, or drouk'd = drenched.

² "guesse" = guests.

³ "Inhonest" in the text.

The Revolted Lover.

THIS was an exceedingly popular ballad during the seventeenth century, and yet there seems to be but the one copy in the Roxburghe Collection now remaining. The date of that edition is about 1620; but the tune, at least, was kept in print till the end of the century. It was employed in books of instruction for the virginals and harpsichord, for the cittern, for the flageolet, and for the violin. It figured as a country dance tune from 1650 to 1698, in the *Dancing Master*, and Patrick Carey wrote "Fair one! if thus kind you be," (one of his *Trivial Poems*) to the air.

The tune is now once more popular, it having been revived, with many other old ditties, through republication in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 350, 351.]

The Revolted Lover ;

Dr,

A young Maiden is apt to be wonne,
Approved by what this Damsell hath done.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



Once I loved a maiden faire,
But she did deceive me ;
She with Venus might compaire,
In my mind, believe me :
She was young, and among
Creatures of temptation ;
Who will say but maidens may
Kisse for recreation ?

4

8

Maidens faire, have a care,
Chastitie is fading ;
Want of grace in a place
Made her use her trading : 12
I did think her for to be
Chaster th[a]n Diana ;
But the boy hath blinded me
More th[a]n ever any. 16

Three times I made it knowne
To the congregation,
That the church had her owne,
As priest had made relation. 20
Married we straight must be,
Although we go a begging ;
But now, by love, 'tis like to prove
A very hopefull¹ wedding. 24

She did sweare and protest,
With fluent teares weeping,
Above all men she loved me best,
And said I was her sweeting : 28
But, alas ! false it was,
Chastitie was fading ;²
Every one may freely chuse
Her beauty that loves trading. 32

Then let young men be advis'd,
Trust not any wanton.
Beauty being too high-prizd,
Finds³ such ground to plant on 36
That no man, do what he can,
Shall confine their duties ;
They will gad, and be mad
To shew forth their beauties. 40

Happy he who never knew
What to love belongèd !
Maidens wavering and untrue
Many a man have wrongèd ! 44

¹ "hopefull" here means "hopeless."

² "voiding" in the text, but "fading" should, no doubt, be the word, to rhyme with "trading."

³ "finde" in the text.

So hath she wrongèd me,
 By her false dissembling;
 For to heare her to sweare
 Oft my heart was trembling.

48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



But the chiefest cause of¹ this
 Was by some perswasions,
 Who intic'd² her to do amisse
 By their strong temptations.

52

¹ "is this" in the text.

² For "Who intic'd," read "Inticing," for the sake of metre, and as probably right.

She was apt to be trapt,
Being young and stupid ;
Many strove for her love,
Prickèd on by Cupid. 56

I do scorne and detest
To have any rivall ;
Let her take whom she likes best,
Sith for her they strive all : 60
When I wed, Ile be sped
With one whose minde is fixèd,
And my love nere to move—
Ile not be commixèd. 64

In my love, with any man
Ile have all, or nothing ;
If she love another man,
To me her love is loathing : 68
I will scorne ere to mourne,
For a wanton feather :
If I finde her unkinde,
Then the Deel gang with her. 72

You who take so much delight
In getting handsome lasses,
Alas ! they will delude your sight,
I pittie much your cases : 76
Their bright eyes can surprize
Men that do behold them ;
Young men's words them affords
Matter to new mould them. 80

Farewell ! thou faithlesse girle !
Ile not sorrow for thee :
Once I held thee deare as pearle,
But now I do abhorre thee : 84
Hadst thou staid still a maid,
And modestie retainèd,
Then my mind, firme combin'd,
Had with thee remainèd. 88

But, now, I am resolved
 Nere with thee to marry;
 Til soule and body be dissolved,
 I wil rather tarry: 92
 If I finde to my minde
 One of vertues children,
 Then I soone will have done;
 But Ile tarry till then. 96

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcock.

Ragged, and Torn, and True.

THE only remaining old copy of this ballad seems to be the one included in the Roxburghe Collection. It was printed by the assigns of Thomas Symcocke, and with unusual correctness. Either the compositor was better than those usually employed upon ballads, or there must have been a printer's reader in this case.

The ballad has a hearty and healthy tone about it, of which there are not too many extant examples. We have ballads of neutral tint in abundance, and many which exhibit the froth which rose to the surface; but there are comparatively few which show the underlying substratum of firmness and resolution in the English character, such as were exhibited in the ensuing Revolution. One great reason for the deficiency of ballads of this class is, that there was little to sing about; and, again, that bragging was certainly not the way to show it.

Mr. Payne Collier reprinted "Ragged, and Torn, and True," in his *Roxburghe Ballads*, and the tune will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 352, 353.]

Ragged, and Torne, and True;

Dr,

The Poore Man's Resolution.

TO THE TUNE OF *Old Simon the King.*



I am a poore man, God knowes,
 And all my neighbours can tell
 I want both money and clothes,
 And yet I live wondrous well :
 I have a contented mind,
 And a heart to beare out all,
 Though Fortune (being unkind)
 Hath given me substance small.

4

8

Then hang up sorrow and care,
 It never shall make me rue ;
 What though my backe goes bare,
I'me ragged, and torne, and true. 12

I scorne to live by the shift,
 Or by any sinister dealing ;
 Ile flatter no man for a gift,
 Nor will I get money by stealing : 16
 Ile be no knight of the post,¹
 To sell my soule for a bribe ;
 Though all my fortunes be crost,
 Yet I scorne the cheater's tribe. 20

Then hang up sorrow and care,
 It never shall make me rue ;
 What though my cloake be thred-bare,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true. 24

A boote of Spanish leather
 I have seene set fast in the stockes,
 Exposed to wind and weather,
 And foule reproach and mocks ; 28
 While I, in my poore ragges,
 Can passe at liberty still ;
 O, fie on these brawling bragges,
 When the money is gotten so ill ! 32
 O, fie on these pelfering knaves !
 I scorne to be of that crue ;
 They steale to make themselves brave ;
Ime ragged, and torne, and true. 36

I have seene a gallant goe by
 With all his wealth on his backe,
 He lookt as loftily
 As one that did nothing lacke ; 40
 And yet he hath no meanes
 But what he gets by the sword,
 Which he consumes on queanes,
 For it thrives not, take my word. 44
 Oh ! fie on these high-way theeves !
 The gallowes will be their due :
 Though my doublet be rent i' th' sleeves,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true. 48

¹ One who stationed himself near a Court of Justice, ready to give, or to procure, false bail for any person who was in custody = a perjurer.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Some do themselves maintaine
With playing at cardes and dice,
O, fie on that lawlesse gaine
Got by such wicked vice!

52

They coozen poore countrey-men
With their delusions vilde;¹
Yet it happens now and then
That they are themselves beguilde:

56

For, if they be caught in a snare,
Then the pillery clames its due;
Though my jerkin be worne and bare,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

60

I have seene some gallants brave
Up Holborne ride in a cart,
Which sight much sorrow gave
To every tender heart:

64

¹ vilde = vile.

Then have I said to myselve,
 What pity is it for this,
 That any man for pelfe
 Should do such a foule amisse. 68

O, fie on deceit and theft !
 It makes men at the last rue ;
 Though I have but little left,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true. 72

The pick-pockets in a throng,
 At a market or a faire,
 Will try whose purse is strong,
 That they may the money share ; 76
 But if they are caught i' th' action,
 They are carried away in disgrace,
 Either to the House of Correction,
 Or else to a worser place. 80

O, fie on these pelfering theeves !
 The gallowes will be their due :
 What need I sue for a repreeve ?
Ime ragged, and torne, and true. 84

The hostler, to maintaine
 Himselfe with money in 's purse,
 Approves the proverbe true,
 And sayes Gramercy Horse : 88

He robs the travelling beast
 That cannot divulge his ill ;
 He steales a whole handfull at least
 From every halfe pecke he should fill. 92

O, fie on those coozening scabs
 That rob the poore jades of their due !
 I scorne all theeves and drabs :
Ime ragged, and torne, and true. 96

'Tis good to be honest and just,
 Though a man be never so poore ;
 False dealers are still in mistrust,
 Th' are afraid of the officer's doore : 100

Their conscience doth them accuse,
 And the[y] quake at the noise of a bush,
 While he that doth no man abuse
 For the law needs not care a rush. 104

Then wel fare the man that can say,
I pay every man his due :
Although I go poore in aray,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

108

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

Robin and Kate.

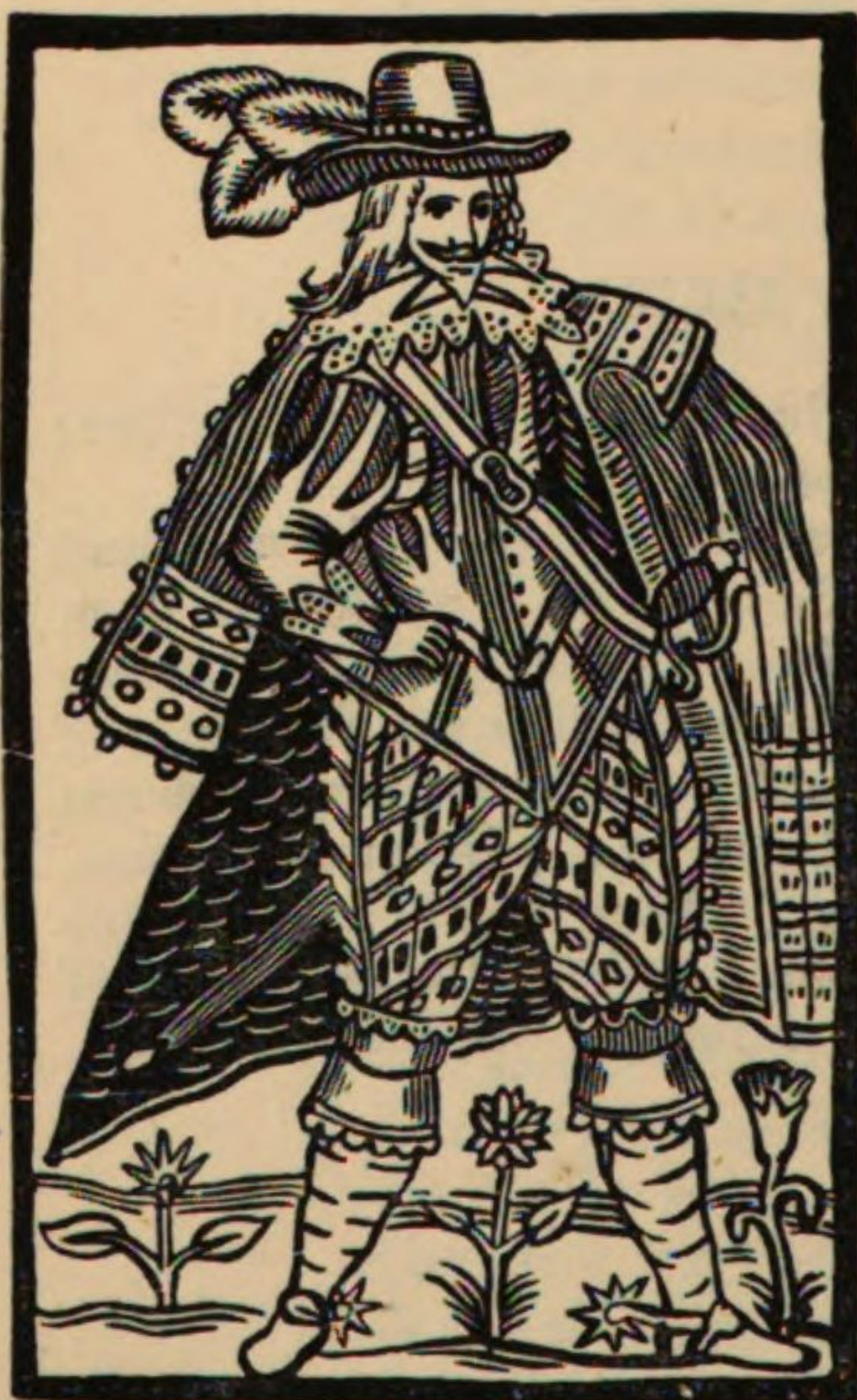
THIS pretty and smoothly flowing ballad is by Martin Parker; and, again, no other copy seems to be extant.

It is directed to be sung to the tune of *Blue Cap* [*for me*], and therefore is subsequent to that ballad, which has already been printed in our first volume, at p. 75. "Blue Cap for me" refers to Charles the First's visit to Falkland, which the Calendar of State Papers for 1633-4 shows to have taken place between April and June, 1633. So "Blue Cap" was written after June, 1633, and "Robin and Kate" after "Blue Cap" had become popular. Lastly, the date of Thomas Lambert, the publisher of the ballad, will be found in our list to range from 1636 to 1641.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 354, 355.]

Robin and Kate; or, A bad husband
 converted by a good wife, in a dialogue between
 Robin and Kate.

TO THE TUNE OF *Blew Cap.*



Farre in the North Countrey, as I have heard tell,
 There lives a blithe couple cau'd Robbin and Kate;
 This Robbin doth love nappy liquor so well
 That hee'll be at th' alehouse both early and late. 4
 The wife to her husband i' th' morning doth say,
 "I prethee, sweet Robbin, at home with me stay;
 Thou wastest thy time, and spendst thy chinke;
 Turne backe agen, Robin, and ga not to drinke." 8

MAN.

I prethee, sweet honey, be patient and quiet,
 I'me sure thou want'st nothing that's fit for thy state ;
 Thou lackst neither money, apparell, nor diet ;
 If any thou dost, doe but speake, and thou'st ha' it : 12
 Thou hast all the good that a wife can desire,
 Tha'st servants to 'tend thee, and I pay their hire :
 Then for my good-fellowship doe not thou prate,
For I must, and I will have my humour, sweet Kate. 16

WIFE.

'Tis chiefly thy company that I doe want ;
 Besides, though we now have sufficient to live,
 Yet, if thou the alehouse thus dayly doe haunt,
 We may become fitter to take than to give : 20
 Sweet husband, consider, and take my advice ;
 Let not thy companions thus lewdly intice
 Thy heart from thy Kate, but upon my words thinke ;
Turne back agen, Robin, and ga not to drinke. 24

MAN.

Out, out, hold thy twattle, and doe not thus preach,
 Ile not be ruld by thee, whatever thou say ;
 Seeke not by perswasions my minde to over-reach,
 For Ile to the alehouse as fast as I may : 28
 If thither thou follow, thou welcome shalt be,
 So thou wilt be quiet and pleasant with me ;
 Stay here or ga with me, 'tis both of a rate,
But I must, and I will have my humour, sweet Kate. 32

WIFE.

Waes me, bonny Robin, that ere I was marride
 Unto sike a husband that seekes my undoing ;
 I wou'd with my mother at home I had tarryde,
 Or thought upon this when thou first cam'st a wooing. 36
 I thinke in my conscience (and I have cause why),
 That thou lov'st some other farre better than I ;
 Thou hat'st to stay with me, then what may I thinke,
Turne back agen, Robin, and ga not to drinke. 40

MAN.

Nay, now I finde, Kate, whereabout thy shooe wrings,
 By this I perceive that of me thou art jealous;
 But I for my part never dreame of sike things,
 I seek not for wenches, but honest good fellowes: 44
 A pipe of tobacco, a pot, or a jugg,
 These are the sweet honies that I kisse and hugg:
 All wenching delights are with me out of date,
But I must, and I will have my humour, sweet Kate. 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



WIFE.

I prethee, my joy, doe not take at the worst
 The words that I speake in the heat of affection;
 No evill conceit in my bosome is nurst,
 Ide have thee be rul'd by my loving direction: 52

I think thou art honest to me in thy heart,
 But company ill may draw thee apart,
 To wastefull expences thy minde do not linke :
Turne back agen, Robin, and ga not to drinke. 56

MAN.

Gude wife, be perswaded, and let me alone ;
 For all thy vaine prattle will prove but mere folly.
 I tell thee, my heart will be cold as a stone ;
 If I stay at home, I shall be melancholy. 60
 Ile make my selfe merry as long as I've store ;
 Tush Kate, never think on't, wee'st never be poore :
 Shall I stay at home on thy fancy to waite ?
No, I must, and I will have my humor, sweet Kate. 64

WIFE.

Why, Robin, when first thou didst marry with me,
 Thou thoughtst thy-self best when thou staidst with me
 longest ;
 How comes the case thus to be alter'd with thee ?
 True love by much usage will grow to be strongest. 68
 But now thou art weary of my company,
 And canst not be merry, I prethee, Love, why ?
 Thou giv'st me occasion strange matters to thinke :
Turne backe agen, Robin, and ga not to drinck. 72

MAN.

Oh who wou'd be troubled thus with a foole ?
 I prethee, sweet-heart, take one word for thy learning ;
 I scorne that my wife over me should beare rule,
 Why, Kate, doe I spend any thing of thy earning ? 76
 I love thee as well as I did the first day ;
 And yet when I list, I will goe or Ile stay ;
 To be at command of my wife I doe hate,
For I must, and I will have my humor, sweet Kate. 80

WIFE.

Alas ! my deare Luif, thou mistakest me much,
 I doe not command thee, that's not my intention,
 For my humble duty unto thee is such,
 that one word of anger to thee Ile not mention ; 84

Examine thy heart, and thou shalt understand
 I give thee good counsell, I doe not command :
 Then with due discretion upon my words thinke,
Turne backe agen, Robin, and ga not to drinke. 88

MAN.

Ah ! now my sweet Kate, I perceive very well,
 Thy words doe proceed from a hearty affection ;
 Now all my delight in thy bosome shall dwell,
 Ile ever be ordered by thy direction ; 92
 My former ill husbandry I will repent,
 And in thy sweet company rest well content :
 Strong liquor no more shall impaire my estate,
Now Ile stay at home with my bonny sweet Kate. 96

Finis.

M. P.

London. Printed for Thomas Lambart.

Renowned Robin Hood ; or, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine.

THIS ballad is indeed a strange invention. It brings Robin Hood down to the reign of Henry VIII.,—presumably because that King was a great patron of archery ; it makes Queen Katherine an accomplice in his robberies by sharing in the plunder, and to employ this outlaw and his fellows as instruments to win a wager of three hundred tuns of wine, three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest deer, from the unsuspecting King. The bet is, indeed, a right royal one ; and no doubt it was thought to be very appropriate, as between a King and a Queen.

Francis Grove, the publisher of the earlier of the two copies in the Roxburghe Collection, flourished from 1620 to 1655. Another sample of his edition is in the Anthony Wood Collection (402, 10), which also contains one of later date, published by F. Coles and others (401, 31). The Pepys Collection includes a copy issued by Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger (II. 103). All these are of the seventeenth century, but the second edition in the Roxburghe Collection is not older than the last century. It was "Printed by L. How in Petticoat Lane."

Evans reprinted the ballad in his collection. He makes the Queen go to her chamber "as fast as she could run," etc., etc.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 356, 357, and III. 450.]

Renowned Robin Hood;

Or,

His famous Archery truly related; with the worthy exploits he acted before Queen Katherine, he being an Out-law man, and how she for the same obtained of the King his owne and his fellowes pardon.

TO A NEW TUNE.



[In the original are two woodcuts; for that which stands on the right hand, see p. 425.]

Gold tane¹ from the King's Harbengers,²
Downe a downe a downe,
 As seldome hath beene seene,
Downe a downe a downe,
 And carried by bold Robin Hood
 For a present to the Queene,
Downe a downe a downe.

4

7

¹ tane = ta'en = taken.

² "Harbingers" = forerunners, officers of the royal household, whose duty it was to allot and mark the lodgings of all the attendants in a progress.—Nares's *Glossary*.

“If that I live a yeare to an end,”
 Thus can¹ Queene Katherine say,
 “Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,
 And all thy Yeomen gay.” 11

The Queene is to her chamber gone,
 As fast as she can wen;²
 She cals unto her lovely Page,
 His name was Richard Parrington. 15

“Come hither to me, thou lovely Page,
 Come thou hither to me,
 For thou must post to Nottingham
 As fast as thou can dree.³ 19

“And as thou goest to Nottingham,
 Search all those English wood,
 Enquire of one good Yeoman or another,
 That can tell thee of Robin Hood.” 23

Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,
 As fast as he could win,⁴
 And when he came at Nottingham,
 There he tooke up his Inne. 27

And when he came at Nottingham,
 And had tooke up his Inne,
 He cals for a Pottle of Renish wine,
 And dranke a health to his Queene. 31

There sate a Yeoman by his side,
 “Tell me, sweet Page,” said he,
 “What is thy businesse, or the cause,
 So far in this North Countrey?” 35

“This is my businesse, and the cause,—
 Sir, Ile tell it you for good,—
 To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
 To tell me of Robin Hood.” 39

¹ can = began to. It is altered to “did” in the late editions.

² “wen,” instead of “wend = go,” or perhaps for “win = reach, or attain to,” for the sake of rhyme.

³ dree = travel.

⁴ win = accomplish it.

“ Ile get my horse betime in the morne,
Be it the breake of day,
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
And all his Yeomen gay.” 43

When that he came at Robin Hood[’s] place,
He fell downe on his knee,
“ Queene Katherine she doth greet you well,
She greets you well by me: 47

“ She bids you post to faire London Court,
Not fearing anything ;
For there shall be a little sport,
And she hath sent you her ring.” 51

Robin tooke his mantle from his backe,
It was of the Lincolne greene,
And sent that by this lovely Page,
For a present unto the Queene. 55

In Summer time when leaves grow greene,
It ’s a seemely sight to see
How Robin Hood himselfe had drest,
And all his Yeomandry. 59

He clothed his men in Lincolne greene,
And himselfe in scarlet red,
Blacke hats, white feathers, all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid : 63

And when he came at London’s Court,
Hee fell downe on his knee ;
“ Thou art welcome, Locksly,” said the Queen,
“ And all thy good Yeomen three.” 67

The King is into Fensbury field,¹
Marching in battle ray ;²
And after followes bold Robin Hood,
And all his Yeomen gay. 71

¹ According to Stowe, Finsbury, or Fensberry, was made into a field for the practice of archery in 1498.

² ray = array.

"Come hither, Tepus," said the King,
 Downe a downe a downe,
 "Bow-bearer after me,"
 Downe a downe a downe, 75
 "Come measure m[e] out with this line,
 How long our marke shall be,"
 Downe a downe a downe. 78

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

"What is the wager?" said the Queene—
 "That must I now know here."
 "Three hundred tun of Rhenish wine,
 Three hundred tun of beere; 82

"Three hundred of the fattest harts
 That run on Dallom Lee."
 "That's a Princely wager," said the King,
 " That needs must I tell thee." 86

With that bespake one Clifton then,
 Full quickly and full soone,
 "Measure no markes for us, most soveraigne liege,
 Wee'l shoot at Sun and Moone." 90

"Full fifteene score your marke shall be,
 Full fifteene score shall stand:"
 "Ile lay my bow," said Clifton then,
 "Ile cleave the Willow wand." 94

With that the Kings Archer[s] led about,
 While it was three and none;
 With that the Ladies began to shout,
 "Madam, your game is gone." 98

"A boone, a boone," Queene Katherine cries,
 "I crave on my bare knee;
 Is there any knight of your privy counsell
 Of Queene Katherine's part will be?" 102

"Come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,
 Thou art a knight full good;
 For I doe know, by thy pedigree,
 Thou sprung'st from Gower's blood. 106

"Come hither to me, thou Bishop of Hereford"¹—
 For a noble Priest was hee—
 "By my silver Miter," said the Bishop then,
 "Ile not bet one peny: 110

"The King hath Archers of his owne,
 Full ready and full light,
 And these be strangers every one,
 No man knowes what they hight."² 114

"What wilt thou bet?" said Robin Hood,
 "Thou seest our game the worse."
 "By my silver Miter," said the Bishop then,
 "All the money within my Purse." 118

"What is in thy Purse?" said Robin Hood,
 "Throw it downe [up]on the ground."
 "Fiften score nobles," said the Bishop then,
 "It's neere an hundred pound!" 122

Robin Hood tooke his bagge from his side,
 And threw it downe on the greene;
 William Scadlock went smiling away,
 "I know who this money must win." 126

With that the King's archers led about,
 While it was three and three,
 With that the Ladies gave a shout,
 "Woodcock,³ beware thy nee!"⁴ 130

¹ Herefordshire in the text, which makes the line too long.

² hight = are called = what their names are.

³ Woodcock = simpleton.

⁴ "beware thy nee" = take care of thy young brood = ni, or nide.

"It is three and three," now said the King ;
"The next three pay for all."
Robin Hood went and whisper'd to the Queen,
"The King's part shall be but small." 134

Robin Hood he led about,
He shot it under hand :
And Clifton with a b[e]aring¹ arrow,
He clove the willow wand. 138

And little Midge, the Miller's son,
He shot not much the worse,
He shot within a finger of the prick !
"Now, Bishop, beware thy purse !" 142

"A boone, a boone," Queene Katherine cryed,
"I crave that on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none,
That is of my partie." 146

"They shall have forty daies to come,
And forty daies to goe,
And three times forty to sport and play ;
Then welcome friend or foe." 150

"Then thou art welcome, Robin Hood," said the Queene,
"And so is little John,
So is Midge, the Miller's son—
Thrice welcome euery one " 154

"Is this Robin Hood ?" now said the King ;
"For it was so told to mee,
That hee was slaine in Pallace gates—
So far in the North Country." 158

"Is this Robin Hood ?" said the Bishop then ;
"As I see well to be :
Had I knowne that had been that bold out-law,
I would not [ha'] bet one peny. 162

¹ bearing = surpassing = one that gives others the go-by.

“Hee tooke mee late, one Saturday at night,
And bound mee fast to a tree,
And made me sing a masse, God wot,
To him and his Yeomen three!” 166

“What an if I did?” saies Robin Hood,
“Of that masse I was faine;¹
For recompence to thee,” he saies,
“Here’s halfe thy gold againe.” 170

“Now nay, now nay,” saies little John,
Downe a downe a downe,
“Master, that shall not be!”
Downe a downe a downe, 174

“We must give gifts to the King’s officers—
That gold will serve thee and mee.”
Downe a downe a downe. 177

FINIS.

Printed at London for Francis Grove.



[This cut in the original stands to the right of that printed on p. 419.]

¹ faine = desirous.

[Roxb. Coll. III. 18, 19, and III. 408.]

Robin Hood newly reviv'd.¹

[or, Robin Hood and the Stranger.]

TO A DELIGHTFUL NEW TUNE.



Come listen a while, you Gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
 that are in this Bower within,
 For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood,
 I purpose now to begin.

5

¹ This ballad is here transposed from the Third Volume of the Roxburghe Collection, because it formed originally a first part to "Robin Hood, Will Seadlock, and Little John," which it will now once more precede.

When Robin Hood was "newly revived," it was found too long for one penny ballad, therefore seven stanzas were added to the first part, and it was then divided into two. Ritson rejects the seven added stanzas; but they are old enough to be

"What time of the day?" quoth *Robin Hood* then,
quoth little *John*, "'tis in the prime."

"Why then we will to the green wood gang,
for we have no victuals to dine."

9

As *Robin Hood* walkt the forest along,
it was in the midst of the day,
There was he met of a deft young man,
as ever walkt on the way.

13

His doublet was of silk, he said,
his stockings like scarlet shone;
And he walkt on along the way,
to *Robin Hood* then unknown.

17

A herd of deer was in the bend,
all feeding before his face:
"Now the best of ye I'll have to my dinner,
and that in a little space."

21

Now the stranger he made no mickle adoe,
but he bends a right good bow,
And the best Buck in the Herd he slew,
forty good yards him free.

25

"Well shot, well shot," quoth *Robin Hood* then,
"that shot it was shot in time,
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine."

29

included, since the date of the publisher is from 1641 to 1674. "The title of *Robin Hood and the Stranger* now given to this ballad," says Ritson, "is that which it seems to have originally borne; having been foolishly altered to '*Robin Hood newly revived*.'" He derived his version from a copy in Wood's Collection at Oxford (401, 27), which was issued by Burton, who is also the publisher of the earlier Roxburghe edition. The copy in the Pepys Library (II. 101) is presumably rather later in date, being printed for Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger. The second Roxburghe copy is not older than the last century.

“Go, play the chiven,”¹ the stranger said,
 “make haste and quickly go,
 Or with my fist be sure of this,
 Ile give thee buffets store.”² 33

“Thou hadst not best buffet me,” quoth *Robin Hood*,
 “for though I seem forlorn,
 Yet I can have those that will take my part
 if I but blow my horn.” 37

“Thou wast not best wind thy horn,” the stranger said,
 “beest thou never so much in haste,
 For I can draw out a good broad Sword,
 and quickly cut the blast.” 41

Then *Robin Hood* bent a very good bow
 to sho[o]t, and that he would fain;
 The stranger he bent a very good bow,
 to shoot at bold Robin again. 45

“O, hold thy hand, hold thy hand,” quoth *Robin Hood*,
 “to shoot it would be in vain,
 For if we should shoot the one at the other,
 the one of us must be slain.” 49

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

“But lets take our swords and our broad bucklers,
 and gang under yonder Tree.”
 “As I hope to be sav’d,” the stranger said,
 “one foot I will not flee.” 53

Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,
 most scar’d him out of his wit;
 “Thou never felt blow,” the stranger he said,
 “that shall be better quit.” 57

¹ cheven = chief (chef), cheventeyn = chieftain. The sense seems to be “Go, play the chieftain over them.”

² “store” does not rhyme: perhaps it should be “enoo” = presently.

The stranger he drew out a good broad Sword,
and hit *Robin* on the Crown,
That from every hair of bold *Robin's* head,
the blood ran trickling down. 61

"God a mercy, good fellow," quoth *Robin Hood* then,
"and for this that thou hast done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
tell me where thou doest woon."¹ 65

The stranger then answered bold *Robin Hood*,
"Ile tell thee where I did dwell—
In Maxfield was I bred and born,
my name is young *Gamwel*. 69

"For killing of my own Father's Steward,
I am forc'd to this English Wood,
And for to seek an Uncle of mine;
some call him *Robin Hood*." 73

"But thou art a Couzen of *Robin Hood's* then?
the sooner we should have done."
"As I hope to be sav'd," the stranger then said,
"I am his own Sister's Son." 77

But Lord, what kissing and courting was there,
when these two Couzens did greet!
And they went all that Summer's day,
and little *John* did [not] meet. 81

But when they met with little *John*,
he there unto [*Robin*] did say,
"O Master, where have you been?
you have tarried so long away." 85

"I met with a stranger," quoth *Robin Hood* then,
"full sore he hath beaten me."
"Then Ile have a bout with him," quoth little *John*,
"and try if he can beat me." 89

¹ woon = dwell.

“Oh no, Oh no,” quoth *Robin Hood* then,
 “Little John, it may not be so,
 For he is my own dear Sister’s Son,
 and Couzins I have no mo.¹ 93

“But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
 my chief man next to thee;
 And I *Robin Hood*, and thou little *John*,
 and *Scarlet* he shall be. 97

“And wee’ll be three of the bravest out-laws
 that is in the North Country.”
 If you will have any more of bold *Robin Hood*,
 in his second part it will be.² 101

Then bold *R. Hood* to the North he would go,
 with valour and mickle might,
 With sword by his side, which oft had been tri’d,
 to fight and recover his right. 105

The first that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
 his servant he said he would be,
 “No,” quoth *Robin Hood*, “it cannot be good,
 for thou wilt prove false unto me. 109

“Thou hast not been true to Sire or [to] Cuz.”³
 “Nay, marry,” the Scot he said;
 “As true as your heart, Ile never part,
 gude Master, be not afraid.” 113

Then *Robin Hood* turn’d his face to the East,
 “Fight on, my merry men stout,
 Our case is good,” quoth brave *Robin Hood*,
 “and we shall not be beaten out.” 117

¹ mo = more.

² The following stanzas are rejected by Ritson and by Evans. They seem to have been added after the original ballad had been divided into two, and intended to be a substitute for the “second part” referred to in the above line.

³ “cuz,” a contraction of cousin.

The battel grows hot on every side,
the Scotchman made great moan,
Quoth *Jockey*, "gude faith, they fight on each side,
would I were with my wife *Jone*!" 121

The enemy compast brave *Robin* about,
'tis long ere the battel ends;
There's neither will yeild, nor give up the field,
for both are supplied with friends. 125

This Song it was made in Robin Hood's days;
let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
and War may give place unto Love. 129

London, Printed for *Richard Burton* at the Sign of the
Horshooe in West *Smith-field*.

Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John.

RITSON was the first to point out that this ballad is the old second part to "Robin Hood and the Stranger," which had been re-issued as "Robin Hood newly revived." It is now restored to its proper place. Ritson reprinted from the first Roxburghe copy, which was then in Major Pearson's possession. A second edition of the same publisher, with two other names added, is in the Pepys Collection (II. 120). These are both of the reign of Charles II. A third edition, Rox. III. 582, has no printer's name.

It is needless to say that the extraordinary tale in this ballad will not be found in history.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 358, 359, and III. 582.]

Robin Hood, Will. Scadlock, and Little John;

Dr,

A Narrative of their Victory obtained against the
Prince of *Aragon* and the two Giants: and how
Will. Scadlock married the Princess.

Licens'd and Enter'd.

TUNE OF *Robin Hood*; or, *Hey down, down a down.*



[The right-hand woodcut of the original is placed on p. 440 infra.]

Now *Robin Hood*, *Will. Scadlock*, and *Little John*,
are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck which *Will. Scadlock*
with his strong bow had slain.

“Jog on, jog on,” cries *Robin Hood*,
“the day it runs full fast;
For though my Nephew me a breakfast gave,
I have not yet broke my fast.” 8

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wondrous good,
Where my Nephew by my bold Yeomen
shall be welcom’d unto the green-wood.” 12

With that he took the bugle-horn—
full well he could it blow—
Streight from the woods came marching down
one hundred tall Fellows and mo. 16

“Stand, stand to your arms!” crys *Will. Scadlock*,
“lo! the enemies are within ken.”
With that *Robin Hood*, he laugh’d aloud,
crys, “They are my bold Yeomen.” 20

Who, when they arriv’d and Robin espy’d,
cry’d, “Master, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
your horn did sound so shrill.” 24

“Now nay, now nay,” quoth *Robin Hood*,
“the danger is past and gone;
I would have you to welcome my Nephew here,
that hath paid me two for one.” 28

In feasting and sporting they passed the day,
till *Phæbus* sunk into the deep;
Then each one to his quarters hy’d,
his guard there for to keep. 32

Long had they not walked within the green-wood,
but Robin he was espy’d
Of a beautiful Damsel all alone,
that on a black palfrey did ride. 36

Her riding-suit was of sable hew black,
 sypress over her face,
 Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush
 all with a comely grace. 40

“Come, tell me the cause, thou pritty one,”
 quoth Robin, “and tell me aright,
 From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest
 all in this mournful plight?” 44

“From *London* I came,” the Damsel reply’d,
 “from *London* upon the *Thames*,
 Which circled is, O grief to tell!
 besieg’d with forraign Arms, 48

“By the proud Prince of Aragon,
 who swears by his martial hand
 To have the Princess for his Spouse,
 or else to waste this Land; 52

“Except that Champions can be found
 that dare fight three to three,
 Against the Prince and Giants twain,
 most horrid for to see: 56

“Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
 strike terrour where they come,
 With serpents hissing on their helms
 instead of feathered plume. 60

“The Princess shall be the Victor’s prize,
 the King hath vow’d and said,
 And he that shall the conquest win,
 shall have her to his Bride. 64

“Now we are four Damsels sent abroad,
 to the *East*, *West*, *North*, and *South*,
 To try whose fortune is so good,
 to find these Champions ‘out.’¹ 68

¹ “forth” in the copy.

“But all in vaine we have sought about,
yet none so bold there are
That dare adventure life and blood
to free a *Lady* fair.” 72

“When is the day?” quoth *Robin Hood*,
“tell me this and no more.”
“On *Midsummer* next,” the Damsel said,
“which is *June* the twenty-four.” 76

With that the teares trickled down her cheeks,
and silent was her tongue;
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
away her palfrey sprung. 80

This news struck *Robin* to the heart,
he fell down on the grass;
His action and his troubled mind
shew’d he perplexed was. 84

“Where lies your grief?” quoth *Will. Scadlock*,
“O Master, tell to me:
If the Damsel’s eyes have pierc’d your heart,
I’ll fetch her back to thee.” 88

“Now nay, now nay,” quoth *Robin Hood*,
“she doth not cause my smart;
But it is the poor distressed Princess,
that wounds me to the heart.” 92

“I will go fight the Giants all,
to set the Lady free.”
“The Devil take my soul,” quoth *Little John*,
“if I part with thy company.” 96

“Must I stay behind?” quoth *Will. Scadlock*,
“no, no, that must not be;
I’ll make the third Man in the fight,
so we shall be three to three.” 100

These words cheer'd *Robin* at the heart,
joy shone within his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
and kindly did imbrace. 104

Quoth he, "We 'll put on moth-ly gray,
with long staves in our hands,
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
as come from the Holy Land : 108

"So may we pass along the high-way,
none will ask from whence we came,
But take us Pilgrims for to be,
or else some Holy-men." 112

Now they are on their journey gone,
as fast as they may speed ;
Yet for all haste, e're they arriv'd,
the Princess forth was led 116

To be deliver'd to the Prince,
who in the List did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
his Lady by the hand. 120

With that he walkt about the lists,
with Giants by his side—
"Bring forth," quoth he, "your Champions,
or bring me forth my Bride. 124

"This is the four and twentieth day,
the day perfixt¹ upon ;
Bring forth my Bride, or *London* burns,
I swear by *Acaron* !" 128

Then cries the King and Queen likewise,
both weeping as they speak,
"Lo, we have brought our Daughter dear,
whom we are forc'd to forsake." 132

¹ "perfixt" = predetermined.

With that stept out bold *Robin Hood*,
crys, "My Liege, it must not be so,
Such Beauty as the fair Princess
is not for a Tyrant's mow." 136

The Prince he then began to storm,
crys, "Fool! Fanatick! Baboon!
How dares thou stop my Valour's Prize?
I'll kill thee with a frown." 140

"Thou Tyrant, Turk, thou Infidel!"
thus *Robin* began to reply;
"Thy frowns I scorn; lo, here's my gage,
and thus I thee defie." 144

"And for these two *Goliah*s there,
that stand on either side,
Here are two little *David*s by
that soon can tame their pride." 148

Then did the King for armour send,
for lances, swords, and shields;
And thus all three in armour bright
came marching to the field. 152

The trumpets began to sound a charge,
each singled out his Man;
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,
blood sprang from every vain: 156

The Prince he reacht *Robin* a blow,
he struck with might and main,
Which forc'd him to reel about the field,
as though he had been slain. 160

"God-a-mercy," quoth *Robin*, "for that blow,
the Quarrel shall soon be try'd;
This stroke shall shew a full divorce
betwixt thee and thy Bride." 164

So from his shoulders he's cut his head,
 which on the ground did fall,
 And grumbling sore at *Robin Hood*,
 to be so dealt withal. 168

The Giants then began to rage,
 to see their Prince lie dead;
 "Thou's be the next," quoth *Little John*,
 "except thou well guard thy head." 172

With that his faulchion he whirl'd about—
 it was both keen and sharp—
 He clove the Giant to the belt,
 and cut in twain his heart. 176

Will. Scadlock well had play'd his part,
 the Giant he brought to his knee;
 Quoth he, "The Devill cannot break his fast,
 unless he have you all three." 180

So with his faulchion he run him through,
 a deep and gashly wound,
 Who dam'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,
 and then fell to the ground. 184

Now all the lists with cheers¹ were fill'd,
 the skies they did resound,
 Which brought the Princess to herself,
 who was fal'n in a swoond.² 188

The King and Queen, and Princess fair,
 came walking to the place,
 And gave the Champions many thanks,
 and did them further grace. 192

"Tell me," quoth the King, "whence you are,
 that thus disguised came,
 Whose valour speaks that noble blood
 doth run through every vein?" 196

¹ "sheers" in the copy.

² "swoond" = swoon.

“A boon, a boon,” quoth *Robin Hood*,
“on my knees I beg and crave.”
“By my Crown,” quoth the King, “I grant,
ask what, and thou shalt have.” 200

“Then pardon I beg for my merry Men,
which are within the green-wood,
For *Little John* and *Will. Scadlock*,
and for me, bold *Robin Hood*.” 204

“Art thou *Robin Hood* then?” quoth the King,
“for the valour you have shown,
Your pardons I doe freely grant,
and welcome every one.” 208

“The Princess I promised the Victor’s Prize,
she cannot have you all three.”
“She shall chuse,” quoth *Robin*.—Saith *Little John*,
“Then little share falls to me.” 212

Then did the Princess view all three,
with a comely lovely grace,
Who took *Will. Scadlock* by the hand,
quoth, “Here I make my choice.” 216

With that a noble Lord stept forth,
of *Maxfield* Earl was he,
Who lookt *Will Scadlock* in the face,
then wept most bitterly: 220

Quoth he, “I had a Son like thee,
whom I lov’d wondrous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
his name is young *Gamwell*.” 224

Then did *Will. Scadlock* fall on his knees,
cries “Father, Father, here,
Here kneels your Son, your young *Gamwell*,
you said you lov’d so dear!” 228

But, Lord! what imbracing and kissing was there,
when all these friends were met!

They are gone to the wedding, and so to bedding,
and so I bid you good night.

232

London: Printed by and for W. O., and are to be sold by
the Booksellers.



[This cut in the original stands to the right of that printed on p. 432.]

Robin Hood's Birth and Marriage, etc.

THE three extant copies of this lively ballad may be dated between 1650 and 1680. The Roxburghe edition was printed by W. O[nley], and there are two in the second volume of the Pepys Collection. Of these, the first was printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger, and the second for Alexander Milbourne (pp. 116 and 118).

It was also reprinted by Dryden in his "Miscellany Poems" (vi. 346); in the three volumes of Old Ballads, printed about 1727 (i. 67); by Ritson, in his Robin Hood, and by Evans in his Old Ballads (ii. 87).

[Roxb. Coll. I. 360, 361.]

A new Ballad of bold Robin Hood,

Shewing

His Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage, at Titbury
Bull-running: Calculated for the Meridian of Staf-
fordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent.



Kind Gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?
ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good Ballad of bold Robin Hood,
and of his Man brave Little John.

4

In Locksly Town in *Nottinghamshire*,
in merry sweet *Locksly* Town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,
bold *Robin* of famous renown.

8

The Father of *Robin* a Forrester was,
and he shot in a lusty long bow
Two North Country miles and an inch at a shot,
as the *Pinder* of *Wakefield* does know.

12

For he brought *Adam Bell*, and *Clim of the Clugh*,
 and William a Clowdes-le,
 To shoot with our Forrester for forty mark,
 and the Forrester beat them all three. 16

His Mother was Neece to the *Coventry* Knight,
 which *Warwickshire* Men call Sir *Guy*;
 For he slew the blew Bo[a]re that hangs up at the Gate,
 or mine Host of the Bull tells a lye. 20

Her Brother was *Gamwel*, of Great Gamwel Hall,
 and a noble House-keeper was he,
 Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
 and a 'Squire of famous degree. 24

The Mother of *Robin* said to her Husband,
 "My honey, my Love, and my Dear,
 Let Robin and I ride this morning to *Gamwel*,
 to taste of my Brother's good cheer." 28

And he said, "I grant thee thy boon, gentle *Joan*;
 take one of my Horses, I pray;
 The Sun is a rising, and therefore make haste,
 for to-morrow is Christmas-day." 32

Then *Robin Hood's* Father's grey gelding was brought,
 and saddled and bridled was he;
 God wot, a blew bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,
 and a cloak that did reach to his knee. 36

She got on her Holy-day kirtle and gown,
 they were of a light *Lincoln* green;
 The cloath was home-spun, but for colour and make,
 it might 'a' beseemed our Queen. 40

And then *Robin* got on his basket-hilt sword,
 and a dagger on his t'other side:
 And said, "My dear Mother, let 's haste to be gone,
 we have forty long miles to ride." 44

When *Robin* had mounted his Gelding so grey,
 his Father, without any trouble,
 Set her up behind him, and bad[e] her not fear,
 for his gelding had oft carried double. 48

And when she was settled, they rode to their Neighbours,
 and drank and shook hands with them all:
 And then *Robin* gallopt, and never gave o're
 till they lighted at *Gamwel-hall*. 52

And now you may think the right worshipful Squire
 was joyful his Sister to see;
 For he kist her, and kist her, and swore a great oath,
 "thou art welcome, kind Sister, to me." 56

[On the] morrow, when Mass had been said in the chappel,
 six tables were cover'd in the hall,
 And in comes the 'Squire, and makes a short speech,
 it was, "Neighbours! you're welcome all; 60

But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
 till a Christmas carrol he does sing."¹
 Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and sung,
 till the hall and the parlour did ring. 64

Now mustards, braun, roast-beef, and plum pies,
 were set upon every table;
 And noble George Gamwel said, "Eat; and be merry,
 and drink, too, as long as you're able." 68

When dinner was ended, his Chaplain said grace,
 and "Be merry, my friends!" said the Squire;
 "It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
 and lay some more wood on the fire. 72

"And now call ye *Little John* hither to me,
 for *Little John* is a fine lad
 At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks
 as shall make you merry and glad." 76

¹ "be sung" in the text, but the rhyme requires it to be "he does sing," as in other copies.

When Little *John* came, to gambols they went,
 both Gentlemen, Yeomen, and Clown;
 And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
 bold *Robin Hood* put them all down. 80

And now you may think the right worshipful Squire
 was joyful this sight for to see;
 For he said, "Cousin *Robin*, thou'st go no more home,
 but tarry and dwell here with me: 84

Thou shalt have my land when I dye, and till then,
 thou shalt be the staff of my Age."
 "Then grant my boon, dear Uncle," said *Robin*,
 "that little *John* may be my Page." 88

And he said, "Kind Cousin, I grant thee thy boon;
 with all my heart so let it be."
 "Then come hither, Little *John*," said *Robin Hood*,
 "come hither, my Page, unto me: 92

"Go fetch me my Bow, my longest long Bow,
 and broad arrows one, two or three;
 For when it is fair weather we'll into *Sherwood*,
 some merry pastime to see." 96

When *Robin Hood* came into merry *Sherwood*,
 he winded his bugle so clear;
 And twice five-and-twenty good Yeomen and bold
 before *Robin Hood* did appear. 100

"Where are your companions all?" said *Robin Hood*;
 "for still I want forty-and-three."
 Then said a bold Yeoman, "Lo, yonder they stand,
 all under a green-wood tree." 104

As that word was spoke, *Clorinda* came by,
 the Queen of the Shepherds was she;
 And her gown was of Velvet as green as the grass,
 and her buskin did reach to her knee. 108

Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
and her countenance free from pride :
A bow in her hand, and quiver and arrows,
hung dangling by her sweet side. 112

Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,
and her skin was as smooth as glass ;
Her visage spoke wisdom and modesty too ;
sets with *Robin Hood* such a Lass ! 116

Said *Robin Hood*, "Lady fair, whither away,
oh whither, fair Lady, away ?"
And she made him answer, "To kill a fat Buck,
for to-morrow is *Titbury* day." 120

Said Robin Hood, "Lady fair, wander with me
a little to yonder green bower ;
There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
of a brace or a lease¹ in an hour." 124

And as we were going towards the green bower,
two hundred good bucks we espy'd ;
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
and she shot him through side and side. 128

"By the faith of my body," said bold *Robin Hood*,
"I never saw *Woman* like thee ;
And com'st thou from East, ay, or com'st thou from West,
thou needst not beg venison of me. 132

However, along to my bower you shall go,
and taste of a Forrester's meat."
And when we come thither, we found as good cheer
as any Man needs for to eat. 136

For there was hot venison, and warden² pies cold,
cream clouted, with honey-combs plenty ;
And the Sarvitors they were, beside Little *John*,
good Yeomen at least four-and-twenty. 140

¹ "lease" = leash = three.

² wardens = large baking pears.

Clorinda said, "Tell me your name, gentle Sir?"
and he said, "'Tis bold *Robin Hood*;
'Squire Gamwel's mine Uncle, but all my delight
is to dwell in the merry *Sherwood*:" 144

"For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife."
"So 'tis, Sir," *Clorinda* reply'd:
"But oh," said bold *Robin*, "how sweet would it be,
if *Clorinda* would be my Bride?" 148

She blusht at the motion; yet after a pause,
said, "Yes, Sir, and with all my heart."
"Then let's send for a Priest," said [bold] *Robin Hood*,
"and be merry before we do part." 152

But she said, "It may not be so, gentle Sir;
for I must be at *Titbury* feast:
And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,
I'll make him the most welcome Guest." 156

Said *Robin Hood*, "Reach me that Buck, Little *John*,
for I'll go along with my dear;
[Then] bid my Yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
and meet me to-morrow just here." 160

Before we had ridden five *Staffordshire* miles,
eight yeomen, that were too bold,
Bid *Robin Hood* stand, and deliver his Buck—
a truer Tale never was told. 164

"I will not, faith!" said bold *Robin*; "come *John*,
stand to me, and we'll beat 'em all;
Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em and slasht 'em,
that five of them [there] did fall. 168

The three that remain'd call'd to *Robin* for quarter,
and pitiful *John* begg'd their lives;
When *John*'s boon was granted, he gave them [good] counsel,
and so sent them home to their Wives. 172

This battle was fought near to *Titbury* Town,
when the bagpipe[r]s ba[i]ted the bull:

I am King of the Fiddlers, and sware 'tis a truth,
and I call him that doubts it a Gull. 176

For I saw them fighting, and fiddl'd the while;
and Clorinda sung, "*Hey derry down!*"
"The Bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
and now let's dance into the Town." 180

Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
and all that were in it look'd madly;
For some were a bull-back, some dancing a morris,
and some singing *Arthur a Bradly*. 184

And there we see Thomas, our Justice's Clerk,
and Mary to whom he was kind;
For *Tom* rode before her, and call'd *Mary* "Madam,"
and kist her full sweetly behind. 188

And so may your worships: but we went to dinner,
with *Thomas* and *Mary* and *Nan*;
They all drank a health to *Clorinda*, and told her,
bold *Robin Hood* was a fine man. 192

When dinner was ended, Sir *Roger*, the Parson
of *Dubbridge*, was sent for in haste:
He brought his Mass-book, and he bade them take hands,
and he joyn'd them in marriage full fast. 196

And then, as bold *Robin Hood* and his sweet bride
went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds sung with pleasure in merry *Sheruood*,
and 'twas a most joyful hour. 200

And when *Robin* came in the sight of the bower,
"Where are my Yeomen?" said he,
And Little *John* answered, "Lo yonder they stand,
all under the green-wood tree." 204

Then a Garland the[y] brought her, by two and by two,
and plac'd them at the bride's bed;
The Musick struck up, and we all fell to dance,
till the Bride and the Groom were a-bed. 208

And what they did there must be counsel to me,
 because they lay long the next day,
 And I had haste home, but I got a good piece
 of the bride-cake, and so came away. 212

Now, out alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
 that marry'd they were with a ring;
 And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a Maiden,
 and now let us pray for the King: 216

That he may get Children, and they may get more,
 to govern and do us some good,
 And then I'll make Ballads in *Robin Hood's* bower
 and sing 'em in merry *Sherwood*. 220

London: Printed by and for W. O., and are to be sold by
 the Booksellers.

Robin Hood and the Bishop.

Two ballads are extant of Robin Hood and the Bishop. In the following, which is the older version of the story, after having robbed the Bishop, Robin obliges him to sing Mass to him and his fellows. In the later ballad, entitled *Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford*, Robin is less devotional, but more mirthfully inclined:

"He made the old Bishop to dance in his boots,
 Right glad he could so get away."

Ritson reprints the following in his *Robin Hood*, from a copy in the Wood Collection at Oxford. The reference to it is now 401 (11), "Printed for F. Grove." A third edition is in the Pepys Library (II. 122), issued by Alexander Milbourne. All three copies are of the seventeenth century. We have here a picture the famous outlaw very much as Drayton characterizes him in the 26th song of the *Polyolbion*:

"From wealthy abbots' chests and churls' abundant store,
 Which oftentimes he took, he shar'd among the poor;
 No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
 To him, before he went, but for his feast must pay;
 The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
 And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd."

[Roxb. Coll. I. 362, 363.]

Robin Hood and the Bishop :

Shewing

How Robin Hood went to an Old Woman's house
and changed Cloaths with her, to escape from the
Bishop ; and how he robbed him of all his Gold,
and made him sing Mass.

TO THE TUNE OF *Robin Hood and the Stranger, etc.*



Come, gentlemen all, and listen awhile,
With a hey down, down an a down,
and a story to you I'll unfold ;
I'll tell to you how Robin Hood serv'd the Bishop,
When he robb'd him of his gold : 5

As it fell out of a sun-shining day,
when Phœbus was in "his"¹ prime,
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time : 9

¹ "her" in the text.

And as he walked the forest along,
some pastime for to spy,
There was aware of a proud Bishop,
And all his company. 13

“O what shall I do,” saith Robin Hood then ;
“If the Bishop he doth take me ?
No mercy he’ll shew unto me, I know,
But hangéd shall I be.” 17

Then Robin was stout, and turn’d him about,
And a little house there did he spy ;
And to an old wife, to save his life,
He aloud began to cry. 21

“Why, who art thou ?” said the old woman,
“come tell it to me for good.”
“I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood ; 25

“And yonder’s the Bishop and all his men ;
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he’ll work my spight,
And hangéd shall I be.” 29

“If thou be Robin Hood,” then said the old woman,
“As thou dost seem to be,
I’ll for thee provide, and thee I will hide,
From the Bishop and his company. 33

“For I remember, one Saturday night,
Thou brought me both shooes and hose ;
Therefore I’ll provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.” 37

“Then give me soon thy coat of grey,
And take thou the mantle of green ;
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen.” 41



And when that Robin Hood was thus array'd,
He went straight to his company,
With his spindle [and] twine, he oft lookt behind
For the Bishop and his company.

45

"O who is yonder," quoth Little John,
"That now comes over the lee?
An arrow at her I will let fly,
So like an old witch looks she."

49

"O hold thy hand, hold thy hand," saith Robin then,
"And shoot not thy arrows so keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
And quickly it shall be seen."

53

The Bishop he came to the old woman's house,
And he called with furious mood,
"Come, let me soon see, and bring unto me,
That traytor Robin Hood."

57

The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple grey;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

61

But as they were riding the forrest along,
The Bishop he chanc'd for to see
A hundred brave bowmen bold
Stand under the green-wood tree. 65

"O, who is yonder," the Bishop then said,
That's ranging within yonder wood?"
"Marry," says the old woman, "I think it to be
[A] man called Robin Hood." 69

"Why, who art thou," the Bishop he said,
"Which I have here with me?"
"Why, I am a woman, thou cuckoldly Bishop;
Lift up my leg and see." 73

"Then woe is me," the Bishop he said,
"That ever I saw this day!"
He turn'd him about, but Robin Hood so stout
Call'd to him, and bid him stay. 77

Then Robin took hold of the Bishop's horse
And ty'd him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smil'd his master upon,
For joy of this company. 81

Robin Hood took his mantle from 's back,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the Bishop's portmantle he,
Soon told five hundred pound. 85

"Now let him go," said Robin Hood.
Said Little John, "That may not be;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a Mass
Before that he go from me." 89

Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by th' hand,
And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, God-wot,
To him and his yeomandry. 93

And then they brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey,
And gave the tail within his hand,
And bad him for Robin Hood pray.

97

London: Printed by and for W. O., and are to be sold by
the Bookseller of Pye-corner and London-bridge.

The Spanish Tragedy.

THIS is the story of Kyd's play, "The Spanish Tragedy," turned into a ballad. Although the play was an object of ridicule to, perhaps, every writer of the time, it was extremely popular. Not less than seven editions of different dates were printed between 1599 and 1638. The extant copy of the ballad is contemporaneous with the success of the play.

Two copies of this edition of the ballad are included in the First Volume of the Roxburghe Collection, and perhaps no other is now to be found elsewhere.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 364, 365, and 390, 391r.]

The Spanish Tragedy ;

Containing the lamentable Murders of Horatio and
Bellimperia : with the pitifull Death of old Hieronimo.

TO THE TUNE OF *Queene Dido*.



You that have lost your former joyes,
And now in woe your lives doe leade,
Feeding on nought but dire annoyes,
Thinking your griefes all griefes exceede—
Assure your selves it is not so :
Loe here a sight of greater woe !

6

Haplesse Hieronimo was my name,
On whom fond fortune smiléd long,
But now her flattering smiles I blame ;
Her flattering smile hath done me wrong.
Would I had dyed in tender yeares,
Then had not beene this cause of teares !

12

I Marshall was in prime of yeares,
And wonne great honour in the field,
Until that age with silvered haire
My aged head had overspred.
Then left I warre, and stayde at home,
And gave my honour to my sonne. 18

Horatio, my sweet onely childe,
Prickt forth by fame's aspiring wings,
Did so behave him in the fiede
That he Prince Baltazer captive brings:
And with great honour did present
Him to the King incontinent.¹ 24

The Duke of Castyle's daughter then
Desir'd Horatio to relate
The death of her beloved friend—
Her love Andreas' woofull fate.
But when she knew who had him slaine,
Shee vow'd she would revenge the same. 30

Then, more to vexe Prince Baltazer,
Because he slewe her chiefest friend,
She chose my sonne for her chiefe flower,
Thereby meaning to worke revenge.
But marke what then did straight befall
To turne my sweete to bitter gall. 36

Lorenzo then, to finde the cause
Why that his sister was unkinde,
At last he found, within a pause,
How he might sounde her secret minde.
Which, for to bring well to effect,
To fetch her man he doth direct. 42

Who, being come into his sight,
He threatneth for to rid his life,
Except straight-ways he should recite
His sister's love, the cause of strife.
Compell'd therefore to unfold his mind,
Sayd, "With Horatio shee's combinde." 48

¹ "incontinent" = immediately.

The villaine then, for hope of gaine,
 Did straight convaye them to the place
 Where these two lovers did remaine,
 Joying in sight of other's face.
 And to their foes they did impart
 The place where they should joy their heart. 54

Prince Baltazer, with his compeeres,
 Enters my bower all in the night,
 And there my sonne, slaine, they upreare,
 The more to worke my greater spight.¹
 But, as I laye and toke repose,
 A voyce I h[e]ard, whereat I rose. 60

And, finding then his senselesse forme,
 The murtherers I sought to finde;
 But, missing them, I stood forlorne,
 As one amased in his minde,
 And rent and puld my silvered haire,
 And curs'd and bann'd each thing was there. 66

And that I would revenge the same,
 I dipt a napkin in his blood;
 Swearing to work their woefull baine,
 That so had spoyl'd my chiefest good.
 And that I would not it forget,
 It allwayes at my hart I kept. 72

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Then Isabella, my deare wyfe,
 Finding her sonne bereav'd of breath,
 And loving dearer him than life,
 Her owne hand straight doth worke her death:
 And now their deaths doth meet in one,
 My griefes are come, my joyes are gone. 78

¹ See the woodcut to the ballad.

Then frantickly I ran about,
Filling the ayre with mournefull groanes,
Because I had not yet found out
The murtherers, to ease my mones.
I rent and tore each thing I got,
And sayd, and did, I knew not what. 84

Thus as I past the streets, hard by
The Duke of Castile's house, as then
A letter there I did espy,
Which show'd Horatio's wofull end—
Which Bellimperia foorth had flung
From prison where they kept her strong. 90

Then to the Court forthwith I went,
And of the King did justice crave;
But, by Lorenzo's bad intent,
I hindred was, which made me rave.
Then vexed more, I stamp'd and frown'd,
And with my ponyard ript the ground. 96

But false Lorenzo put mee out,
And tolde the King then, by and by,
That frantickly I ran about,
And of my sonne did alwayes cry;
And say'd, 'twere good I should resigne
My marshallship, which griev'd my minde. 102

The Duke of Castyle, hearing then
How I did grudge still at his sonne,
Did send for me to make us friends—
To stay the rumour then begone:
Whereto I straightway gave consent,
Although in heart I never meant. 108

Sweete Bellimperia comes to me,
Thinking my sonne I had forgot,
To see me with his foes agree,
The which I never meant, God wot:
But when wee knew each others' mind,
To worke revenge a meane I find. 114

Then bloody Baltazar enters in,
Entreating me to show some sport
Unto his father and the King,
That to his nuptiall did resort.
Which gladly I prepar'd to show,
Because I knew 't would worke their woe. 120

And, from the Chronicles of Spaine,
I did record Erastus' life,
And how the Turke had him so slayne,
And straight revenge wrought by his wife.
Then for to act this tragedy,
I gave their parts immediately. 126

Sweete Bellimperia Baltazer killes,
Because he slew her dearest friend ;
And I Lorenzo's blood did spill,
And eke his soule to hell did send.
Thus dyed my foes by dint of knife,
But Bellimperia ends her life. 132

Then for to specifie my wronges,
With weeping eyes and mournefull hart,
I shew'd my sonne with bloody wounds,
And eke the murtherers did impart ;
And sayd my sonne was as deare to me
As thine, or thine, though kinges you be. 138

But when they did behold this thing,
How I had slayne their onely sonnes,
The Duke, the Viceroy, and the King,
Uppon me all they straight did run.
To torture me they doe prepare,
Unlesse I should it straight declare. 144

But that I would not tell it then,
Even with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in despite did give it them,
That me with torments sought to wrong :
Thus when in age I sought to rest,
Nothing but sorrowes me opprest. 150

They knowing well that I could write,
 Unto my hand a pen did reach,
 Meaning thereby I should recite
 The authors of this bloody ferch.¹
 Then fainéd I my pen was naught,
 And, by strange signes, a knife I sought. 156

But when to me they gave the knife,
 I kill'd the Duke then standing by,
 And eke myselfe bereav'd of life—
 For I to see my sonne did hye.
 The kinges that scorn'd my griefes before,
 With nought can they theire joyes restore. 162

Here have you heard my tragicke tale,
 Which on Horatio's death depends,
 Whose death I could anew bewayle,
 But that in it the murtherers ends.
 For murther God will bring to light,
 Though long it be hid from man's sight. 168

Printed at London for *H. Gosson*.

FINIS.

A Ditty of Samson.

THIS ballad is parodied in the old play of *Eastward Hoe*, which was the joint production of Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman. See Act ii. Sc. 1.

The ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1563-4, when Thomas Colwell paid four pence for "his lycense for pryntinge a ballett intituled Sampson: the story doth shewe by Dalyda falslye he was overthrowen, etc."

The extant edition in the Roxburghe Collection cannot be of earlier date than 1620, because it was printed by the Assigns of Thomas Symcock, and that is the year of the assignment. The heading in the edition in the Pepys Collection, I. 32, seems the same as the last named, but that copy does not bear a printer's name.

The tune of the ballad will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 241.

¹ "ferch" must be a misprint for "fetch" = plot, contrivance.—W. W. Skeat.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 366.]

A most excellent and famous Ditty
 of Sampson Judge of Israel, how he wedded a
 Philistine's Daughter, who at length forsooke
 him: also how hee slew a Lyon, and propounded
 a Riddle; and, after, how hee was falsely betrayed
 by Dalila, and of his death.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Spanish parin.*

When Sampson was a tall¹ young man,
 His power and strength increased than,²
 And in the host and tribe of Dan,
 the Lord did blesse him still. 4
 It chanced so upon a day,
 As he was walking on his way,
 He saw a maiden fresh and gay
 in Timnah, 8

With whom he fell so sore in love,
 That he his fancy could not move;
 His parents therefore he did prove,³
 and craved their good wills. 12
 "I have found out a wife," quoth he,
 "I pray you, father, give her me;
 Though she a stranger's daughter be,
 I passe not."⁴ 16

Then did bespeake his parents deere:
 "Have we not many maydens here,
 Of countrey and acquaintance neere,
 for thee to love and like?" 20
 "O no," quoth Sampson presently,
 "Not one so pleasant in mine eye,
 Whom I could find so faithfully
 to fancy." 24

¹ "tall" = courageous.

³ "prove" = try.

² "than" = then.

⁴ "passe not" = care not.

At length they granted their consent,
And so with Sampson foorth they went;
To see the mayd was their intent,
 which was so faire and bright: 28
But as they were a going there,
A lyon put them in great feare,
Whom Sampson presently did teare
 in peeces. 32

When they were come unto the place,
They were agreed in the case;
The wedding day appoynted was;
 and, when the time was come, 36
As Sampson went for beauties fees,
The lyon's carkasse there he sees,
Wherein a sort of honny bees
 had swarméd. 40

Then closely Sampson went his way,
And not a word thereof did say,
Untill the merry feasting day
 unto the company: 44
"A riddle I will shew," quoth he,
"The meaning if you tell to me
Within seaven dayes, I will give yee
 great riches. 48

"But if the meaning you doe misse,
And cannot shew me what it is,
Then shall you give to me, I wisse,
 so much as I have said." 52
"Put foorth the riddle," then quoth they,
"And we will tell it by our day
Or we will lose, as thou dost say,
 the wager." 56

"Then make," quoth hee, "the total summe:
'*Out of the eater meate did come,*
And from the strong did sweetnesse runne'—
 "declare it if you can." 60

And afterward they had decreed
To murther Sampson for that deed :
Three thousand men they sent with speede
to bring him bound to them ; 100
But he did breake his cords apace,
And with the jaw-bone of an asse,
A thousand men, ere he did passe,
he killéd. 104

When all his foes were laid in dust,
Then Sampson was full sore athirst,
In God therefore was all his trust
to helpe his fainting heart : 108
For liquor thereabout was none ;
The Lord therefore from the jaw-bone
Did make fresh water spring, alone
to helpe him. 112

Then Sampson had a joyfull spright,¹
And in a citty lay that night ;
Whereas his foes, with deadly spight,
did seeke his life to spill : 116
But he at midnight then awakes,
And tearing downe the citty gates,
With him away the same he takes
most stoutly. 120

Then on Dalila faire and bright
Did Sampson set his whole delight,
Whom he did love both day and night,
which wrought his overthrow : 124
For she with sweete words did intreat
That, for her sake, he would repeat
Wherein his strength, that was so great,
consisted. 128

At length, unto his utter fall,
And through her suite, which was not small,
He did not let² to show her all
the secrets of his heart : 132

¹ "spright" = sprite = spirit.

² "let" = delay.

“If that my hayre be cut,” quoth he,
 “Which now so faire and long you see,
 Likes other men then shall I be
 in weekenese.” 136

Then through deceit, which was so deepe,
 She lulléd Sampson fast asleepe;
 A man shee cald, which she did keepe,
 to cut off all his hayre: 140

Then did she call his hatefull foes
 Ere Sampson from her lap arose,
 Who could not then withstand their blowes
 for weekenese. 144

To binde him fast they did devise,
 Then did they put out both his eyes:
 In prison woefully he lyes,
 and there he grinds the mill. 148
 But God remembred all his paine,
 And did restore his strength againe,
 Although that bound he did remaine
 in prison. 152

The Philistines now were glad of this,
 For joy they made a feast, I wisse,
 And all their princes did not misse
 to come unto the same: 156
 And being merry bent, that day,
 For Sampson they did send straightway,
 That they might laugh to see him play
 among them. 160

Then to [the] house was Sampson led;
 And, when he had their fancies fed,
 He pluckt the house upon their head,
 and downe they tumbled all: 164
 So that, with grieve and deadly paine,
 Three thousand persons there was slaine:
 Thus Sampson then with all [t]his traine
 was brainéd. 168

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 367.]

The wofull lamentation of Edward

Smith,¹ a poore penitent prisoner in the jayle of Bedford, which he wrote a short time before his death.

TO THE TUNE OF *Daintie, come thou to me.*

I am a prisoner poore,
Opprest with miserie;
O Lord, do thou restore
That faith which wants in me. 4
In woe I waile and weep,
In griping grief I cry,
In dungeon darke and deep,
In fetters fast I lie. 8

¹ To trace the Ned Smith who committed felony in the reign of James I., or Charles I., would be troublesome, considering that "Smith" is not an uncommon name. Perhaps, however, a record may be kept in the jail of Bedford, and thus the author of this penitent ballad may be traced by the curious—if, indeed, it was really written by Ned Smith, and not by one of the fraternity of professed ballad-makers.

Only two copies seem to be extant—the one in the Pepys Collection, I. 59, printed for C[uthbert] W[right], whose issues date from 1613 to 1633, and the Roxburghe copy by the Assigns of the before-mentioned Symcocke.

The tune of the lament is "Dainty, come thou to me," for which ballad the reader is referred to Vol. I. p. 629, of this present reprint.

Sighing, I sit and moane
My foule offences all,
My loathsome life is knowne,
Which makes me live in thrall. 12
Ned Smith I am, the wight
In prison that remaines,
Tormented day and night
With bands and iron chaines. 16

My joyes are turnd to nought,
My hopes are worne away,
My wickednesse hath wrought
My downe-fall and decay. 20
Those gifts that God gave me
My wants for to supply,
Abused much I have
To please my fantasie. 24

My name I did deny,
In baptisme given me,
That sacrament whereby
Regenerate I should be. 28
No wit nor strength may serve
The law to satisfie;
For death I do deserve
In right and equity. 32

For I offended have
Nobles of hie degree;
What favour can I crave
For life or liberty? 36
But hope of life is past,
My acts so hainous be,
And liberty is lost,
Till death doe set me free. 40

All men, both old and young,
Which are at liberty,
And heare my dolefull song,
Example take by me. 44

Be true, and trust in God,
Fly theft, and vice eschew,
Lest God's most heavie rod
Correct your deeds untrue. 48

Would I had nere bin borne
To do such wicked deeds,
Which makes me live in scorne,
And shame that sore exceeds. 52
But that which passèd is
I cannot now recall:
My sinnes and my amisse,
O Lord! forgive them all. 56

Woe worth ill company!
Fie on that filthy crue!
Accurst the day may be
That ever I them knew! 60
If life and death were set
Before me for to chose,
Though I might pardon get,
My life first would I lose 64

Than runne that wicked race,
And doe as I have done;
Sweet Jesus, give me grace
That life so lewd to shun! 68
Farewell, my loving wife!
Who sought to turne my minde,
And make me mend my life,
Thy words full true I finde. 72

Farewell, my children all,
My tender babes, adue!
Let this, your father's fall,
Be warning good for you. 76
Deare wife and infants three,
Serve God! remember this,
That you true subjects be,
Though I have done amisse. 80

Farewell, my musick sweet,
 And Cittern's¹ silver sound!
 Mourning for me is meet,
 My sinnes do so abound. 84
 O Lord, on bended knees,
 And hands lift up on hie,
 Cast on me gracious eies—
 With grace my wants supply. 88

Lay not unto my charge
 The thinges that I have done;
 Though I have runne at large,
 And plaid the unthrift sonne, 92
 Yet now I do repent,
 And humbly come to thee;
 My sinnes I do lament,
 Sweet Jesus, comfort me. 96

O Lord, I do lament,
 And onely joy in thee,
 To praise thee day and night;
 For thou redeemedst me. 100
 Lord, save our royall King,
 Whose prisoner poore am I,
 Prolong his daies on earth
 With fame and victory. 104

Against his Majestie
 I have offended sore;
 Committing felony,
 And now I die therefore. 108
 A dolefull death, God knowes,
 Which once I did defie;
 Thus must I end my woes;
 Which I take patiently. 112

¹ The Cittern was a musical instrument of the guitar kind, but it had four double strings of wire, instead of catgut. Many of those instruments had grotesque heads carved at the top, so that to address a person as "Thou Cittern-head!" was not deemed complimentary.

By thee, O Saviour sweet,
In heaven I hope to rest,
In joy, where I shal meet
Those soules whom thou hast blest. 116
Where we shall sing thy praise,
O God, with voyces high,
When I shall end my dayes,
And live eternally. 120

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcock.

A Sailor and his Love.

THIS song was exceedingly popular. It may have been the pretty burden, "Then kiss, and bid me welcome home," which made it so; for who would not sing such pleasant greeting? Copies are extant in the Pepys, the Bagford, and in the Rawlinson Collections, besides the Roxburghe. All are of the seventeenth century, but, from the language and from the name given to the tune to which it was sung, it may fairly be inferred to be of the sixteenth century. For the tune and its history, see *Popular Music*, I. 142, 3, and II. 771.

For copies of the ballad, see Pepys, I. 422 (John Grismund, publisher), Pepys, IV. 156, and Bagford, 643. m. 10, p. 84 (Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger), Rawlinson, No. 188 (Coles, Vere, and Wright). The following Roxburghe copy, published by F. C., may be set down to Francis Coules.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 368, 369.]

A pleasant new Song betwixt the Saylor and his Love.

TO THE TUNE OF *Dulcina*.

What doth aile my love so sadly,
 In such heavie dumps to stand?
 Doth she grieve or take unkindly
 That I am so neere at hand?
 Or doth she vow
 She will not know
 Nor speake to me when I doe come?
 If that be so,
 Away Ile goe:
First kisse, and bid me welcome home.

5

10

Had I ever thee forsaken,
 Putting thee out of my mind,
 Thou then might'st have justly spoken
 That I was to thee unkind:
 Or should I take 15
 Some other mate,¹
 Then mightst thou have just cause to mourn;
 But let me dye
 Before that I
Doe so—then bid me welcome home. 20

Sooner shall the grasse leave growing—
 From the hare the hound shall run—
 Husbandmen shall leave their sowing—
 Flouds shall run the land upon—
 The fish shall fly— 25
 The sea run dry—
 The birds no more shall sing, but mourne—
 Ere I of thee
 Unmindful be:
Then kisse, and bid me welcome home. 30

Smile on me, be not offended,
 O pardon grant for my amisse;
 Let thy favour so befriend me
 As to seale it with a kisse.
 To me, I sweare 35
 Thou art so deare
 That for thy sake Ile fancie none;
 Then doe not frowne,
 But sit thee downe,
Sweet, kisse, and bid me welcome home. 40

If thou hast provèd chaste Diana
 Since from thee I did depart,
 I as constant have beene to thee,
 For on thee fixt was my heart;

¹ This should evidently be "make," the old word for "mate." The rhyme demands it.

No, not e'en¹ shee 45
Jupiter see—
Danae in her tower alone—
Should me intice,
No, Ile be nice :
Then kisse, and bid me welcome home. 50

No, nor Venus, Cupid's mother,
Nor the fairest wife of Jove ;
Should Lucrecia, or some other,
Seeke by gifts to win my loue ;
Should Hellen faire 55
To me repaire,
And unto me for love make mone ;
Yet none of these
My mind shall please :
Then kisse, and bid me welcome home. 60

¹ "not for shee" in the text.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



From thy sight though I was banisht,
Yet I alwayes was to thee
Farre more kinde then was Ulisses
To his chaste Penelope :
For why, a way
He once did stay
Ten yeeres, and left her all alone ;
But I from thee
Have not bin three :
Sweet, kisse, and bid me welcome home.

65

70

Come, sweet heart, come sit downe by me,
 And let thy lap my pillow be;
 While sweet sleepe my mind beguileth,
 All my dreames shall be on thee.

I pray thee stay, 75
 Steale not away,
 Let lullaby be all my song;
 With kisses sweet
 Lull me asleepe,
And say, "Sweet-heart, thou'rt welcome home." 80

THE WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I have bin sad to see how from me
 Thou so long from me didst stay;
 Yet now I more rejoyce to see thee
 Happily arriv'd this day:
 Thou from our shore 85
 Shalt goe no more
 To wander thus abroad alone;
 But thou shalt stay
 With me alway,
For heer's my hand, thou'rt welcome home. 90

I have prov'd Diana to thee
 Since from me thou wentst away;
 I have had suters well nigh twenty,
 And much adoe had for to stay:
 But I denyed 95
 When they replied,
 And sent them all away in scorne;
 For I had sworne
 To live forlorne
Until that I see thee come home. 100

Seeing thou art home arrived,
 Thou shalt not goe away in haste,
 But lovingly come sit downe by me,
 Let thine armes imbrace my waste.
 Farewell, annoy! 105
 Welcome, my joy!
 Now lullaby is all my song;
 For now my heart
 Sings *Loath to part*;
Then kisse, sweet-heart, thou'rt welcome home. 110

Since, sweetheart, thou dost befriend me,
 Thus to take me to thy love,
 Never more will I offend thee,
 But will ever constant prove.
 Thou hast my heart, 115
 Not to depart,
 But ever constant to remaine;
 And thou hast mine,
 And I am thine,
 Then let us kisse, and welcome home. 120

FINIS.

London, printed for F. C., dwelling in the *Old-Baily*.

The Soldier and Peggy.

THIS is the earlier of two ballads upon the subject of "Peggy's gone over the sea with a soldier." Probably we should not err in ascribing this production to Richard Crimsal. We have had already a ballad, which bears Crimsal's initials, to the tune of "Peggy went over sea with a souldier" (I. 207), and it was very much the custom with ballad-makers to name tunes after their own ballads. Add to this the indifferent rhymes, the lack of ear for accents, and the habit of dividing one line into two, and we seem to have Richard Crimsal before us.

The imperfections of the author's metres caused the subject to be afterwards re-written, and then localized. It became "The Gosport Tragedy;" beginning, "In Gosport of late there a damsel did dwell." As a copy of the latter is included in the Roxburghe Collection, we shall meet with it hereafter. The only known copy of the tune is in the form of an arrangement for the lute: it is included among the Skene Manuscripts, which are now deposited in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

The Roxburghe edition of the ballad is seemingly the earliest extant. It may be dated as within the first half of the seventeenth century, and the remaining editions seem to be all of the second half. In Pepys, IV. 151, is a copy issued by J. Wright, J. Clarke, T. Thackeray, and T. Passenger. Two are included in the Euing Collection (Nos. 243 and 244), the first by F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson, and the second without a publisher's name. It remained in print to near the close of the century with Thackeray, as it is included in his catalogue at p. xxv of our Vol. I.

In order to avoid useless extension, the two half-lines are printed as one in the following.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 370, 371.]

A new Ballad of the Souldier and Peggy.

TO A NEW NORTHERNE TUNE.



It was a brave souldier that long liv'd in warres,
He would into England to try his affaires;
A brave gallant creature enchanted his eye;
"It is for thy love, Peggy, I dye, I dye."

4

She had a good husband that lovèd her well,
For gold and for money none did her excell;
Yet Peggy would listen to the souldier's cry,
"It is for thy love, Peggy, I dye, I dye."

8

“O [sweet] pretty Peggy! let sorrowes remove,
And grant me a kisse in token of love.”—
“O take thee a thousand—[for] on[e]’s but a few—
Ile leave my owne husband, to travel with you.” 12

“O [dear] pretty Peggy, if thou wilt be mine,
All the gold that I get it shall be thine:
Father and mother thou’se never s[ee] m[o]re,
If thou wilt goe over sea with a souldier.” 16

She tooke the keyes from her side—to her chest she’s gone—
All the gold that she hath with her she ’ath tane:
She left the babe motherlesse and the bed bare,
And she is gone over sea with a souldier. 20

As Peggy and the souldier went over a plaine,
He twinkèd at her, she smilèd againe:
He courted her bravely, as young men should doe,
And ever said, “Peggy, I love none but you.” 24

As Peggy went up the street, so did she downe;
All that did meet her askt whither she was bound:
She answered them quickly, she could not tell where,
For she must goe over sea with a souldier. 28

Her husband came home so late in the night,
He askèd for Peggy, his joy and delight;
They answer him quickly, they could not tell where,
For she was gone over sea with a souldier. 32

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



He saddled his horse and rode to the shoare,
 Thinking to take Peggy before she got ore;
 He askèd for Peggy, but she was not there,
 For she was gone over sea with a souldier.

36

“I pray thee, good nurse, be good to my child,
 And thouse have thy wages at every month's end:
 Thouse neither want money [nor] wine nor good cheare,
 Though Peggy be over sea with a souldier.”

40

He cursèd the carpenter that made the ship,
 And eke the plumber for plumbing so deepe:
 He bannèd the wind and the water so cleere,
 That carried her over sea with a souldier.

44

She had not beene over sea passing months three,
Ere she would come home againe, if it might be,
To speake with her husband, this matter to cleere,
Because she had bin over sea with a souldier. 48

This wanton lewd woman is come home againe,
When all her pleasure and coine it was spent :
She could no longer in Ireland stay,
For she had no gold nor money to pay. 52

“I pray you, sweet husband, will you forgive me,
And all that’s amisse amended shall be :
Ile live with my husband and babie so deare,
And Ile never goe againe with a souldier.” 56

“Come hither, sweet Peggy, thou art welcome to me,
So all that ’s amisse amended may be.
I pray God forgive my sinnes, and Ile forgive thee,
If thou’l live at home with thy babie and me.” 60

[Now] all you good wives that heare this my song,
Live at home with your husbands, and doe them no wrong ;
For youth it is wanton, and will have a fling,
And Peggy is at home with her husband againe. 64

And thus of my song I will make an end,
Praying for God’s favour for women and men ;
Desiring them all in their countrey to stay,
And never to wander so vainely away. 68

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. Coules dwelling in the Old-Baily.

[Roxb. Coll. 372, 373.]

A Song made of Nothing.¹

Yet he that doth read, or heare it, shall find,
 Something of nothing to pleasure his mind.

TO A DAINTY NEW TUNE.



[In the original are three cuts; the one to the right is placed on p. 482.]

¹ This is perhaps the earliest of the several printed ballads about Nothing. We have already passed "The Praise of Nothing" at p. 340 of this volume, and shall find others hereafter.

In the introduction to "The Praise of Nothing," the copy in

Some men of nothing doe matters endite,
And some men of small things large volumes doe write ;
But if you will give me leave, I will recite

A Song made of Nothing.

4

He that hath nothing may soonest spend all ;
And he that's exalted may have a downe-fall ;
And he that is weakest may goe to the wall ;
But I will say nothing.

8

He that presumeth a gallant to be,
And spends more in one yeare than he gets in three,
Shall beg, having wasted his patrimony ;
But I will say nothing.

12

He that has nothing, no credit shall have ;
Although he be vertuous, he's counted a knave
Among roaring gallants that goe fine and brave,
Cause he can spend nothing.

16

He that delights in cards and in dice,
And spends his revenues in such idle vice,
Shall meet with lewd company him to intice
Till he be worth nothing.

20

He that hath nothing, with troubles beset,
Will steale, or doe something, a living to get ;
But if he be caught in the hangman's net,
His life is worth nothing.

24

He that hath nothing, can nothing possesse,
And he that hath little, may looke to have lesse ;
But much want and sorrow doth daily oppresse
The man that hath nothing.

28

the Roxburghe Collection was referred to as "perhaps unique," but a second is to be found in the Euing Collection (No. 263).

We have not been successful in tracing any second copy of the above.

He that will be a good husband indeed,
That unto his businesse doth goe with good heed,
Shall still have sufficient to serve him at need,
And alwayes want nothing. 32

He that is married unto a good wife
Shall live in content all the dayes of his life;
But if man and woman be given to strife,
They 'll fall out for nothing. 36

He that is idle and will not take paines,
But honest industry and labour disdaines,
When others' true labours are quitted with gaines,
Then he shall have nothing. 40



[This cut in the original stands to the right of those printed on p. 480.]

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[In the original are three cuts; that to the right is placed on p. 485.]

He that in drunkenness takes his delight,
To drinke and to swagger, to brabble and fight,
He taketh the wrong, and leaveth the right;
But I will say nothing.

44

He that in basenesse his time doth here spend,
That never regards himselfe nor his friend,
He standeth in danger to have a bad end;
But I will say nothing.

48

He that takes pleasure to curse, ban and sweare,
With vaine execrations his Maker to teare,
The Lord in his wrath, if he doe not forbear,
Will bring him to nothing.

52

He that doth ruffle it out in vaine pride,
That weareth gay clothes a foule carcasse to hide,
And beares more on 's backe then he 's worth beside,
Ile trust him for nothing. 56

He that delighteth to goe to the law,
To sue for a trifle that's scarce worth a straw,
May sue for a woodcocke and catch a jack-daw ;
For all comes to nothing. 60

He that his time stil carelesly spends,
And hopes to be rich by the death of his friends,
The piller whereon all his hope still depends
Perhaps comes to nothing. 64

He that deferreth amendment to th' last,
And seekes not to thrive till all remedie's past ;
If he through his folly behind-hand be cast,
His hopes are worth nothing. 68

He that lives uprightly in his vocation,
And on the distressed hath commiseration,
That man rightly merits a good commendation,
He 's guilty in nothing. 72

He that with usury doth money beget,
And loves that young spend-thrifts should be in his debt,
The devill at last will drag him in 's net ;
But I will say nothing. 76

He that can craftily cozen and cheat
To get a base living by fraud and deceit,
Shal stand on the pillory to coole his heate ;
But I will say nothing. 80

He that is often enclinèd to quarrell,
Wil bring both himselfe and his friend in great perill ;
But that man is blest that can wisely forbear ill,
And learne to say nothing. 84

Here you see something of nothing is made,
For of the word "nothing" something is said ;
That man who hath neither wealth, wit, nor trade,
Alas ! he gets nothing. 88

So, [to] free being tedious, I now will refraine,
And pray for King Charles, that long he may raigne,
His foes and all traytors that wish England's bane,
Good Lord, bring to nothing!

92

FINIS.

Printed at London for John Wright.



[This cut in the original stands to the right of those printed on p. 483.]

The Sinner's Redemption.

THREE editions of this ballad on the life of Christ are included in the Roxburghe Collection. Of these the copy in Vol. I. is the oldest. The second, in Vol. II. p. 422, is printed for C. Conyers in Little-Brittain, and the third, in Vol. III. p. 288, is a reprint of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

An edition printed for Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger is included in the Pepys Collection, II. 29.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 374, 375, II. 422, and III. 288, 289.]

The Sinner's Redemption:

Wherein is described the blessed Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, together with his life on earth, and his precious death on the Crosse for Mankind.

TO THE TUNE OF *The bleeding heart*, OR *In Creet*, ETC.



All you that are to mirth inclin'd,
Consider well, and beare in mind
What our good God hath for us done,
In sending his beloved Son
*For to redeeme our soules from thrall—
This was the Saviour of us all.*¹

6

Let all our songs of praises be
Unto his heavenly Majesty;
And evermore, amongst your mirth,
Remember Christ our Saviour's birth.

10

¹ This burden of two lines is not found in either of the other copies, neither is it carried on in this.

The five-and-twentieth of December
Good cause have we for to remember;
In Bethelē, upon that morne,
There was our blest Messias borne. 14

The night before that happy tide,
The spotlesse Virgin and her guide
Went long time seeking up and downe
To find their lodging in the towne. 18

But marke how all things came to passe—
The inns and lodgings so fill'd was
That they could have no roome at all
But in a silly oxe his stall. 22

This night the Virgin Mary mild
Was safe delivered of a child,
According unto heaven's decree,
Man's sweet salvation for to be. 26

Neer Bethelē did shepherds keepe
Their herds, and flocks of feeding sheep:
To them God's angels did appeare,
Which put the shepherds in great fear. 30

"Prepare and goe," the angel said,
"To Bethelē—be not afraid,
There shall you find, this blessed morne,
The princely babe, sweet Jesus, born." 34

With thankfull heart and joyful mind,
The shepherds went the babe to find;
And, as the heavenly angel told,
They did our Saviour Christ behold. 38

Within a manger was he laid;
The Virgin Mary by him staid,
Attending on the Lord of life,
Being both mother, maid, and wife. 42

Three eastern wise men from afar,
Directed by a glorious star,
Came boldly on, and made no stay
Untill they came where Jesus lay. 46

And being come into the place
Whereas the blest Messiah was,
They humbly laid before his feet
Their gifts of gold and odours sweet.

50

See, how the Lord of heaven and earth
Shew'd himselfe lowly in his birth !
A sweet example for mankind
To learn to beare an humble mind.

54

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



No costly robes, nor rich attire,
Did Jesus Christ our Lord desire ;
No musick, nor sweet harmony,
Till glorious angels, from on hye,

58

Did in melodious manner sing
Praises unto our heavenly King—
“All honor, glory, might and power,
Be unto Christ for evermore!” 62

If quiers of angels did rejoyce,
Well may mankind, with heart and voyce,
Sing praises to the God of heaven,
That unto us his Son hath given. 66

Moreover, let us every one
Call unto mind and think upon
His righteous life, and how hee dy'd
To have poore sinners justifi'd. 70

Suppose, O man, that thou shouldst lie
In prison strong, condemn'd to die,
And that no friend upon the earth
Could ransome thee from cruel death, 74

Except thou canst some partie find,
That, for thy sake, will be so kind
His owne heart's bloud for to dispense,
And lose his life in thy defence. 78

Such was the love of Christ, when we
Were lost to hell perpetually;
To save us from the gulfe of woe
Himselfe much paines did undergoe. 82

While in this world he did remaine,
He never spent an houre in vaine;
In fasting and in prayer divine
He daily spent away his time. 86

He in their temples daily taught,
And many wonders strange he wrought;
He gave the blind their perfect sight,
And made the lame to goe upright. 90

He cur'd the lepers of their evils,
And by his power he cast out devils;
He raisèd Lazarus from the grave,
And to the sick their health he gave. 94

But yet, for all these wonders wrought,
 The Jews his dire¹ destruction sought;
 The traytor Judas was the man
 That with a kisse betray'd him than. 98

Then was he led to judgement hall,
 Like one despis'd amongst them all,
 And had the sentence given, that he
 Should suffer death upon a tree. 102

Unto his execution place
 They brought him on, with much disgrace;
 With vile reproachful taunts and scorn,
 They crown'd him with a wreath of thorns. 106

Then to the crosse, through hands and feet,
 They nayl'd our blest Redeemer sweet;
 And further to augment his smart,
 With bloody spear they pierc'd his heart. 110

Thus have you seene and heard aright,
 The love of Christ, the Lord of might,
 And how he shed his precious bloud
 Only to doe us sinners good:
And to redeeme our soules from thrall,
This was the Saviour of us all. 116

FINIS.

Saint Bernard's Vision.

THREE editions of this are in the Roxburghe Collection—the second with the imprint deficient, and the third by Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger. A copy of the last-named is also included in the Pepys Collection, II. 4, and three editions are in the Euing Collection, Nos. 316, 317, and 318.

Ballads which describe Hell in strong colours seem to have had great popularity, and to have passed through numerous editions. This suggests the reflection that there may have been a succession of purchasers who took much interest in the souls of their neighbours, and gave them copies for their benefit.

Saint Bernard, to whom the vision is accredited, was once a popular saint, but that popularity faded away with some, after the new creed established by the Council of Trent, for he denied transubstantiation, works of supererogation, etc., etc., and allowed of only two sacraments.

¹ "dire" in Conyers's edition, "dear" in the text.

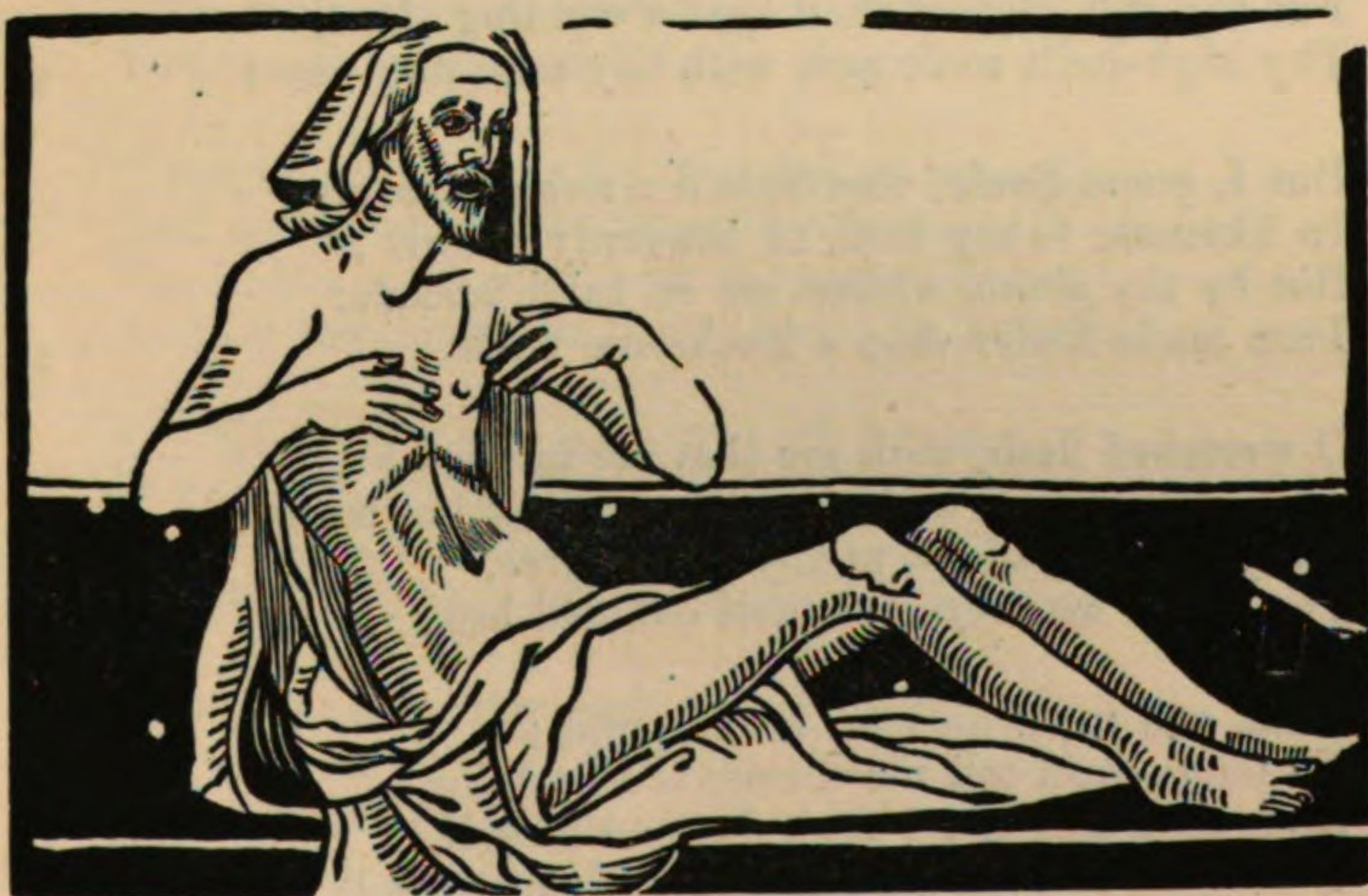
[Roxb. Coll. I. 376, 377, III. 348, and III. 887.]

Saint Bernard's Vision;

Or,

A briefe Discourse (Dialogue-wise) betweene the Soule
and the Body of a damned man newly deceased,
laying open the faults of each other; with a speech
of the Diuel's in Hell.

TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune, my Foe.*



THE WRITER SPEAKETH.

As I lay slumbring in my bed one night,
A fearefull vision did me sore affright:
Me thought I saw a Soule departed late,
By it the Body in a poore estate.

4

Wailing with sighes, the Soule aloud did cry,
Upon the Body in the coffin by;
And thus the Soule to it did make her moane,
With grievous sobs and many a bitter groane.

8

THE SOULE SPEAKETH.

O sinfull flesh, which now so low doth lye,
Whom yesterday the world esteem'd so hye,
It was but yesterday the world was thine,
Thy sunne is set, which yesterday did shine. 12

Where is that traine that did attend on thee?
Where is thy mirth? where is thy jollitie?
Where are thy sumptuous buildings and thy treasure,
Thy pleasant walks, in which thou took'st such pleasure? 16

Gone is thy traine, thy mirth to mourning turn'd,
Thou in a coffin in thy shrine art urn'd;
For thy rich clothes thou hast a winding sheet,
Thy high-built roofe now with thy nose doth meet. 20

But I, poore Soule, was fram'd a noble creature,
In likenesse to my God, of heavenly feature;
But by thy sinne, whilst we on earth abode,
I am made fouler than a loathsome toade. 24

O wretched flesh, with me that art forlorne!
That well may'st wish thou never hadst bin borne;
Thou never would'st to any good agree,
For which we evermore shall damnèd bee. 28

I am, and must for ever be, in paine;
No tongue can tell the torments I sustaine;
Both thou and I, we must descend to hell,
Where we in frying flames for aye must dwell. 32

It was thy pride, deceit, and luxurie,
Hath brought these torments both on me and thee;
Thy wife, thy children, friends which thou didst trust,
Doth loath thy carcas, lying in the dust. 36

The booke of God, which is both true and sure,
Witnesse at large what sinners shall endure:
Thou that within thy bed of earth art layd,
Arise, and answer to these things I sayd! 40

THE BODY ANSWERETH.

I know thee well, my Soule, which from me fled,
Which left my body senselesse, cold, and dead;
Cease then to say the fault was all in me,
When I will prove the fault was most in thee. 44

Thou say'st that I have led thee oft astray,
And from well-doing drawne thee quite away;
But if the flesh the spirit's power can move,
The fault is thine—as I will plainly prove. 48

God, you doe know, created thee most faire,
And of celestial knowledge gave you share:
I was your servant, form'd of durt and clay;
You to command, and I for to obey. 52

'Twas in your power for to restraine my will,
And not to let me doe those things were ill.
The bodies workes be from the soule divided,¹
And by the Soule the Body should be guided. 56

The Body of itselfe none ill hath knowne;
If I did what thou bidst, the guilt 's thine owne:
For without thee the body resteth dead;
The Soule commands—it rests upon thy head. 60

So, to conclude, thy guilt exceedeth mine;
Oh, how the wormes doe teare me in my shrine!
And therefore fare thou well, poore sinfull soule,
Whose trespasses passe mine, though they are foule. 64

¹ The first copy in the Roxburghe Collection has here "derided," the second "divided," and the third "derived." The second is obviously right, by the rhyme with "guided."

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



THE SOULE ANSWERETH.

Most wretched flesh! which in thy time of life
 Wast foolish, idle, vaine, and full of strife;
 Though of my substance thou didst speake to me,
 I doe confesse I should have bridled thee.

But thou, through love of pleasure, foule and ill,
Still me resisted and would have thy will :
When I would thee, O Body ! have control'd,
Straight the world's vanities did thee with-hold. 72

So thou of me didst get the upper hand,
Inthralling me in worldly pleasures' band ;
That thou and I eternall shall be drown'd
In hell, when glorious saints in heaven are crown'd. 76

But flatt'ring fancies did thy mind so please,
Thou never thought to dye till death did seaze :
This was thy fault, and cursèd is our fate,
Which we repent, but now, alas ! too late. 80

THE BODY SPEAKETH.

Oh, now I weep, being scourg'd with mine owne rod ;
Wee both stand guilty 'fore the face of God ;
Both are in fault, and yet not equally,
The greatest burthen, Soule ! on thee doth lye. 84

No wit so meane but this for truth it knowes,
That where most gifts of vertue God bestowes,
There most is due, and ought repayèd bee ;
And unto this there's none but will agree. 88

But foolishly thou yeeldedst unto mee,
And to my vaine desires didst soone agree :
But, oh ! I know that, at the latter houre,
Both thou and I shall find a death most soure. 92

I greatly feare an everlasting fire,
Yet one thing more of thee I doe desire—
Hast thou been yet amongst the fiends of hell ?
Is no hope left that we with Christ may dwell ? 96

THE SOULE ANSWERETH.

Fond flesh ! remember Dives was denay'd,
When for one drop of water so he pray'd :
Thy question, senselesse Body, wanteth reason,
Redemption now is hopelesse, out of season. 100

Vile Body! goe, and rot in bed of clay,
 Untill the great and generall judgement day:
 Then shalt thou rise, and be with me condemn'd
 To hell's hot lake, for ever without end. 104

So, fare thou well! I must no longer stay,
 Harke how the fiends of hell call me away!
 The losse of heavenly joyes tormenteth mee
 More than all tortures that in hell can be. 108

THE DIVELLS SPEAKE.

Ho! are you come, whom we expected long?
 Now we will make you sing another song;
 Howling and yelling still shall be your note,
 And molten lead be powred downe your throat. 112

Such horror we doe on our servants load,
 Now thou art worse than is the crawling toad:
 Ten thousand thousand torments thou shalt bide,
 When thou in flaming sulphure shalt be fride. 116

Thou art a souldier of our campe enrol'd;
 Never henceforth shalt thou the light behold:
 The paines prepar'd for thee no tongue can tell,
 Welcome, O welcome, to the pit of hell! 120

THE WRITER SPEAKETH.

At this the groaning Soule did weepe most sore,
 And then the fiends with joy did laugh and roare:
 These divells seem'd more blacke than pitch or night,
 Whose horrid shapes did sorely me affright. 124

Sharpe steely forkes each in his hand did beare,
 Tuskèd their teeth like crooked mattocks were;
 Fire and brimstone then they breathèd out,
 And from their nostrils snakes crawl'd round about. 128

Foule filthy hornes on their blacke browes they wore,
 Their nayles were like the tushes of a bore:
 Those fiends in chaines fast bound this wretched Soule,
 And drag'd him in, who grievously did howle. 132

Then straight me thought appeared to my sight
A beautilous young man, cloathèd all in white;
His face did shine most glorious to behold,
Wings like the raynebow and his hayre like gold. 136

With a sweet voyce, "All haile! all haile!" quoth he,
"Arise and write what thou didst heare and see!"
Most heavenly musicke seemèd then to play,
And in a cloud he vanisht quite away. 140

Awaking straight, I tooke my pen in hand,
To write these lines the yong man did command,
And so into the world abroad it sent,
That each good Christian may in time repent. 144

Then let us feare the Lord, both night and day;
Preserve our soules and bodies we thee pray;
Grant that we may so run this mortall race,
That wee in heaven may have a resting place. 148

Preserve the king, the queene, and progeny,
The clergy, councell, and nobility,
Preserve our soules, O Lord, we doe thee pray,
Amen, with me let all good Christians say. 152

FINIS.

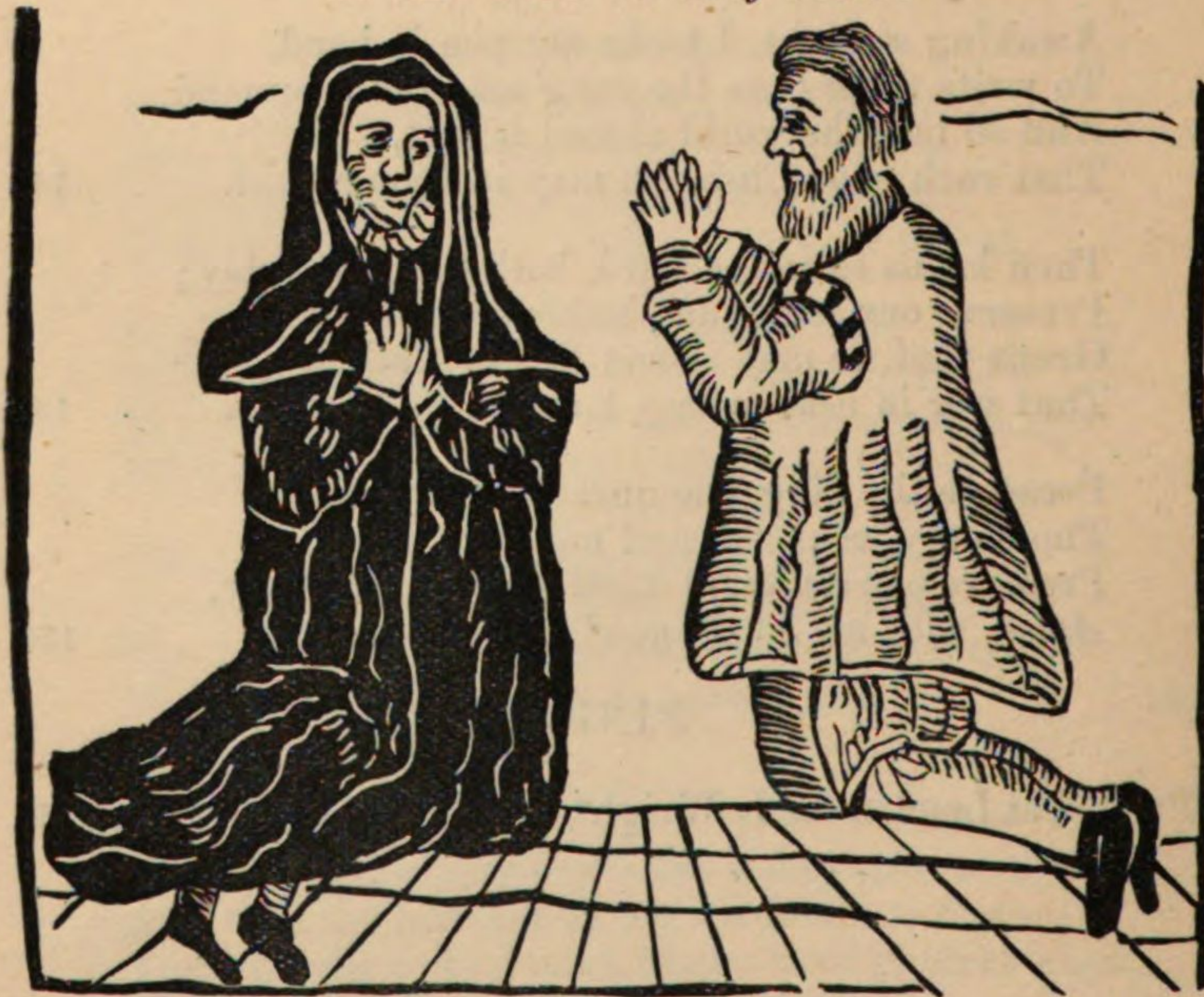
Printed at London for J. Wright, dwelling in Gilt-spur street.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 378, 379.]

The Sinner's Supplication :

Confessing his sins, and humbly craving pardon of the Lord : he hateth the world, and desireth to inhabit in the heavenly Jerusalem : and the description thereof.

TO THE TUNE OF *Troy Towne*.



O gracious God and heavenly King,
That rules and governes every thing,
Whose power the heavens and earth do know,
Behold me, wretch, opprest with woe !
Be thou my God in this distresse,
And ease me of my wickednesse.

4

*O Lord, Lord, for thy mercy now forgive
me, come and receive me home.¹*

8

¹ This burden is devoid both of rhyme and of metre, but no other copy of this "Sinner's Supplication" is known.

The terrors of this fearfull death,
Which makes so many lose their breath,
Doe make me feare my part therein,
For recompence of my great sinne;
O Lord, unto my voice give heed,
And rid my life and soule from dread.

O Lord, Lord, for thy mercy, &c.

15

Most gracious God, now lend thine eare,
Bow downe thyselfe my cryes to heare;
Let not my words be spent in vaine,
But helpe me, Lord, now I complaine:
Be thou my rocke, my strength, and stay,
For thou hast promist helpe alway.

21

This grievous scourge, which thou hast sent
Upon us for our chastisement,
We must confesse we have deserved;
For from thy lawes we all have swerved.
Our sinnes have sore provokèd thee
In wrath against us all to be.

27

The sinnes of Sodom here doe raigne,
And in our citie doe remaine;
Both old and young, both rich and poore,
Doe daily sinne and vex thee sore:
They sweare and lye, they steale and kill,
And for old shoes the poore they sell.

33

False beames and weights are daily used,
Whereby full many are abused;
And covetuous usurers, by excesse,
Have brought a number to distresse;
They purchase daily house and ground,
And, racking rents, the poore they wound.

39

And I, O Lord, amongst the rest,
Doe yeeld that I have sore transgrest:
But yet, O Lord, I thee desire
Not to rebuke me in thine ire:
Beare not in mind my former ill,
But frame me to thy holy will.

45

I was conceiv'd and borne in sin,
 And since I have most wicked bin,
 Offending thee, my gracious God,
 Whereby I have deserved thy rod;
 But now, O Lord, I doe repent,
 Let me not feele thy punishment.

51

My sinnes are set before mine eyes,
 My gracelesse oathes I doe despise,
 My want of grace I doe lament,
 And youthfull time so vainely spent;
 Forgive me, Lord, for Christ his sake,
 And let thy wrath and anger slake.

57

Vaine world, adue! thou flatterest man;
 I loath thee now, doe what thou can:
 I yeeld myselfe most willingly
 Unto my God to live and dye;
 For under his wings, I plainly see
 There is most safety for to be.

63

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Oh where, said David, shall I fly,
But God will there be presently?
There is no place to scape from God
If thou deserve to feele his rod;
Thou man, in thy vocation stay,
And God will thee defend alway.

69

I with my selfe am now resolved,
And with St. Paul, to be dissolved
From this body of sinne and mire—
I doe most earnestly desire—
And with my Saviour Christ to be,
To live with him eternally.

75

My thirsty soule desires her draught,
My poysoned mind would faine be out
From chaines and fetters of the flesh,
To live with him in happinesse;
She longs to come into the coast
Which she by Sathan's wiles hath lost.

81

From Egypt now I will returne,
Where cruell bondage makes me mourne,
And eke from Babylon I would be—
Released from captivity—
To be in New Jerusalem,
Amongst the saints, to sing with them.

87

This is the home which I doe meane,
That city, New Jerusalem,
Where many thousand saints doe sing
Praises unto their heavenly King.
Within that citty there is peace,
Continues still, and never cease.

93

There is an everlasting spring,
There birds doe ever chirp and sing;
There blustering winter never blowes,
It never freezeth there nor snowes:
Nor summers parching doth no harme;
The weather there is temperate warme.

99

There pleasant gardens ever keepe
 All sorts of flowers ever sweet;
 The trees doe blossom, bud and beare;
 The fruits are mellow all the yeere;
 All sorts of plants, both fresh and greene,
 At all times there are to be seene. 105

The gates of equall distance be,
 Most beautifull and faire to see,
 Bedeckt with many precious stones,
 And wrought with burnisht ivory bones;
 The walles of jasper richly built,
 The streets and houses pav'd and guilt. 111

There pleasant wine in rivers flowes,
 Upon the bankes the suger growes
 Enclos'd in reedes of cynamon,
 More sweeter than the hony combe:
 To see these sights and many moe,
 Who would not covet there to goe? 117

There is no need of moone nor sunne,
 For there the day and night are one:
 No heart can think nor tongue can tell,
 The glorious sights for to excell.
 The dwellers there are crown'd with gold,
 Like kings, most glorious to behold. 123

Like loving friends they live in blisse,
 Like spouses they the bridegroome kisse,
 Their loving Lord and master deare,
 Who feasteth them with heavenly cheere. 127
 O God of heaven, of thy good grace,
 Conduct us to that heavenly place!

*O Lord, Lord, for thy mercy now forgive
 me, come and receive me home. 131*

Printed at London for Henry Gosson dwelling on London
 Bridge.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 380, 381.]

Slippery Will;¹

Or,

The old Batchelor's complaint, with his advice to all
young men not to doe as he had done :

His youthfull time he spent away,
Which makes him now this Proverbe say—
That he that will not when he may,
When he would, he should have nay.

TO THE TUNE OF *The bonny, bonny broome.*



Long have I liv'd a batchelor's life,
And had no mind to marry ;
But now I would faine have a wife,
Either Doll, Kate, Sis, or Mary :

4

¹ Slippery Will, who had played false to all his loves while he was young, would have liked to resume one of them when he felt that he was growing old. He tried them all round, but met with the treatment he deserved ; and thus was reminded of the old proverb :

“ If you will not when you may,
When you will, you shall have nay.”

These foure did love me very well—
 [I] had my choice of many—
 But one did all the rest excell,
 And that was pretty Nanny. 8
O young men all, to you I cry and call,
Make not too long delay;
For if you will not when you may,
 When ye would, ye shall have nay. 12

These lasses faire did love me very deare
 When I was in my prime;
 But now give eare, and you shall heare
 How I spent away my time: 16
 I promis'd Kate to be her true love,
 And would not falsifie;
 But soone I did contrary prove—
 O I cannot it deny.
O young, &c. 21

After Kate, I went and wooed Doll;
 She was my ducke and my deare;
 Her owne sweet heart she did me call,
 Of me she had no feare: 25
 But I left her for Sisses sweet sake,
 For which poore Kate did grieve,
 And she did proclamations make
 That no maid should me beleeeve.
O young, &c. 30

Now Sisly she my true love must be—
 Many fine words I her told,
 And she most faithfully beleeeved me,
 And gave me silver and gold; 34

For the tune of the ballad and its history, see *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, II. 460, 461.

Two copies of this ballad are extant, one in the Euing Collection (No. 337), and the other in the Roxburghe, both printed at London for E. B. "Printed at London" is the usual style for publishers in the reign of James I., as "Imprinted" is for that of Elizabeth. "London, Printed for," is a rough guide to the second half of the seventeenth century.

Which freely I, in company,
Did spend, and made no care
She callèd me her dear bonny,
And bade I should not spare.
O young, &c. 39

Now I, having wasted much of her coyne,
She then began to grow weary;
Then did she seeke me to combine
That I with her should marry. 43
But I was loth to yeeld unto her will—
I told her I would tarry;
Then afterward I did use my skill
For to be beloved of Mary.
O young, &c. 48

Now Mary she did thinke verily
That I had beene her owne;
But she was much deceived in me,
As plainly shall be shewne. 52
She was so cunning, crafty, and wise,
That she would not part with her money;
Then, when I found her so precise,
I went and wooèd Nanny. 56
*O young men all, to you I cry and call,
Make not too long delay;
For if you will not when you may,
When you would, you shall have nay.* 60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Sweet Nan did love me deare indeed,
 She would not see me to lacke,
 She gave me money to serve my need,
 And apparrell to my backe: 64
 She called me her honny, conny, deare,
 Her true delight and her love,
 And alwaies bad that I should not feare,
 But that she would constant prove. 68
*O young men all, to you I cry and call,
 Make not too long delay;
 For if you will not when you may,
 When you would, you shall have nay. 72*

Thus did I spend away my time of youth,
 And now begin to waxe old,
 The proverbe now I find is truth,
 "Hot love soone waxeth cold." 76

I went and tryed my lasses ore againe,
But I found them all very strange;
They tell me now it is in vaine
So often to fleet and change.
O young, &c. 81

When I came to prove my first true love,
Asking her if she did well;
But now she doth contrary prove,
And wish'd that the divell of hell 85
Might take me up upon his backe,
And carry me about to sell;
She bid me thence away to packe,
And not come where she doth dwell.
O young, &c. 90

From Kate to Doll I then did repaire,
And called her my owne sweet-heart;
She askèd me what I did there,
And bade me thence depart: 94
She call'd me slave, and cheating knave,
And swore she would procure
Some punishment for me to have,
That I might smart endure.
O young, &c. 99

I hearing her to threaten me so,
Went quickly from her sight:
Then to my Sisly I did goe,
Which was my heart's delight; 103
But when she saw me at the doore,
She would not let me in,
But told me of my faults before,
And said, she would baste my skin.
O young, &c. 108

Then wandering from thence I went,
And came to mistresse Mary,
Who was resolv'd with full intent,
My life for to miscarry: 112

She fetcht a spit and ran at me,
 Thinking to end my life;
 She usèd me most cruelly,
 And at me drew her knife.
O young, &c. 117

Then presently to Nan I hied,
 To see if she would be kind;
 But she at me did raile and chide,
 And swore she would beat me blind; 121
 She tooke her distaffe in her hand,
 And laid on me very sore;
 I thought it was no boot to stand,
 But got me out of doore.
O young, &c. 126

I must confesse that I did amisse
 In loving of so many;
 O but now what a plague is this,
 I am not beloved of any! 130
 My heart is grievèd very sore
 To thinke on former joyes;
 O I shall never see them more—
 Then list to me, young boyes! 134
*For time and tide doth swiftly glide,
 And time for none will stay;
 Then take your time when as you may,
 Or else perhaps you may have nay.* 138

FINIS.

Printed at London for E. B.

“Seldom comes the better.”

THIS ballad is in exemplification of the old proverb, “Seldom comes the better.” Three other proverbs are introduced—“Change of pasture makes fat calves,” “A rolling stone ne’er gathers moss,” and “Look, before you leap.” It seems to have been published in the reign of James I., and perhaps no other copy now remains.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 382, 383.]

Seldome comes the better ;

Dr,

An admonition to all sorts of people, as Husbands, Wives, Masters, and Servants, etc., to avoid mutability, and to fix their minds on what they possesse.

TO THE TUNE OF *The He-Devill.*



You men that are well wived,
 And yet doe raile on fate—
 As though you were deprived
 Thereby of happy state—
 Learne well to be contented
 With a good wife, if you get her,
 For often, when the old wife's dead,
"Seldome comes the better."

4

8

I once had a wife ;
 O would to God she had lived !
 For while the Lord lent me her life,
 Indifferent well I thrived ;

12

Yet cause that she would chide at me,
 I wisht that death would fet her,
 But since I have got a worse then shee,
For "seldome comes the better." 16

She would tell me, for my good,
 That I must leave my vice;
 But I not rightly understood
 Her counsell of high price; 20
 Full glad was I when she was dead—
 So much at nought I set her—
 But since I have got a worse in her stead,
For "seldome comes the better." 24

I now have one that's not content
 With any thing I doe:
 The other's tongue did me torment;
 This scolds and beates me too. 28
 I thought when I was rid of one,
 That fortune was my debtor;
 But now I see, when one wife's gone,
That "seldome comes the better." 32

That wife would only me reprove
 For wasting of my store;
 But this, as well as I, doth love
 The good ale-pot, and more: 36
 She'll sit at the ale-house all the day,
 And, if the house will let her,
 Shee'll run on the score, and I must pay—
Thus "seldome comes the better." 40

The other was a huswife good—
 When she a penny spent,
 It went from her like drops of bloud—
 To th' alehouse she ne're went, 44
 Unlesse it were to fetch home me—
 For which at nought I set her;
 But this wife is quite contrary,
For "seldome comes the better." 48

And if I doe rebuke her, as
A husband ought and will,
She'l call me rogue and rascall base,
Her tongue will ne're lye still;
Nay much adoe I have to shun
Her blowes, if much I fret her;
The other quickly would have done:
Thus "seldome comes the better."

52

56

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



When I consider well of this,
It sore doth vexe my mind;
O then I thinke what 'tis to misse
A wife that's true and kinde:

60

There's many men like me that have
 Good wives, yet wish for neater,
 And faine would send the old to th' grave,
In hope they shall have better. 64

But that doth seldome come to passe,
 Though many hope it will;
 Therefore let him that has a good lasse
 Desire to keepe her still: 68
 Nay, though she hath some small defect,
 To chide when he doth fret her;
 Yet let him not her love neglect,
For "seldome comes the better." 72

Some thinke that were their old wives dead—
 Such are their fickle mindes—
 They should get richer in their steads,
 But few or none that findes 76
 Their expectation answered:
 Suppose the portion's greater,
 Yet he may say as I have said,
That "seldome comes the better." 80

Ther's many lads and lasses young
 That in good service light,
 And yet they thinke that they have wrong
 To serve their time out quite: 84
 They love to shift from place to place,
 To th' little from the greater;
 Till at last they say, in wofull case,
Faith, "seldome comes the better." 88

"Change of pasture makes fat calves"—
 This is a proverbe us'd,
 Which, fore another like it, salves,
 And helpes the first abus'd. 92
 "A rolling stone ne're gathers mosse"—
 So he that is a flitter
 From house to house, shall find, with losse,
That "seldome comes the better." 96

Likewise some men and women both,
When they have servants true,
To keepe them over-long th' are loth,
But still they wish for new; 100
And having put the old away,
They take some farre unfitter;
Which being tride, at last they say,
Faith, "seldome comes the better." 104

And he that hath a perfect friend,
Let him retaine his love;
Lest, losing th' old, the new i'th' end,
A faignèd frend doe prove: 108
And so it happens many times,
As some can tell, that yet are
Alive, and doe lament their crimes,
With "seldome comes the better." 112

Therefore let all, both men and wives,
Servants and masters all,
Thinke on this proverbe all their lives—
The use on't is not small; 116
If you are well, yourselves so keepe,
And strive not to be greater;
Be sure to "looke before you leape,"
For "seldome comes the better." 120

FINIS.

Printed at London.

Seldom Cleanly.

FROM the initials at the end, this would seem to have been a production of Laurence Price. He must have been greatly at a loss for a subject to have taken so disagreeable a theme for his satire as the most uncleanly slattern of womankind.

The copy is perhaps unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 384, 385.]

Seldome cleanly ;

Dr,

A merry new Ditty, wherein you may see
The tricke of a Huswife, in every degree ;
Then lend your attention, while I doe unfold
As pleasant a story as you have heard told.

TO THE TUNE OF *Upon a Summer's time.*



[In the original are three cuts; those to the right of the one above are placed on p. 516.]

Draw neere, you countrey girles,
And listen unto me ;
Ile tell you here a new conceit
Concerning huswifery,
Concerning huswifery.

Three aunts I had of late—
 Good huswives all were they—
 But cruell death had taken
 The best of them away,
 O, the best of them away. 10

O, this was one of my aunts,
 The best of all the three :
 And surely, though I say it myselfe,
 A cleanly woman was she,
 A cleanly woman was she. 15

My uncle carelesse was
 In wasting of his store,
 Which made my aunt to have a care
 To looke about the more,
 To looke, &c. 20

When winter-time drew on
 Neere to All-hallows day,
 My aunt did cast her wits about
 To save her straw and hay,
 To save, &c. 25

And like a provident woman—
 As plainely did appeare—
 She starv'd her bullocks, to save her hay
 Untill another yeare. 29

*O this was one of my aunts,
 The best of all the three,
 And surely, though I say it myself,
 A provident woman was shee.* 33

But as shee went to see
 Her cattell in the fields,
 When shee comes home, two pound of dust
 Hang dragling at her heeles.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 38

And there she let it hang
 From Candlemas till May ;
 And then shee tooke a hatchet in hand,
 And chopt it cleane away.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 43

In making of a cheese,
 My aunt shewèd her cunning ;
 Such perfit skill shee had at will,
 Shee never used running,¹
O this was one of my aunts, &c.

48

For having strained her milke,
 In turning once about,
 Shee had the best curd that ever you saw,
 By the sent² of the straying clout.
O this was one of my aunts, &c.

53



[These two cuts in the original stand to the right of that printed on p. 514.]

¹ "running" = rennet.

² "sent" = scent.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Shee was the choysest nurse
 That lived in all the west ;
 Her face was white as the charcoall flower,
 So was her neck and brest.

57

*O this was one of my aunts,
 The best of all the three,
 And surely, though I say't myselve,
 A cleanly good nurse was she.*

61

The garments which she did weare
 Did shine like the brazen crocke ;¹
 And, where shee went, she bore such a sent²
 That the flies blew in her frock.
O this was one of my aunts, &c.

66

¹ crock = pot.² "sent" = scent.

My aunt so curious was—
 As I to you may tell—
 Shee used to make fat puddings
 In markets for to sell.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 71

The smallest candles end
 My aunt would never loose ;
 It would helpe to make her puddings fat,
 With the droppings of her nose.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 76

Another trick she had,
 As I shall now declare,
 Shee never swept the house,
 [But] about foure times a yeare.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 81

And when she swept the hall,
 The parler, or the spence,¹
 The dust was worth to her, at least,
 A shilling or 14 pence.
*O this was one of my aunts,
 The &c.* 87

One day my aunt was set
 By the fier-side, a spinning—
 As she knew well what was to doe
 To wollen or to linnen—
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 92

A change came in her minde,
 Her worke being in great hast,
 She burn'd her tow, her wheele, and all,
 Because she would make wast.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 97

My aunt so patient was,
 Of this I dare be bold,
 That with her neighbours shee
 Was never knowne to scold.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 102

¹ "spence" = pantry.

Her lips with loathsome words
 Shee seldome would defile ;
 But sometimes shee would whisper so loud,
 You might hear her halfe a mile.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 107

Yet one condition more
 Unto you I will show ;
 Shee washt her dishes once a moneth,
 And set them on a row.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 112

If other wise she had
 But of a dishclout faile,¹
 She would set them to the dog to licke,
 And wipe them with his tayle.
O this was one of my aunts, &c. 117

But to conclude in haste
 I hold it not amisse ;
 I love a cleanly hus-wife well,
 As may appeare by this. 121
O this was one of my aunts,
The best of all the three,
And surely, though I say 't myselfe,
A cleanly woman was she. 125

L. P.

FINIS.

London Printed for John Wright junior, dwelling at the
 upper end of the Old Baily.

¹ "faile" = want.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 386, 387, and III. 422, 423.]

A new Sonnet, shewing how the Goddess Diana transformed Acteon into the shape of a Hart.¹

TO A NEW TUNE.



Diana and her darlings dear
Went walking on a day
Throughout the wood and waters clear
For their disports and play.

4

¹ The subject of this ballad is from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Diana and her Nymphs being surprised by Acteon, while bathing, the Goddess transforms him into a hart, and he is devoured by his own dogs.

The earliest identifiable copy of the ballad is included in *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, but it is probably the same "Ballett intituled The Goddess Diana, &c.," which was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1565-6.

Numerous allusions to the subject and to the tune prove them to have been of long-continued popularity. The latest reprint was probably by John White, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a copy of which is included in the Third Volume of the present Collection.

Of editions in broadside, there is perhaps no earlier now remaining than of the middle of the seventeenth century. Copies are included in the Pepys, the Roxburghe, and the Bagford Collections. See Pepys, I. 480 (Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger), Roxb. I. 386, Bagford 643. m. 9. p. 57, and 643. m. 10. p. 9.

The leaves aloft were very green,
And pleasant to behold,
These nymphs they walkt the trees betweene,
Under the shaddows cold, 8

So long, at last they found a place
Of springs and waters clear—
A fairer bath there never was
Found out this thousand year. 12
Wherin Diana daintily
Her self began to bathe;
And all her virgins faire and pure
Themselves did wash and lave. 16

And, as the nymphs in water stood,
Acteon passèd by;
As he came running through the wood,
On them he cast his eye: 20
And eke beheld their bodies bare,
Then presently that tide;
And as the nymphs of him were ware,
With voice aloud they cry'd: 24

And clos'd Diana round about,
To hide her body small;
But she was highest of the rout,
And seen above them all. 28
And when Diana did perceive
Where Acteon did stand,
A furious look to him she gave,
And took her bow in hand. 32

And as she went about to shoot,
Acteon began to run;
To hide he thought it was no boot—
His former sight[s] were done. 36
And as he thought from her to 'scape,
She brought it so to pass,
Incontinently chang'd his shape,
Even running as he was. 40

Each goddess took Diana's part
Acteon to transform ;
To make of him a huge wild hart
There they did all determ ; 44
His skin, that was so fine and fair,
Was made a tawny red ;
His body over grown with hair
From feet unto the head ; 48

And on his head great horns were set,
Most wonderous to behold—
A huger hart was never met,
Nor seen upon the mold ; 52
His ears and eyes, that were so fair,
Transformèd were full strange ;
His hands and feet compellèd were
Throughout the woods to range. 56

Thus was he made a perfect hart,
And waxèd fierce and grim ;
His former shape did quite depart
From every joint and limb ; 60
But still his memory did remain,
Although he could not speak,
Nor yet among his friends complain,
His woful mind to break. 64

At length he thought for to repair
Home to his dwelling place ;
Anon of him his hounds were ware,
And 'gan to cry apace : 68
Then Acteon was sore agast,
His hounds would him devour,
And from them then he fled full fast,
With all his might and power. 72



He sparèd neither bush nor brake,
But ran through thick and thin,
With all the swiftness he could make,
In hope to save his skin : 76
Yet were his hounds so near his tail,
And followed him so fast,
That running might not him avail,
For all his speed and haste ; 80

For why, his hounds would never lin¹
Till they him overtook,
And then they rent and tore his skin,
And all his body shook : 84
“I am your master Acteon,”
Then cry’d he to his hounds,
And made unto them rueful moans,
With sad, lamenting sounds. 88

“I have been he which gave you food,
Wherein I took delight ;
Therefore suck not your master’s blood,
His friendship to requite.” 92

¹ “lin” = stop.

But those curs of a cursèd kind
 On him had no remorse ;
 Although he was their dearest friend,
 They pull'd him down by force. 96

There was no man to take his part,
 The story telleth plain ;
 Thus Acteon, a huge wild hart,
 Among the does were slain. 100

You hunters all that range the woods,
 Although you rise up rath,¹
 Beware you come not nigh the flood
 Where virgins use to bathe : 104

For if Diana you espy
 Among her derlings dear,
 Your former shape she will disguise,
 And make you horns to wear. 108

And so I do conclude my song,
 Have nothing to alledge ;
 If Acteon had right or wrong,
 Let all true virgins judge. 112

A Lullaby.

THE following Lullaby is printed upon the same sheet as "Diana and her darlings dear" in the various editions of that ballad. The Lullaby seems equally to belong to the sixteenth century. When ballads had grown old and rather out of date, two were frequently printed together.

¹ "rath" = early.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 387, second column.]

A Lullaby.

Come, little babe, come, silly soul !
 Thy father's shame and mother's grief,
 Born as I doubt to all our dole,¹
 Unto thy self unhappy chief :
 Sing lullaby, and keep it warm,
 Poor soul, it thinks no creature harm.

6

Thou little think'st, and least dost know,
 The cause of this thy mother's moan,
 Thou wantest wit to wail or woe,
 And I myself am left alone :
 Why dost thou weep, why dost thou wail,
 And knowest not what thou dost ail ?

12

Come, silly wretch, ah silly heart !
 My only joy, what can I more ?
 If there be any wrong thy smart,
 That may thy destiny deplore !
 'Tis I, I say, against my will,
 I wait the time, but be thou still.

18

And dost thou smile ? O thou sweet face,
 I would thy dad the same might see,
 No doubt but it would purchase grace,
 I know it would be for thee and me ;
 But come to mother, babe, and play,
 Poor father false is fled away.

24

Sweet babe, if't be thy fortune chance
 Thy father home again to send,
 If death doth strike me with his lance,
 Yet may'st thou me to him commend :
 If any ask thy mother's name,
 Tell how by love she purchas't blame.

30

¹ "dole" = sorrow.

Then will his gentle heart soon yeild,
 I know him of a noble mind;
 Although a lion in the field,
 A lamb in town thou shalt him find;
 Ask blessing, lad, be not afraid,
 His sugred lips hath me betray'd. 36

Then may'st thou joy and be right glad,
 Although in woe I seem to mourn,
 Thy father is no rascal, lad,
 An able youth of blood and bone:
 His glancing look, if he once smile,
 Right honest women will beguile. 42

Come, little boy, and rock asleep,
 Sing lullaby, and do not cry,
 I can do nought else but weep,
 And sit by thee, the lullaby;
 God bless the[e], babe, and lullaby,
 From this thy father's cruelty! 48

Printed by and for A. M., and sold by the Booksellers of
 London.

The Shepherd's Delight.

IN the following we have another example of the custom of printing two very old ballads upon one broadside. The first of these, "The Shepherd's Delight," is to the tune of *The Frog Galliard*, which was composed by John Dowland, the most famous of all lutenists of the sixteenth century:

"Whose touch upon the lute doth ravish human sense."

The tune, and its history, will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 127. The words seem to be very corrupt—as if

written down from imperfect recollection. This will be manifest by comparing the ballad with the following version, although from so late a source as *The New Academy of Complements*, edition of 1713.

On a hill there grows a flow'r— Fair befall the gentle sweet— By that flow'r there is a Bow'r Where the heav'nly muses meet.	4
In that bow'r there is a chair Fringed all about with gold, Where doth sit the fairest fair Mortal ever did behold.	8
It is Phillis, fair and bright, She that is the shepherd's joy, She that Venus did despight, And did blind her little boy.	12
This is she, the wise, the rich, That the world desires to see, This is <i>Ipsa quæ</i> , "the which," There is none but only she.	16
Who would not this fair admire, Who would not this saint adore, Who would not this sight desire, Tho' he thought to see no more?	20
Oh fair eyes! but let me see One good look, and I am gone— Look on me, for I am he, Thy poor silly Coridon.	24
Thou [that] art the shepherd queen, Look upon thy silly swain— By [such] vertues have been seen Dead men brought to live again.	28

The last four lines in this version are corrupt, for the two words which we have inserted are necessary to make up the metre, and four more lines seem to be required for the stanza. Perhaps the song was curtailed for *The New Academy of Complements*.

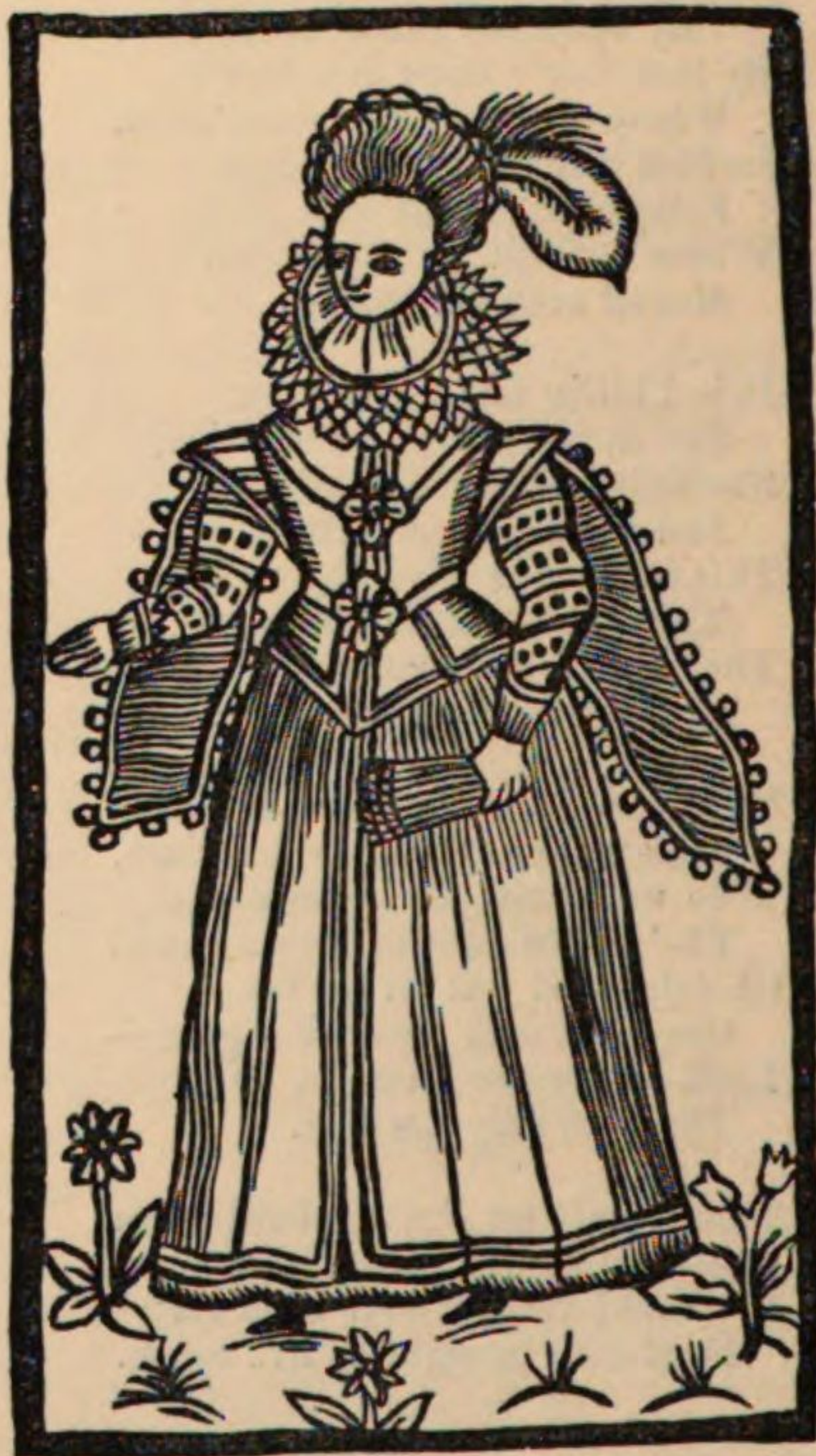
A copy of the ballad is in the Euing Collection, No. 216.

It should be borne in mind, in all songs of this description, that poets and rhymesters pictured themselves under the designation of shepherds. They were the charming Arcadians, and not ordinary country clowns.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 388, first column.]

The Shepherd's Delight.

To THE TUNE OF *Frog Galliard*.



On yonder hill there springs a flower—
 Faire befall those daintie sweets—
 And by that flower there stands a bower
 Where all the heavenly muses meetes;
 And in that bowre there stands a chayre
 Fringed all about with gold,
 And therein sits the fairest faire
 That ever did mine eyes behold.

4

8

It was Phillida faire and bright,
 And the shepherd's onely joy,
 She whome Venus most did spight,
 And the blinded little boy.

12

It was she, the wisest, rich,
 Whome all the world did joy to see ;
 It was *Ipsa quæ*, "the which,"
 There was none but onely she. 16

Thou [that] art the shepheard's queene,
 Pittie me, thy wofull swaine ;
 For by thy vertue have been seene
 Dead men restor'd to life againe : 20
 Look on me now, with thy faire eyes
 One smiling looke, and I am gone.
 Looke on me, for I am he,
 Thy poore afflicted Corridon. 24

Dead am I to all delights,
 Except thy mercy quicken me,
 Grant, oh queene, or else I die,
 A salve for this my malady : 28
 The while we sing with cheereful noyse,
 Wood nymphs and satyres all may play,
 With silver-sounding musick's voice,
 Rejoycing at this happy day. 32

FINIS.

Daphne and Apollo.

THIS ballad is one of the numerous productions of the celebrated Elizabethan ballad-writer, Thomas Deloney. The subject is the old mythological story of Daphne pursued by Apollo, and transformed into a laurel by Diana. "The story of Daphne," says the Rev. G. W. Cox, "is but one of a large class of legends which relate to the love of the Sun for the Dawn, who flies at his approach, and, at length, as he draws nearer to her, vanishes away."

The music composed for the ballad extended its popularity, which was in full force in the reign of James I., and continued long after. The words are included in the 30th edition of *The Garland of Delight*, by Thomas Deloney, 1681, and in *The Royal Garden of Love and Delight*, edition of 1674.

Copies of these are in the Pepys Collection of "Penny Merriments," and no earlier editions seem to be extant. Deloney there entitles the ballad "A pleasant ditty of Daphne and Apollo."

An account of the tune will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 338. Its popularity extended to Holland, and it was a favourite country-dance in England until 1690.

A copy of the ballad, in manuscript, is included in the Euing Collection.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 388, second column.]

A pleasant new Ballad of Daphne.

TO A NEW TUNE.

When Daphne from faire Phœbus did flie,
 The west winde most sweetly did blow in her face :
 Her silken scarfe scarce shadowed her eyes ;
 The god cried, "O pitie," and held her in chace. 4
 "Stay, nimph, stay nimph," cryes Apollo,
 "Tarry and turn thee; sweet nymph, stay !
 Lion nor tyger doth thee follow ;
 Turne thy faire eyes, and looke this way. 8
 O turne, O prettie sweet,
 And let our red lips meet :
 Pittie, O Daphne, pittie, O pittie me :
 Pittie, O Daphne, pittie me." 12

She gave no eare unto his cry,
 But still did neglect him the more he did mone ;
 He still did entreat, she still did denie,
 And earnestly prayes him to leave her alone. 16
 "Never, never," cries Apollo,
 "Unlesse to love thou do consent ;
 But still, with my voice so hollow,
 Ile crie to thee till thy¹ life be spent. 20
 But if thou turne to me,
 'T will prove² thy felicitie :
 Pitty, O Daphne, pittie, O pittie me,
 Pitty, O Daphne, pittie me." 24

Away, like the Venus dove, she flies ;
 The red blood her buskins did run all adowne ;
 His plaintive love she still denies,³
 Crying, "Help, help, Diana, and save my renowne : 28
 Wanton, wanton lust is neare me—
 Cold and chast Diana, aid !
 Let the earth a virgin beare me,
 Or devoure me quick a maid." 32

¹ "while life be spent" in this evidently corrupt text.² "I will praise" in the Roxburghe edition.³ "He plaintiffe love she now denies" in the Roxburghe edition.

Diana heard her pray,
And turned her to a bay :
“Pittie, O Daphne, pittie, O pittie me,
Pitty, O Daphne, pittie me.” 36

Amazèd stood Apollo then,
When he beheld Daphne turned as she desired ;
“Accurst I am, above gods and men ;
With grieve and laments my sences are tired. 40
Farewell ! false Daphne, most unkinde,
My love is buried in thy grave ;
Long have I sought love, yet love could not finde,
Therefore shall this be thy¹ epitaph : 44
‘This tree doth Daphne cover,
That never pitied lover.’
Farewell, false Daphne, that would not pittie me,
Though not my love, yet art thou my tree.”² 48

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The stout Cripple of Cornwall.

THIS is a story of a cripple, who, under the guise of a beggar, was also a highwayman. Not being suspected, he was very successful for a time, but eventually he arrived at the gallows. Being expert in the use of stilts, he had been enabled to leap over streams when pursued, and thus to escape in the dusk.

Three copies are included in the Roxburghe Collection, of which the second, I. 446, is the earliest, and is here taken for the text. There are no woodcuts in this copy of the ballad ; but those given on the next page are supplied from the edition in Roxb. Coll. I. 389. The defects in metre prove that all the copies are corrupt.

Two editions are in the Euing Collection, 241 and 242, two in the Pepys, I. 136 and 513, and one in the Bagford, 643. m. 10, No. 32.

The tune is that of *The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, for which see *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

¹ “Therefore this is my” in the Roxburghe edition.

² Daphne means the bay-tree rather than the laurel.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 389 and 446, III. 616, 617.]

**A new Ballad intituled, The stout
Cripple of Cornwall, wherein is shewed his dissolute
life and deserved death.**

TO THE TUNE OF *The Blinde Begger.*



[These cuts are taken from the copy in Roxb. Coll. I. 389.]

Of a stout Cripple that kept the highway,
And beg'd for his living all time of the day,
A story Ile tell you that pleasant shall be—
The Cripple of Cornwall sirnamed was he.

4

He crept on his hands and his knees up and downe,
In a torn jacket and ragged patcht gowne;
For he had never a leg to the knee—
The Cripple of Cornwall sirnamed was he.

8

He was of stomacke couragious and stout,
For he had no cause to complaine of the gout;
To go upon stilts most cunning was he,
With a staff on his neck most gallant and free.

12

Yea, no good fellowship would he forsake;
Were it in secret a purse for to take,
His help was as good as any might be—
The Cripple of Cornwall sirnamed was he.

16

When he upon any such service did go,
The crafty young Cripple provided it so,
His tooles he kept close in an old hollow tree,
That stood from the city a mile, two, or three. 20

Thus all the day long he beg'd for relief,
And late in the night he plai'd the false theefe;
And seven years together this custom kept he,
And no man thought him such a person to be. 24

There were few graziers [who] went on the way
But unto the Cripple for passage did pay,
And every brave merchant that he did descry;
He emptied their purses ere they passed by. 28

The gallant Lord Courtney, both valiant and bold,
Rode forth with great plenty of silver and gold,
At Exeter there [for] a purchase to pay,
But that the false Cripple his journey did stay. 32

For why, the false Cripple heard tidings of late,
As he lay for almes at this noble-man's gate,
What day and what houre his journey should be:
"This is," quoth the Cripple, "a booty for me." 36

Then to his companions this matter he moved,
Which he in like actions before-time had proved;
They make themselves ready, and deeply they sweare
This money's their own, before they come there. 40

Upon his two stilts the Cripple doth mount,
To have the best share he makes his account;
All clothed in canvas downe to the ground,
He takes up his standing, his mates with him round. 44

Then comes the L[ord] Courtney, with half a score men,
That little suspected these theeves in their den,
And they [thus] perceiving them come to their hand,
In a darke [winter's] evening, they bid him to stand. 48

“Deliver thy purse,” quoth the Cripple, “with speed—
For we be good fellows, and thereof have need.”
“Not so,” quoth Ld. Courtney, “but this I’ll tell ye,
Win it and wear it, else get none of me.”

52

With that the Lord Courtney stood in his defence,
And so did his servants; but ere they went hence,
Two of the true men were slain in the fight,
And four of the thieves were put to the flight.

56

And while for their safeguard they run thus away,
The jolly bold Cripple did hold the rest play,
And with his pike-staff he wounded them so
As they were unable to run or to go.

60

With fighting the Ld. Courtney was driven out of breath,
And most of his servants were wounded to death;
Then came other horsemen, riding so fast,
The Cripple was forcèd to flye at the last.

64

And over a river that run there beside,
Which was very deep and eighteen foot wide,
With his long staff and his stilts leapèd he,
And shifted himselfe in an old hollow tree.

68

Then through the country was hue and cry made
To have these [bold] thieves apprehended and staid:
The Cripple he creeps on his hands and his knees,
And on the hieway great posting he sees.

72

And as they came riding, he begging doth say,
“O give me one penny, good masters, I pray.”
And thus unto Exeter creeps he along,
No man suspecting that he had done wrong.

76

Anon the Lord Courtney he spies in the street,
He comes unto him, and [he] kisses his feet,
Saying, “God save your honour, and keep you from ill,
And from the hands of your enemies still!”

80

"Amen!" quoth L. Courteney, and therewith flung downe,
Unto the poor Cripple, an English crowne;
Away went the Cripple, and thus did he thinke,
"Five hundred pound more would make me to drinke."¹ 84

In vain that hue and cry it was made,²
They found none of them, though the country was laid;
But this griev'd the Cripple both night and [by] day,
That he so unluckily mist of his prey. 88

Nine hundred pound this Cripple had got
By begging and thieving—so good was his lot—
"A thousand pound he would make it," he said,
"And then he would quite give over his trade." 92

But as he [thus] strived his mind to fulfill,
In following his actions so lewd and so ill,
At last he was taken, the law to suffice,
Condemnèd and hangèd at Exeter 'size. 96

Which made all men [greatly] amazèd to see,
That such an impotent person as he
Should venture himself in such actions as they,
To rob in such sort upon the hye-way. 100

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

Solomon's Sacrifice.

THE peculiarity of this ballad is that it includes a conversation between God and Solomon. It is probably of the sixteenth century, being printed with another religious ballad of that age, but the Roxburghe copy, which seems to be the earliest now extant, is not older than the reign of James I. It was then printed "at London" for Henry Gosson.

Other publishers adopted the system of printing these two ballads upon one broadside. Among the extant editions are one by Coles, Vere and Wright, in the Bagford Collection, 643. m. 10, No. 5; and one by W. Thackeray, in Pepys II. 64; and in Euing, No. 339.

¹ Perhaps this line should be—"A hundred pound more would suffice me for drink." See the context.

² "In vain then the hue and the cry it was made" would improve the metre.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 390.]

Solomon's Sacrifice,

With his prayer in Gibeon, and how God appeared to him in a vision and granted his request.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



Of all the kings in Israel
 That reignèd long agoe,
 I doe remember very well
 That chronicles doe shew
 That when it fell to Solomon,
 He provèd such a paragon,
 As never was there any one,
 As after you shall know.

4

8

For when he came to bee a king,
 He fearèd God in every thing;
 In sacrifice and worshipping
 Great cost he did bestow:
 There was a place in Israel
 Call'd Gibeon at that day,
 And thither went King Solomon
 To sacrifice and pray.

12

16

But God did, in a vision,
Appeare unto King Solomon
Whilst he was yet in Gibeon,
And thus to him did say : 20

“Because of thy humility,
Ask what thou wilt, O king! of me,
And speak, that I may give it thee
Before thou goest away.” 24

Then Solomon thus answered :
“To thee be alwaies praise
For that, as thou hast promised
In our forefathers dayes— 28

For that as thou hast promised,
Not to leave their seat unfurnished,
But to leave it garnished
By me that seekes thy wayes ! 32

“Thy holy wisdom grant to me,
Thy holy lawes to understand ;
An understanding heart to see
The judgements of the land ; 36

That I may govern wel the same,
As justice rightly ought to frame
To the glory of thy holy name,
With mercy in my hand.” 40

Then God which tooke it in good part
That Solomon had said,
Because it was so in his heart
To aske as he had pray'd : 44

He said, “I will give unto thee
As never none the like shall be
Neither before nor after thee,
Therefore be not afraid. 48

“And I wil give thee wisdom great
And treasure passing store,
Now sitting on thy father's seat,
As no king had before.” 52

With that arose King Solomon,
And went away from Gibeon,
To guide the charge he tooke upon,
As no king had before. 56

Then, after that, in Israel
He raigned long their king ful wel,
As all the holy booke can tell,
With great increase and store.

60

FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson.

Solomon's Sentences.

THE "Sayings and Sentences of Salomon" were licensed as a ballad, and included with a large number of others in one entry in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1585-6. (See Payne Collier's edit. of the Registers, p. 206.)

The present edition of Solomon's Sayings and Sentences is of the reign of James I., it being printed on the same sheet as the immediately preceding ballad.

Although the authority of the wise king is here invoked, the advice is only such as any ordinary person, gifted with a little sense and foresight, could supply. Indeed, some of the recommendations attributed to Solomon are quite unfitted for the present age, unless it be as arguments for the Darwinian theory. For instance, a man who would now act up to such injunctions as "On thy daughters never smile," and "Let no affection thee beguile" to smile upon them (in lines 51 and 53), would undoubtedly be rated as a brute, although there might still be differences of opinion as to the particular brute from which he had been developed. It has been found so easy and inexpensive to give advice, that there are, perhaps, but few among us who may not be able to point to some one who is occasionally over-generous.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 391.]

Solomon's Sentences :

An excellent Ditty, shewing the sage sayings and wise
Sentences of Solomon.

TO THE TUNE OF *Wigmore's Galliard*.



Those that will run a vertuous race
And learn the precepts of the Sage,
Those that true wisdom will embrace
And learn to live in youth and age,
Let them approach hereto with speed,
And to these lessons give good heed;
For, bearing well these things away,
The Lord will bless them night and day.

4

8

- “My sonne,” saith Solomon the wise,
“If thou true wisdom wilt attaine,
Then fear the Lord that rules the skies,
For so the Scripture teacheth plaine : 12
Imbrace his word, and him obey ;
This is the chiefe and only way :
For they that doe these things despise
Are fooles to God, though worldly-wise. 16
- “Unto thy Father honour give,
And thou shalt surely blessed be ;
And be obedient, while thou live,
Unto thy Mother courteously : 20
Then God will send thee evermore
Sufficient wealth and treasure store :
All things shall prosper in thine hand,
And long thou shalt enjoy the land. 24
- “The blessing of the father deare
Doth cause the children good successe ;
But where the mother doth appeare
To curse the children’s wickednesse, 28
Their whole foundation doth decay ;
Like withered leaves they fall away :
Then, all good children, learne by me
To love your parents faithfully. 32
- “Set not thy mind on worldly wealth,
Nor put thy confidence therein ;
For riches doe consume by stealth,
And covetousnesse is counted sin : 36
For while thou livest on the earth,
Thou art uncertaine of thy death ;
And when that death doth stop thy wind,
Then must thou leave thy goods behind. 40
- “Be friendly unto every man,
But unto few familiar be ;
And try thy friend, if that thou can,
His inward thoughts to prove and see : 44
And if thou find him just and true,
Change not thy old friend for a new ;
For many promise much indeed,
But cleane forsake thee in thy need. 48

"If thou hast sons, instruct them well,
And on thy daughters never smile,
Their wanton wayes doe farre excell;
Let no affection thee beguile. 52

With due correction love them still,
And give them not their wanton will;
For if that they doe stubborne grow,
Their duty then they will not know. 56

"Give honour to the aged sort,
And to thy betters alwayes bow;
So shalt thou have a good report,
For God himselfe doth it allow. 60

Of hatefull pride alwayes beware,
And have an eye to after-care:
Be not too rash in any thing,
For that will soone repentance bring. 64

"Lend not thy goods to mighty men,
Whose countenance passeth thy degree,
For they are hard to get agen,
As we by daily prooffe doe see. 68

For other men give not thy word
No further then thou canst afford,
Lest afterward thou chance to rue,
And pay the debt when it is due. 72

"With him that is a magistrate
In any wise goe not to law,
Lest thou repent the same too late,
For he will hold thee still in awe: 76

Be alwayes wary of thy words,
For spightful tongues are cruel swords,
And looke to whom thou dost impart
The thoughts and secrets of thy heart. 80

"Be never jealous of thy wife,
Lest she thereby doe mischief learn,
For so thou shalt soone purchase strife;
Then wisely doe each thing discern: 84

And doe no evill occasion give,
But lovingly together live;
For where that man and wife doe hate,
The curse of God waits at the gate. 88

- “ On harlots cast not thou thy minde,
Lest thou thy selfe thereby consume,
And waste thy riches with the winde,
Whilst thou in fancie fret and fume: 92
Their foule inticement bringeth death,
And poyson commeth from their breath;
Their eyes are wandring to and fro,
And every one their fashions know. 96
- “ No woman praise for beauties sake,
Nor discommend no man by sight;
And with thy tongue no lying make,
Fulfill thy promise just and right: 100
Be mercifull unto the poore,
And God will thee reward therefore:
Keepe not the labourers wages backe,
But comfort such as comfort lacke. 104
- “ Grieve not the heavy-hearted man,
Nor joy not at thy enemies harme,
Rebuke thy brother friendly than,
Against no man use open charme: 108
Nor credit thou each tale in haste,
Lest tryall make the matter waste;
From hatefull slander keepe thy tongue,
And work for age while thou art young. 112
- “ Three things there are which God doth hate,
As holy Scripture doth declare—
A man too proud in begger's state;
A rich man for to lie and sweare; 116
To see an old man given to lust;—
These things of God are sure accurst;
The lying tongue the soule doth quell,
But pride and lust throw downe to hell. 120
- “ While thou art living, call for grace,
Thy life is like a fading flower,
Death commeth stealing on apace,
Thou canst not know the day nor houre; 124
Thy speech at all times may not last,
Use well the time that now thou hast,
And from repentance doe not stay,
Thou canst no time with death delay. 128

“If thou consider well this same,
And beare these lessons still in minde,
And thereunto thy selfe doe frame,
Great comfort surely shalt thou finde: 132
Plant well these sayings in thy heart,
And from these precepts never start;
So shalt thou live in perfect peace,
And God shall blesse thee with increase.” 136

FINIS.

Titus Andronicus.

THIS ballad is upon the same subject as the play of “Titus Andronicus,” which has been included in the works of Shakespeare. The question of its authorship, and of priority of play or ballad, may be left, with all submission, to those who now make an especial study of all that relates directly and indirectly to the greatest of dramatists.

The earliest extant copy of the ballad cannot be dated before the reign of James I., and is more probably of that of Charles I. It is included in the Pepys Collection, I. 86, printed for E. Wright. A second edition in the same collection is for Clarke, Thackeray, and others (I. 478). The Roxburghe edition is by A[lexander] M[ilbourne], and the Bagford, 643. m. 10, p. 11, is by W. O[nley].

The story is not an agreeable one, and is so well known as not to require comment. The tune of *Fortune, my foe*, will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 392, 393.]

The lamentable and tragical history
of Titus Andronicus. With the fall of his Sons
in the Wars with the Goths, with the manner of
the Ravishment of his Daughter Lavinia by the
Empresses two Sons, through the means of a
Bloody Moor, taken by the sword of Titus in the
War: with his Revenge upon their cruel and in-
humane Act.

TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune, my foe, etc.*



You noble minds and famous martial wights,
That in defence of native countries fights,
Give ear to me, that ten yeares fought for Rome,
Yet reap'd disgrace at my returning home.

4

In Rome I liv'd in fame full threescore years,
My name belovèd was of all my peers:
Full five-and-twenty valiant sons I had,
Whose forward virtues made their father glad.

8

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them still my sons and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten years' weary war
We spent, receiving many a bloody scar. 12

Just two-and-twenty of my sons were slain
Before I did return to Rome againe;
Of five-and-twenty sons, I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see. 16

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the King—
The Queen of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moor,
Who did such murders, like were none before. 20

The Emperor did make this queen his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadly strife,
The Moor, with her two sons, did grow so proud,
That none like them in Rome might be allow'd. 24

The Moor so pleased this new Empress[es] eye,
That she consented to him secretly
For to abuse her husband's marriage-bed,
And so in time a Black-a-moore she bred. 28

Then she, whose thoughts to murder was inclin'd,
Consented with the Moor of bloody mind,
Against my self, my kin, and all my friends,
In cruel sort to bring them to their ends. 32

So when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and grief began then to encrease;
Among my sons I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd and pleasèd best my aged sight. 36

My Lavinia was betrothèd then
To Cæsar's son, a young and noble man;
Who, in a hunting, by the Emperor's wife
And her two sons bereavèd was of life. 40

He being slain, was cast in cruel wise
Into a darksome den from light of skies;
The cruel Moor did come that way as then
With my three sons, who fell into the den. 44

The Moor then fetcht the Emperer with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed;
And when my sons within the den was found,
In wrongful prison were they cast and bound. 48

But now, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The Empresses two sons, of tyger's kind,
My daughter ravishèd without remorse,
And tooke away her honour, quite perforce. 52

When they had tasted of so sweet a flower,
Fearing this sweet should turnèd be to sower,
They cut her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonour unto her befel. 56

Then both her hands they basely cut off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sow
The bloody workers of her dismal woe. 60

My brother Marcus found her in a wood,
Staining the grassy ground with purple blood,
That trickled from her stumps and handlesse arms;
No tongue at all she had to tell her harms. 64

But when I saw her in that wofull case,
With tears of blood I wet my aged face;
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Than for my two-and-twenty sons before. 68

When as I saw she could not write nor speak,
With grief my aged heart began to break;
We spread a heap of sand upon the ground,
Whereby the bloody tyrants out we found: 72

For with a staff, without the help of hand,
She writ these words upon a plat of sand:
*The lustful sons of the proud Emperess
Are doers of this hatefull wickedness.* 76

I tore the milk-white hairs from off my head,
I curst the hour wherein I first was bred,
I wisht the hand that fought for country's fame,
In cradle rockt, had first been stricken lame. 80

The Moor, delighting still in villany,
Did say, to set my sons from prison free,
I should unto the King my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sons should live. 84

The Moor I caus'd to strike it off with speed,
Whereat I grievèd not to see it bleed,
But for my sons would willingly impart,
And for their ransom send my bleeding heart. 88

But as my life did linger thus in pain,
They sent to me my bootless hand again,
And therewithal the heads of my three sons,
Which fill'd my dying heart with fresher groans. 92

Then, past relief, I up and down did go,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe;
I shot my arrows towards Heaven high,
And for revenge to Hell did often cry. 96

The Empress, thinking then that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sons were glad;
She nam'd revenge, and rape and murder they,
To undermine and hear what I would say. 100

I fed their foolish veins a little space,
Until my friends did find a secret place,
Where both her sons unto a post were bound,
Where just reward in cruel sort was found: 104

I cut their throats, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumps, wherein the blood it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pies straight therewithal. 108

Then with their flesh I made two mighty pies,
And at a banquet serv'd in stately wise,
Before the Empress set this loathsome meat;
So of her sons' own flesh she well did eat. 112

My self bereav'd my daughter then of life;
The Empress then I slew with bloody knife,
And stabb'd the Emperor immediately,
And then my self: even so did Titus die. 116

Then this revenge against the Moor was found,
Alive they set him half into the ground,
Whereas he stood until the time he starv'd ;—
And so God send all murtherers may be serv'd ! 120

Printed by and for A. M., and sold by the Booksellers of
London.

Two pleasant Ditties.

COPIES of these two devotional ballads are in the Pepys and the Rawlinson Collections (Pepys II. 27, Rawl., 4to., 566, 168). The Roxburghe edition is the oldest. The tune of "Dulcina" derives its name from Ben Jonson's "As at noon Dulcina rested"—for which see *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 394, 395.]

Two pleasant Ditties, one of the
Birth, the other of the Passion of Christ.

To THE TUNE OF *Dulcina*.

Of Nativity.



Jury¹ came to Jerusalem,
 (All the world was taxèd then)
 Blessed Mary brought to Bethelam
 More th[a]n all the world agen :
 A gift so blest, 5
 So good, the best
 That ere was seene, was heard, or done ;
 A king, a Christ,
 Prophet and priest,
 A Jesus, God, a man, a sonne. 10

Happie night !—a day was never
 Halfe so happie, sweet, and faire—
 Singing souldiers, blessed ever,
 Fill the skie with sweetest ayre !
 Amazed, men feare ; 15
 They see, they heare ;
 Yet doubt and aske how this was done.
 'Twas bid, be bold !
 It was fore-told,
 This night hath God himselfe a son. 20

There appeares a golden usher—
 Kings attending in her² traine—
 The bright sun could not out-blush her,
 Such a star ne're shone againe.
 See ! now it staies ; 25
 Seeming it sayes,
 “ Goe in, and see what there is done :
 A child whose birth
 Leagues heaven and earth ;
 Jesus to us, to God a sonne.” 30

Subtill Herod sought to find him,
 With a purpose blacke as hell ;
 But a greater power confin'd him,
 And his purpose did repell :
 Who should betray ? 35
 Doe al[l] obey,

¹ “ Jury ” = Jewry = the Jews.

² “ their traine ” in the text.

As fitting was it should be done?
They al[l] adore,
And kneele before
This God and man, to God a sonne.

40

'Twas upon a commet's blazing,
Cuma to Augustus said,
"This fore-shewes an act amazing—
For a mother, still a maid,
A babe shall beare,
That al[l] must feare,
And suddenly it must be done.
Nay, Cæsar, thou
To him must bow!
Hee's God and man, to God a sonne."

45

50

Is not this a blessed wonder,
God is man, and man is God?
Foolish Jewes mistooke the thunder
Should proclaime this king abroad.
Angels they sing,
"Behold the King!"
In Bethelam, where this was done;
Then we, as they,
Rejoyce and say,
"We have a Saviour, God a sonne."

55

60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Turne your eyes, that are affixed
 On this world's deceiving things!
 And with joyes and sorrowes, mixed,
 Looke upon the King of Kings!"
 Who le[f]t his throwne,
 With joyes unknowne;

Tooke flesh like ours; like us drew breath;
For us to die;
Heere fixe our eye,
And thinke upon his precious death! 70

See him in the garden praying,
While his sad disciples slept!
See him in the garden sweating
Drops of blood, and how he wept!
As man he was, 75
He wept, alas!
And trembling, fear'd to loose his breath:
Yet, to heaven's will
He yeelded still:
Then thinke upon his precious death! 80

See him by the souldiers taken,
When, with "Ave!" and a kisse,
He, that heaven had quite forsaken,
Had betrayed him, and with this.
Behold him bound, 85
And garded round,
To Caiphas borne, to loose his breath;
There see the Jewes
Heaven's king abuse!
O, thinke upon his precious death! 90

See him in the hands of Pilat,
Like a base offender stript!
See the moane and teares they smile at,
While they see our Saviour whipt!
Behold him bleed, 95
His purple weede
Record, while you have life and breath;
His taunts and scornes,
His crowne of thornes—
O, thinke upon his precious death! 100

See him, in the howre of parting,
Hanging on his bloody crosse!
See his wounds, conceive his smarting,
And our gaine by his live's losse!

On either side	105
A fellow died,	
The one derides him, leaving breath;	
The other prays,	
And humbly saies:	
“O, save me by thy precious death!”	110
See, as in these pangs he thirsted,	
And that heat to coole did call,	
How these Jewes, like Judas cursed,	
Bring him vinegar and gall:	
His spirit then	115
To heaven agen	
Commending, with his latest breath;	
The world he leaves	
That man deceaves:	
O, thinke upon his precious death!	120

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

Take time while 'tis offer'd.

THIS ballad is by Martin Parker, and the copy in the Roxburghe Collection is probably unique. The edition is contemporaneous with the author. The four lines under the title of the ballad tell the tale.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 396, 397.]

Take time while 'tis offer'd.

For Tom has broke his word with his sweeting,
 And lost a good wife for an houre's meeting,
 Another good fellow has gotten the Lasse,
 And Tom may go shake his long eares like an asse.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Within the North Country.*



When 'Titan's fiery steeds
 Were lodgèd in the west,
 And every beast and featherd fowle
 Betooke themselves to rest,
 Abroad I walkèd then,
 To take the evening's ayre;
 Hard by a gentle gliding streame
 I saw a damosell fayre.

4

8

- “Sweet Tom,” quoth she, “make haste!
Why dost thou stay so long?
If thou dost not thy promise keep,
Alas! thou dost me wrong. 12
Thou knowest I ventured have
To meet thee here to-night,
Why then wilt thou, for my true love,
Me churlishly requite? 16
- “If that my mother knew
That I this time was missing,
To meet with thee, shee’d sweare that I
Should never have her blessing. 20
Yet is my love so fixt,
Though I were sure to die,
I would be sure to meet with thee;
Love lends me wings to fly. 24
- “But now I well perceive,
When mayds love yong-men best,
They use them like their servile slaves,
And thus am I opprest. 28
At first they wooe and pray,
And many oathes they sweare,
Untill, like birds, they have them caught
Into their crafty snare. 32
- “Then will they us reject,
And scorne us to our face;
Thus for our kindnesse oft we are
Rewarded with disgrace: 36
This I my selfe have proved,
That here I do report;
For he to whom I gave my heart
Makes me his laughing sport.” 40
-

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

“This night he promised me
To meet at five a clock,
Which houre's long past, therefore I doubt
With me he doth but mock. 44
While I sit sighing here,
He's bragging to his mates
That his sweet-heart within the fields
Now for his comming waits. 48

“Thus, like a lion fierce,
He insulteth ore his prey;
Alas! there is no remedy,
Being bound, I must obey. 52
Hard-hearted creature, here
To serve me in this kinde;
His flattering tongue hath wrought my bane,
As now with griefe I finde. 56

“Alas! what shall I do?
I am possest with feare;
For rather than Ile homeward go,
My life Ile finish here; 60
For if that I go home,
My father he will brawle,
My mother she will second him,
And that 's the worst of all. 64

“Shee'le tell me I have been
A-gadding after Tom,
Shee'le sweare Ile never leave these tricks
Till I come loaden home. 68
If he would meet me here,
Those words I well could beare;
For when that I am arm'd with love,
Their taunts I do not feare. 72

“Sweet Tom, make haste away,
Or else I shall despaire;
For home, untill I see thy face,
I meane not to repayre. 76

What should the reason be
That thou wilt me neglect?
For I have cast thy betters off,
Thy person to affect. 80

“If me thou dost forsake,
Looke nere to finde the like;
Me thinks experience might thee teach
While the iron's hot to strike. 84

My portion is not small,
My parentage not base,
My looking-glasse informs me that
I have a comely face. 88

“Yet have I made a choyce,
Against my parents' will,
With one so meane; who cruelly
My tender heart doth kill.” 92

I, hearing her say so,
Did boldly to her come;
The night was dark, and shee beleev'd
That I was her owne Tom. 96

She blam'd my tarrying long,
Which I did well excuse;
I prayd her wend along with me,
Which she did not refuse: 100

Supposing all this while
That I had been her Tom,
She swore she had rather go with me,
Then to go ever home. 104

Thus Tom has lost his lasse
Because he broke his vow,
And I have rayds my fortunes well—
The case is altered now. 108

FINIS.

M. P.

Printed for Richard Harper.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 398, 399.]

Take Time while Time is:

Being an Exhortation to all sorts of Sexes, of what degree soever, from the highest to the lowest, old or young, rich or poore.¹

TO THE TUNE OF *The Ladie's Daughter of Paris.*



Oh stay a while, you lusty lads,
That seeme to skip and mount
From me, your aged patron;
Although you make no count

4

¹ This is a ballad of the time of James I., and probably the copy is unique. From line 81 it repeats the complaint that young

Of father, mother, kith or kin—
 What ever they doe say,
 You snuffe and snort—when they correct,
 You flie and will not stay. 8

Oh stay, I say, and learne of me
 A lesson by the way;
 You are unfit for any use,
 Seeing you'l not obey. 12
 Behold, I say, the picture now
 That here doth stand above;
 And be you warn'd by what I say;
 If that your selves you love. 16

To you he offers now himselfe,
 Untill your thred be spun;
 But, as he offers, steales away,
 Untill your thred be done. 20
 Lay hold on him therefore, I say;
 And say, I warn'd anew;
 Lest that he steale away from you,
 And bid you so adiew. 24

For Time doth stay here for no man,
 Bee't king, bee't prince, bee't peere;
 He leaves them to what life they will,
 Bee't joy, bee't love, bee't feare: 28
 Bee't life or death, I say, or ought
 That blind fate doth ordaine;
 As some in bed asleepe we see,
 And some in field are slaine. 32

men went to London to enjoy its gaieties, and spent their money there. The improved communications by new roads were the prime causes of this movement. Corn could be sent from greater distances to market; and money became the representative of value, instead of a stock which depreciated by keeping it for barter. Hospitality diminished, because some men would hoard the money, and others would spend it upon themselves. So long as there were no available markets, it was but a small sacrifice to the owner to give away his surplus produce. The poor in the immediate neighbourhood were the chief sufferers by the change.

His glasse that in his hand he holds,
Doth cut off all delay,
His wings that on his backe do sticke,
Do shew he cannot stay 36
For any that comes after him,
Be he swarthy or faire;
But he must come and stand before,
And take hold of his haire: 40

And when that you have hold of it,
In no case let it goe;
For having once forsook him quite,
Your footsteps are too slow 44
For to lay hold on him againe—
When once that he is past;
So fortune's favours, you must thinke,
With you'l not alwaies last. 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The dyall fixt upon his head
 Most evident doth shew
 How fleeting is this mortall life,
 And Time doth alwayes goe ;
 Although wee not perceive it moove,
 Old age doth come at last,
 And brings diseases on us all—
 Our lives are but a blast.

52

56

His sythe within the other hand
 Doth shew how he cuts downe
 The lives of all, from great to small,
 From cottage to the crowne :

60

We are like grasse, which soone doth fade,
And withereth in an hower :
When Time is past, grim Death doth come,
And seazeth with his power. 64

The flower, like to youthfulnessse,
Is fragrant, sweet, and fayre ;
But soone is pluckt, and vanished,
As is the smoke in ayre ; 68
The swift-wing'd swallow shewes us plaine
How Time doth fleet away ;
We summer have, and winter eke,
And Time for none will stay. 72

What though thy father he be rich,
And thou be yong in yeares,
Thinkst thou that God hath no meanes left
To blast thy father's eares 76
Of corne, or cattell, or what else
That doth maintaine his fame ?
Yea, God hath meanes enough in store
For to confound the same. 80

But oh ! the mighty number now
That in this land there be
That doe goe up to brave London
Out of their own countrey ; 84
And there to sport and play their fill,
They make it all their joy :
Their carefull parents' counsels all
They make of them a toy. 88

But if thou followst on this life,
And mean'st therein to lie,
Thou shalt be barrèd from God's blisse,
And damn'd eternally. 92
But, be thou ruled by thy friends,
When counsell they thee give,
And God shall prosper all thy waies,
That thou long daies maist live. 96

Make much of Time therefore, I say,
 Before that thou bee'st old;
 Lest that he tell thee to thy teeth,
 That thou art too-too bold 100
 To trust unto this wingèd man
 That flieth on so fast:
 For if thou car'st not what I say,
 Repentance comes at last. 104

But now to make an end with you,
 Hoping you know my mind,
 Concerning this same picture here,
 That I have so defin'd; 108
 If that you marke it well, I say,
 And what therein is meant,
 I hope you'l turne your bias round,
 And of the same repent. 112

And let us pray unto our God
 To blesse our soveraigne King,
 Under whose happy government
 We injoy every thing 116
 That God ev'n of his mercie gives,
 And downe upon us sends:
 He grant we may be thankfull still,
 And send us blessed ends. 120

FINIS.

London, Printed by M. P. for Henry Gosson, dwelling upon
 London-bridge, neere the gate.

There's nothing to be had without money.

ALTHOUGH this ballad does not bear the name or the initials of the author, we could not err widely in ascribing it to Martin Parker. It is in every respect like his writing. The copy in the Roxburghe Collection seems to be unique. It contains many allusions to London, but two of them are illegible from the smearing of the printer's ink. See lines 57 and 59.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 400, 401.]

There's nothing to be had without money;

Dr,

Hee that brings mony in his hand
Is sure to speed by sea or land;
But he that hath no coyne in 's purse,
His fortune is a great deal worse:
Then happy are they that alwayes have
A penny in purse their credit to save.

TO A NEW NORTHERNE TUNE, OR *The Mother beguil'd
the Daughter.*



You gallants, and you swag'ring blades,
Give eare unto my ditty;
I am a boone companion, knowne
In country, towne, and city;

I alwayes lov'd to weare good cloathes,
 And ever scornèd to take blowes;
 I am belov'd of all me knowes,
But god a' mercy, penny.

8

My father was a man well knowne,
 That us'd to hoard up money,
 His bags of gold, he said, to him
 More sweeter were than hony;
 But I, his sonne, will let it fly
 In taverne or in ordinary;
 I am beloved in company,
But god a' mercy, penny.

12

16

All sorts of men, both farre and neere,
 Where-ever I resorted,
 My fellowship esteemèd deere,
 Because I was reported
 To be a man of noted fame;
 Some said I well deserved the same;
 Thus have I got a gallant name,
But god a' mercy, penny.

20

24

All parts of London I have tride
 Where merchants wares were plenty—
 The Royall Exchange, and faire Cheapeside
 With speaches fine and dainty—
 They bring me in for to behold
 Their shops of silver and of gold;
 There might I chuse what wares I would—
But god a' mercy, penny.

28

32

For my contentment, once a day
 I walkt for recreation
 Through Pauls, Ludgate, and Fleet-street gay,
 To raise an elevation:
 Sometimes my humour is to range
 To Temple, Strand, and New Exchange,
 To see their fashions rare and strange;
But god a' mercy, penny.

36

40

I have beene in Westminster hall,
Where learned lawyers plead,
And shewne my bill among them all;
Which, when they see and read,
My action quickly hath beene tride—
No party there my suit denide—
Each one spake bravely on my side:
But god a' mercy, penny.

44

48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



'The famous abbey I have seene,
And have the pictures view'd
Of many a noble king and queene,
Which are by death subdu'd;
And having seene the sights most rare,
The water-men full ready were
Me ore the river of Thames to beare;
But god a' mercy, penny.

52

56

. . . are garden when I doe frequent,
 Or th' Globe on the Bankeside,
 . . . h's afford to me most rare content,
 As I full oft have tride ; 60
 The best pastime that they can make
 They instantly will undertake
 For my delight and pleasure sake ;
But god a' mercy, penny. 64

In every place whereas I came,
 Both I and my sweet penny
 Got entertainment in the same,
 And got the love of many : 68
 Both tapsters, cookes, and vintners fine,
 With other joviall friends of mine,
 Will pledge my health in beere or wine ;
But god a' mercy, penny. 72

Good fellowes' company I us'd,
 As also honest women ;
 The painted drabs I still refus'd,
 And wenches that are common : 76
 There luring looks I doe despise,
 They seeme so lothsome in mine eyes,
 Yet one a project did devise
To gull me of my penny. 80

One evening as I passed a-long, .
 A lasse with borrowed haire
 Was singing of a tempting song—
 "Kind Sir," quoth she, "draw neere." 84
 But he that bites this rotten crab
 May after chance to catch the scab ;
 No pander, baud, nor painted drab
Shall gull me of a penny. 88

[From] ¹ curled haire and painted face
 I ever have refrained ;
 All those that get their living base
 In heart I have disdained : 92

¹ "But" in the text.

My conscience is not stained with pitch ;
No tempting tongue shall me bewitch ;
Ile make no puncke nor pander rich ;
I'le rather keepe my penny.

96

Yet will I never niggard be
While I remaine on earth,
But spend my money frolickely
In friendship, love, and mirth :
I'le drinke my beere, I'le pay my score,
And eke dispense some of my store,
And to the needy and the poore
I'le freely give my penny.

100

104

Thus to conclude as I began
I wholly am inclin'd,
Wishing that each true-hearted man
A faithfull friend may finde :
You that my verses stay to heare,
Draw money for to buy me beere ;
The price of it is not too deere,
'Twill cost you but a penny.

108

112

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. G.

A Table of Good Nurture.

ALTHOUGH there are necessarily some precepts in which all books of good nurture will agree, the advice in the following is supplementary, rather than derived from any of those which are included in the "Babees Book," etc., published by the Early English Text Society. The admonitions here are chiefly addressed to school-boys and to youths about to enter upon life. Rise early, and let God be first served. Take care to button all your garments and to garter your hose ; let your shoes be tied fast, close to your feet ; wear your shirt-band round your neck ; take a clean handkerchief, and brush your hat ; never go untrussed, for fear of the cold ; and do not forget your girdle, for "No girdle, no blessing."

This, and much more of excellent advice, will be found in the ditty. The second part is for those who are no longer boys. The Roxburghe copy seems to be unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 402, 403.]

A Table of Good Nurture.

Wherin is contained a Schoolemaster's admonition to his Schollers to learne good manners; the Father to his Children to learne vertue; and the Housholder to his Serbants to learne godlinesse.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Earle of Bedford.*



Good children, refuse not these lessons to learne,
The pathway to vertue you here may discerne;
In keeping them truely you shall be most sure
The praise of all people thereby to procure.

4

Let God first be served, who all things doth give,
That by his good blessing thou long time maist live;
And then to thy parents thy duty unfold,
Who keepeth thee daily from hunger and cold.

8

To all men be courteous, yea, and mannerly both,
For feare lest thy betters thy presence doe loath;
For youth without manners no man can abide,
Much like a poore beggar possessed with pride. 12

Thy garments unbutton'd delight not to weare,
Lest slovenly nick-name fall unto thy share;
Thy hose [if] ungartered deserveth like shame,
Whereby thou wilt purchase thy tutor much blame. 16

Be comely and decent in all thy array,
Not wantonly given to sport and to play;
But labour by vertue, in youth, to obtaine
The love of thy betters, their friendship to gaine. 20

I likewise command thee this lesson to keepe,
No longer than due time delight not to sleepe,
Lest sloath in thy bosome such harbour doe finde
As will cause thee be tearmed a sluggerd by kind. 24

The morning appearing, rise thou with speed,
Wash hands and face cleanly before thou goe feed;
Let shooes be fast tyed both, close to thy feet,
The better to travell all day in the street. 28

Thy shirt-band most comely about thy necke weare,
Have handkerchiefe likewise both cleanly and faire;
With hat ready brushed, that people may say,
"There goes a child cleanly in all his array." 32

Goe never untrussed, for feare of the cold,
For it doth endanger both the yong and old;
Thy girdle forget not, I put thee in minde,
"No girdle, no blessing," that day thou shalt finde. 36

If thou be a scholler, to schoole make good haste,
For he is a truant that commeth there last;
For if thou dost loyter and play by the way,
Be sure with thy master it will cause a fray. 40

But being there placed, I charge thee to looke
Thou lose not thy inkhorne, thy pen, nor thy booke,
Thy garters, thy girdle, thy band, nor thy hat,
For feare lest thy parents be grievèd thereat. 44

Sweare not, nor curse not; delight not to steale;
 Thy master obey thou; his secrets conceale;
 Take heed of false lying; set no man at strife;
 Nor be thou too desperate to strike with a knife. 48

Amongst thy companions be gentle and kinde,
 If that thou their favours dost looke for to finde;
 For gentlenesse gaineth thee love from a foe,
 And getteth thee glory wherever thou goe. 52

Play not, nor laugh not, thy master to fret,
 When thou amongst schollers art orderly set;
 For silence is vertue, and vertue is grace,
 Which ought to be used [to] thy betters in place. 56

Thus, you good children, and schollers each one,
 Here in good order your follies are showne:
 In following these precepts you purchase alwaies
 The love of your parents, and school-master's praise. 60

But if that in idleness you doe delight,
 Refusing these lessons here plainly in sight;
 Looke [then] for no kindnesse, no favour, nor love,
 But your master's displeasure, if [thus] you him move. 64

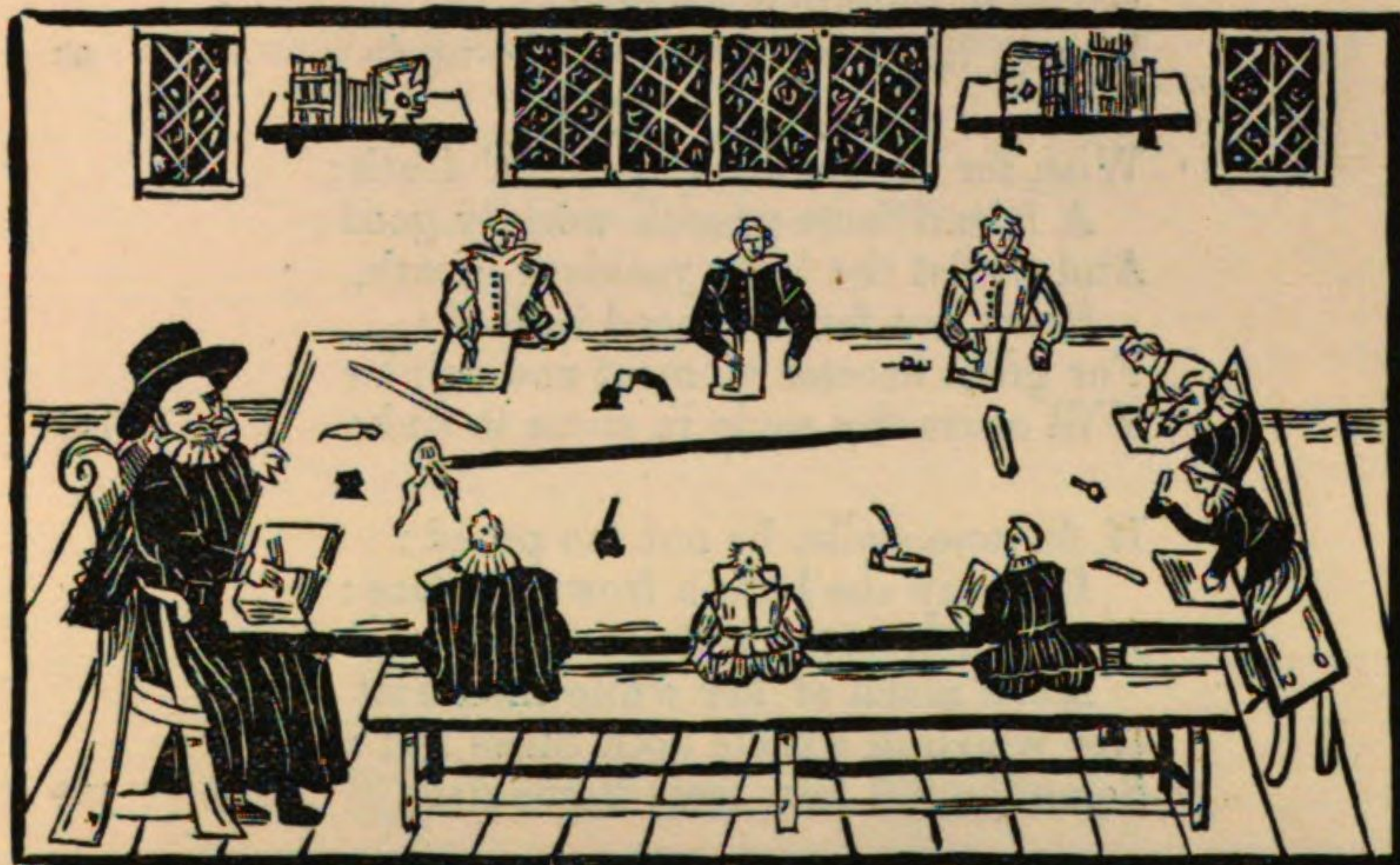
Therefore be wary you doe not offend
 Your parents, your master, nor injure your friend;
 Lest stripes doe reward you, and make you to say,
 "Your precepts Ile follow, your words Ile obey." 68

And now, to conclude, beare this well in minde,
 A diligent scholler much favour shall finde;
 But such as will loyter, and lazie will be,
 Shall for their labour be brought on their knee. 72

FINIS.

The second Table of Good Nurture.

TO THE TUNE OF *Troy Towne.*



Then learne to honour God aright,
Let love and feare thereto provoke :
Obey thy prince with all thy might,
Submit thy selfe to prudence yoke.
Imbrace the good, eschew the ill,
This is the summe of wisdomes skill.

78

To know thy selfe doe thou apply ;
First trye thy friend before thou trust ;
Love him that dealeth faithfully ;
Let word and deed be alwaes just ;
Strive not to swim against the streame ;
Account not of a drousie dreame.

84

Faint not, though fortune favours fooles ;
Fret not at others' good successe ;
Delight to sit in learned schooles ;
Thy former faults seeke to redresse ;
Spurne not at him that tels thy crime ;
Mend it against another time.

90

Acquaint thy selfe with some grave man ;
Marke well his talke and trade of life ;
His word[s] of wit see that thou scan ;
Within thy mouth let them be rife ;
Desire to imitate his trade ;
By use, like him, thou shalt be made. 96

Wish for no wealth by parents' death ;
A friend farre passeth worldly good ;
And whilst the body yeeldeth breath,
Seeke not for to exceed in food ;
For great excesse of meat and drinke
Will cause thy soule in sinne to sinke. 102

If fortune smile, be not too proud ;
For why she hath a frowning face :
If in her love thy selfe thou shroud,
Make much of her while thou hast space :
Her whirling wheele doth turne full oft ;
Some lye full low, some fleete aloft. 108

Thinke not thine owne wit to be best ;
Keepe not the crew of cogging mates ;
To sweare and lye doe thou detest,
For thereby credit oft abates :
Beware of brazen face, past shame,
And love to live in honest fame. 114

Where too much curtesie is used,
Take heed of frawd and subtle guile ;
Good nature oft times is abused
In simple fight with subtle wile ;
When all is said, and all is done,
Yet craft lies under clowted shoone. 120

Report not on the present time,
But marke also what may ensue ;
For cracke of credit is a crime ;
Change not an old friend for a new :
The secret councill of thy heart
Take heed to whom thou dost impart. 126

Praise no man till thou doe him know ;
Dispraise not rashly any wight,
Lest shame thereby to thee may grow ;
Faire words are best—place thine aright.
To wisdomes schoole thus must thou go,
And say experience taught thee so.

132

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. G.

The Time's abuses, or Mull'd-Sack.

THE following ballad seems to be another of the many which are peculiar to the Roxburghe Collection, and but one copy to be extant in that Collection. It is one which Mr. J. Payne Collier selects for his *Roxburghe Ballads*. Mr. Collier refers to it as "a remarkable personal ballad relating to a well-known character of the reigns of James I. and Charles I., who went about the streets in rags, and was universally called by the name of Mull'd-Sack, in reference, doubtless, to his once favourite beverage. The allusions to, and descriptions of, the various occupations in London are amusing and curious."

The tune of the ballad will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 404, 405.]

The Time's abuses ;

Dr,

Muld-Sacke his grievances, briefly exprest,
 Shewing the causes doth his mind molest ;
 But yet he merry makes, and dedicates
 This Song in love to all which baseness hates.

To THE TUNE OF *Over and under.*



Attend, my masters, and give eare,
 Whilst here I doe relate
 The base injurious slanders
 Are throwne on me in hate :

My wrongs and great abuses
So commonly are knowne, 6
As in a song, to right my wrong,
Shall instantly be showne.
They call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
When drinke I have got none :
Cannot they looke to their businesse,
And let Muld-Sacke alone ? 12

If I sometimes a pot or so
Doe drinke for recreation,
My reckning paid, away I goe,
And follow my vocation ;
Not any good man grieving,
Offensive for to be, 18
By rooking or deceiving ;
From that my thoughts are free.
They call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
When drinke I have got none ;
Cannot they thinke on the blacke-jacke,
And let Muld-Sacke alone ? 24

As I along the streets doe sing,
The people flocke about me ;
No harme to any one I meane,
Yet jeeringly they flout me ;
The bar-boyes and the tapsters
Leave drawing of their beere, 30
And, running forth in haste, they cry,
"See where Muld-Sacke comes here !"
Thus am I jeered by them,
Though harme I doe them none ;
Cannot they looke to their small kans,
And let Muld-Sacke alone ? 36

The jeering cunning curtezan,
And rooking roaring boy,
Which day and night doe take delight,
In drunkennesse to joy ;
They, with their pimps and panders,
Decoyes, and cheating knaves, 42
Which runs to whores, and drinks and roars,
And simple men deceives :

They have no grace to guide well,
And conscience they have none;
Cannot they take heed of Bridewell,
And let Muld-Sacke alone?

48

The glutton rich, that feedeth
Of beefe and mutton store,
And hates the poore that needeth—
Which goes from doore to doore—
And will not spend his money
But for the love of drinke,
And grieves to give a penny—
So well he loves his chinke;—
Too many such alive is,
Of whom I am sure he's one;
Cannot he remember Dives,
And let Muld-Sacke alone?

54

60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Tearme-trotting petty-foggers,
Which are so fine and nice,
Will drinke, if they meet rightly,
A cup of ale and spice;
Yet must they take their chamber
Before they doe begin,
And, if they can but hide it,
They thinke it is no sinne:
When I in the streets walke open
To the view of every one;
Cannot they looke to their clyents,
And let Muld-Sacke alone?

66

72

The jeering fleering coxcombe,
With hands behind his backe,
All day, which stands from morn till night
To cry "What doe you lacke?"

With scoffing, and with taunting,
 Will by the sleeve me pull ; 78
 "What is't you'l buy?" he'l to me cry,
 Yet, like a brainelesse gull,
 He'l cast on me a scorneful looke,
 Though harm I doe him none ;
 Cannot he looke to his shop-booke,
 And let Muld-Sacke alone? 84

The taylor's sawcie prentices,
 As I doe passe along,
 They at my head will cast their shreds,
 Though I doe them [no] wrong ;
 The saying old hath oft beene told,
 It plaine doth verifie, 90
 "Poore and proud, still taylor-like ;"
 For they most jeeringly
 Doe call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
 Though drink I have got none :
 Cannot they keepe their fingers true,
 And let Muld-Sacke alone? 96

Also the jeering tripe-wives,
 Which puddings sell and sowce,
 Cryes, "There goes fudling Muld-Sacke,
 Doth wine and beere carowse!"
 And with disdainfull speeches,
 Having no cause at all, 102
 Will taunt and scoffe and jeer and laugh,
 And basely me miscall ;
 And calls me fudling Muld-Sacke,
 Though I am no such one :
 Cannot she scrape well her greasie tripes,
 And let Muld-Sacke alone? 108

The clownish country carter
 Will likewise, with a jeere,
 Point at me as I goe along,
 His head being fill'd with beere ;
 Yet for his jeeres I care not,
 But laughing let him passe, 114
 To follow his cart with "Gee, gee ho,"
 Most like a witlesse asse ;

For like a home-bred clownico,
Good manners he knowes none:
Cannot he looke to his waggon,
And let Muld-Sacke alone? 120

The bakers in the suburbs,
With hearts devoid of pittie,
Bread light and small they make for all,
Both country and the city;
And sometimes [their]¹ two penny loafe
Of weight wants ounces three; 126
As merrily I pass them by,
They cannot let me be.
They call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
When drinke I have got none;
Cannot they looke to their conscience,
And let Muld-Sacke alone? 132

FINIS.

London, Printed for J. Wright, dwelling in Gilt-spur-street.

Time's Alteration.

ANOTHER ballad by Martin Parker, but this time not quite so rare. A copy is in the Pepys Collection, I. 160, but it lacks the initials of the author and the name of the publisher. The Roxburghe edition seems to be an original one, and may be dated as towards the end of the reign of James I. The decay of hospitality is again alluded to in this ballad.

The tune is of *Old Simon the King* under another name. It will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

¹ "of in" in the text.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 406, 407.]

Time's Alteration ;

Dr,

The Old Man's rehearsall, what brave days he knew,
A great while agoe, when his Old Cap was new.

TO THE TUNE OF *Ile nere be drunke againe.*



When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred yeere;
No malice then we knew,
But all things plentie were:
All friendship now decays
(Beleeve me, this is true),
Which was not in those dayes
When this old cap was new.

4

8

The nobles of our land
 Were much delighted then
 To have at their command
 A crue of lustie men ; 12
 Which by their coats were knowne,
 Of tawnie, red, or blue,
 With crests on their sleeves showne,
When this old cap was new. 16

Now pride hath banisht all,
 Unto our land's reproach,
 When he whose meanes is small
 Maintaines both horse and coach : 20
 Instead of an hundred men,
 The coach allowes but two ;
 This was not thought on then
When this old cap was new. 24

Good hospitalitie
 Was cherisht then of many ;
 Now poore men starve and die,
 And are not helpt by any : 28
 For charitie waxeth cold,
 And love is found in few :
 This was not in time of old
When this old cap was new. 32

Where-ever you travel'd then,
 You might meet on the way
 Brave knights and gentlemen
 Clad in their countrey gray, 36
 That courteous would appeare,
 And kindly welcome you :
 No Puritans then were
When this old cap was new. 40

Our ladies in those dayes
 In civill habit went,
 Broad-cloth was then worth prayse,
 And gave the best content : 44

French fashions then were scorn'd,
 Fond fangles then none knew,
 Then modestie women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



A man might then behold
 At Christmas, in each hall,
 Good fires to curbe the cold,
 And meat for great and small;
 The neighbours were friendly bidden,
 And all had welcome true;
 The poore from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

52

56

- Blacke-jackes to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beere ;
No pewter pot nor kanne
In those dayes did appeare : 60
Good cheare in a noble-man's house
Was counted a seemely shew ;
We wanted no brawne nor sowse
When this old cap was new. 64
- We tooke not such delight
In cups of silver fine ;
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drunke beere or wine : 68
Now each mechanicall man
Hath a cup-boord of plate, for a shew,
Which was a rare thing then
When this old cap was new. 72
- Then briberie was unborne,
No simonie men did use,
Christians did usurie scorne,
Devis'd among the Jewes : 76
Then lawyers to be feed
At that time hardly knew ;
For man with man agreed
When this old cap was new. 80
- No captaine then carowst,
Nor spent poore souldiers' pay ;
They were not so abus'd,
As they are at this day : 84
Of seven dayes they make eight,
To keep from them their due :
Poore souldiers had their right
When this old cap was new. 88
- Which made them forward still
To goe, although not prest :
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best ; 92
Our English then in fight
Did forraine foes subdue,
And forst them all to flight
When this old cap was new. 96

God save our gracious King,
 And send him long to live;
 Lord, mischief on them bring
 That will not their almes give, 100
 But seeke to rob the poore
 Of that which is their due:
 This was not in time of yore
When this old cap was new. 104

FINIS.

M. P.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The three merry Cobblers.

ANOTHER amusing ballad, in praise of the Cobbler's trade, by Martin Parker. It is written in the measure, and to the tune of,

"Come, follow, follow me,
 Ye fairy elves that be,"

for which see *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.
 This ballad seems also to be unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 408, 409.]

The three merry Coblers.

Who tell how the case with them doth stand,
How they are still on the mending hand.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Spanish Gipsie.*



Come follow, follow me!
To th' alehouse weele march all three;
Leave aule, last, threed and lether,
And let's goe altogether;
Our trade excells most trades i'th' land,
For we are still on the mending hand.

6

Come, tapster, fill us some ale,
Then hearken to our tale,
And try what can be made
Of our renowned trade;
We have aule at our command,
And still we are on the mending hand.

12

Though shoemakers us disdain,
Yet 'tis approved plaine
Our trade cannot be mist,
Let them say what they list;
Though all grow worse quite through the land,
Yet we are still on the mending hand. 18

When shoemakers are decayed,
Then doe they fall to our trade,
And glad their mindes they give,
By mending shooes, to live;
When in necessity they stand,
They strive to be on the mending hand. 24

Although there's but few of us rich,
Yet bravely we goe thorow stich;
Were 't not for this barley broth
(Which is meat, drinke, and cloth),
We sure should purchase house and land;
At work, we are still on the mending hand. 30

We deale most uprightly—
Our neighbours that goe awry
We easily set upright;
The broken we unite;
When all men out of order stand,
Then we are most on the mending hand. 36

We cannot dissemble for treasure,
But give every one just measure;
If bakers kept size like us,
They need not be frightened thus;
We feare not to have our doings scann'd,
For we are still on the mending hand. 42

What ever we doe intend
We bring to a perfect end;
If any offence be past,
We make all well at last;
We sit at worke when others stand,
And still we are on the mending hand. 48

We bristle as well as the best ;
All knavery we doe detest ;
What we have promised,
Weele doe unto a thred ;
We use waxe, but to seale no band,
And still we are on the mending hand.

54

Our wives doe sit at the wheele,
They spin, and we do reele ;
Although we take no farmes,
Yet we can show our armes,
And spread them at our own command ;
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Poore weather-beaten soles,
Whose case the body condoles ;
We for a little gaine
Can set on foot againe ;
We make the falling stedfast stand,
And still we are on the mending hand.

66

You'd thinke we were past sence,
For we give pieces for pence ;
Judge, is't not very strange,
We should make such exchange ?
Yet so weelee doe at your command,
And yet weelee be on the mending hand.

72

Our hands doe show that we
Live not by taking a fee ;
We pull a living forth
Of things but little worth ;
Our worke doth th' owners understand ;
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

78

All day we merrily sing,
And customers doe bring,
Or unto us doe send,
Their boots and shooes to mend :
We have our money at first demand ;
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

84

When all our money is spent,
We are not discontent,
For we can worke for more,
And then pay off our score ;
We drinke without either bill or band,
Because we are still on the mending hand.

90

While other callings great,
For fraud and foule deceit,
Are lookt unto by law,
We need not weigh't a straw ;
Our honesty spreads through the land,
For we are still on the mending hand.

96

Therefore let 's be of good cheere,
Though lether be something deare ;
The law some course will take,
Amends for all to make ;
And by their care we understand,
The world is now on the mending hand. 102

We pray for durty weather,
And money to pay for lether,
Which if we have, and health,
A fig for worldly wealth ;
Till men upon their heads doe stand,
We shall be still on the mending hand. 108

FINIS.

M. P.

Printed at London for F. Grove.

The Turtle Dove.

THE following is evidently a corrupt copy of a production which is above the ordinary style of ballad-writing. It seems to exist only in this form, and no other copy to be known elsewhere. Some thought must have been devoted to the parts which the birds are supposed to take in this discussion.

[Roxb. Coll. 1. 410, 411.]

The Turtle Dove ;

Dr,

The wooing in the wood, being a pleasant new Song
of two constant Lovers.

TO THE TUNE OF *The North Countre Lasse.*



When Flora she had deckt
the fields with flowers faire,
My love and I did walke abroad,
to take the pleasant ayre.

4

Faire Phœbus brightly shin'd,
and gentlie warm'd each thing,
Where every creature then did seeme
to welcome in the spring.

8

Into a pleasant grove,
by nature trimly made,
My love and I together walkt,
to coole us in the shade.

12

The bubbling brookes did glide,
the silver fishes leape,
The gentle lambes and nimble fawnes
did seeme to leape and skipe ;

16

The birds with sugured notes
their prettie throats did strain,
And shepheards on their oaten¹ pipes
made musicke on the plain. 20

Then I began to talke
of lovers in their blis;
I woo'd her and [I] courted her
for to exchange a kiss. 24

With that she straight-way said,
"Harke how the nightingale,
Although [that] she doth sweetly sing,
doth tell a heavie tale, 28

"That in her maiden yeares,
by man she had much wrong;
Which makes her now, with thorne in brest,
to sing a mournfull song." 32

With that I lent an eare
to heare sweete Philomell
Amongst the other birds in woods,
and she this tale did tell: 36

"Fair maides, be warnd by me;
I was a maiden pure
Untill by man I was orereacht,
which makes me this indure— 40

"To live in woods and groves,
sequestred from all sight—
For heavily I doe complaine
both morning, noone, and night." 44

The throstle-cock did say,
"Fie, Phill, you are to blame;
Although that one did doe amisse,
will all men doe the same?" 48

¹ "otan" in the text.

“No,” quoth the ousell then,
 “though I be black of hew,
 Unto my mate and dearest love
 I alwaies will proove true.” 52

The blackebird having spoke,
 the larke began to sing:
 “If I pertisipate of ought,
 my love to it I bring.” 56

The mag-pie up did start,
 and straight began to chatter:
 “Beleeve not men, they all are false,
 for they will lye and flatter.” 60

Then up upon a leafe
 the wren leapt, by and by,
 And said, “Bold parrat, your pide-coate
 shewes you can cog and lye.” 64

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Then robin redbreast said,
 “’Tis I in love am true:
 My couller shewes that I am he,
 if you give me my dew.” 68

“No,” said the linet then,
 “your brest it is too yellow;
 For let your love be never so true,
 youle thinke you have a fellow.” 72

Another bird start[s] up,
 being called the popingay,
 And said, “Faire mistris, view me well,
 my coate is fine and gay.” 76

“ Away with painted stuffe,”
the feldéfare did say,
“ My couller it the abourne¹ is,
and beares the bell away.” 80

The goldfinch then bespake,
“ My coullours they are pure :
For yellow, red, for blacke and white,
all weathers will indure.” 84

Each bird within the wood
a severall sentence gave ;
And all did strive, with severall notes,
preheminance to have. 88

Then from an ivie bush
the owle put forth her head,
And said, “ Not such another bird
as I the wood hath bred.” 92

With that, each bird of note
did beate the owle away ;
That never more he durst be seene
to stay abroad by day. 96

And then they all agreed
to choose the turtle-dove,
And that he should deside the cause
betwixt me and my love. 100

Who thus began to speake :
“ Behold, sweet maiden faire,
How my beloved and my selfe
doe alwayes live a paire. 104

“ We never use to change,
but alwaies [live] in love :
We kisse and bill, and therefore cal’d
the faithfull turtle-dove : 108

¹ “ abourne ” = auburn.

“ And when that each doth die,
we spend our time in mone—
Bewayling our deceased friend,
we live and die alone. 112

“ We never match againe,
as other birds doe use ;
Therefore, sweet maiden, love your [mate],
doe not true love refuse.” 116

Thus ending of his speech,
they all did silent stand ;
And then I turn'd me to my love,
and tooke her by the hand : 120

And said, “ My dearest sweete,
behold the love of these ;
How every one in his degree
doe[s] seeke his mate to please. 124

Then, fairest, grant to me
your constant heart and love ;
And I will prove as true to thee,
as doth the turtle dove.” 128

She said, “ Heere is my hand,
my heart and all I have.”
I kist her, and, upon the same,
a token to her gave. 132

And then upon the same,
the birds did sweetly sing,
That ecchoes through the woods and groves
most lowdly then did ring. 136

Then up I tooke my love,
and arme in arme did walke
With her unto her father's house,
where we with him did talke : 140

Who soone did condescend,
when we weare both agreed ;
And shortly to the church we went,
and married were with speed. 144

The bells aloud did ring,
and minstrels they did play,
And every youth and maid did strive
to grace our wedding day. 148

God grant my love and I
may have the like successe ;
And live in love untill we die
in joy and righteousness. 152

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The two Leicestershire Lovers.

THIS is another ballad, of which no other copy than the one in the Roxburghe Collection is known. John Trundle, the publisher, must have been a famous man in his day, for Ben Jonson alludes to him in his *Every Man in his Humour*: "Well, if he read this with patience, I'll go and troll ballads for Master John Trundle the rest of my mortality." And yet there are not now more than half a dozen ballads known which bear his name—perhaps not so many.

The tune of this ballad became popular as "The meadow brow," or "Upon the meadow brow."

[Roxb. Coll. I. 412, 413.]

The two Leicester-shire Lovers.

TO THE TUNE OF *And yet me thinkes I love thee.*



Walking in a meddow greene
 for recreation sake,
 To drive away some sad thoughtes
 which sorrofull did mee make,
 I spyed two lonely lovers
 did beare each other's woe,
 To 'poynt a place of meeting
upon the meddow broe.

4

8

Saying, "Come, my lovely sweeting,
 come, sit thee downe by mee;
 It is a merry meeting,
 if wee two can agree: 12
 If wee two can agree,
 to this I thee doe woe,
 That thou shouldst onely meete mee
uppon the meddow browe. 16

"My father is a gentleman,
 my mother loves mee deere;
 She hath given mee a' newetie
 of twenty pound a yeere; 20
 And I have spent it all,
 nay more, I will spend two,
 So thou wilt graunt to meete mee
uppon the meddow broe. 24

"My maister hath forwarn'd mee
 out of thy company,
 And oftentimes hath chid mee
 for staying so long with thee: 28
 For staying so long with thee,
 but I will stay the moe,
 So thou wilt graunt to meete mee
uppon the meddow broe." 32

"Sweet-heart," quoth shee, "I cannot,
 for opertunitie:
 A thing I can't accomplish
 our meeting doth denie: 36
 Els shoulds[t] thou mee comm[a]nd
 to ride, to runne, or goe:
 Were it not so, I'de meete thee
uppon the meddow broe." 40

"Sweet-heart," quoth he, "who feare you?
 or who dares do thee wrong?
 Dost feare thy maister's heavie hand,
 or mistris nimble tounge? 44

Dost feare the tell-tale servants?
tut, let such matters goe,
And, prithe[e], sweeting, meete mee
uppon the meddow bro."

48

Quoth shee, "You doe mistake, Sir,
't is no such thing I feare;
Therefore to urge it farther,
I doe intreat, forbear.

52

I doe not greatly care
for ought that they can doe,
Annother thing doth hinder mee
to meete on meddow bro."

56

"What should the occasion then bee
thou shouldst be so presise?
Or what is it should cause thee
in love to be unwise?

60

Dost thou my love despise,
or wouldst thou love forgoe?
I pray thee, sweeting, meete mee
uppon the meddow bro."

64

The second part.



"I tell thee, gentle sweeting,
 Queene Venus never runne
 So swift after Adonis
 as I to thee would come. 68
 [Danae]¹ in her shower of gould
 did not so willing doe
 As I would be to meete thee
uppon the meddow brow." 72

Quoth he, "As did dame Venus
 wouldst thou of mee make triall,
 I would not, like Adonis,
 so fondly² give deniall; 76
 No, for thy sake, my sweeting,
 all ill I ['d] undergoe,
 So thou wouldst graunt to meet mee
uppon the meddow brow." 80

¹ It is "Queen Dina" in the text—probably the compositor repeated "Queen" from the line but one above.

² "fondly" = foolishly.

- "Sir, since I see you are loving,
 i'le tell to you the cause—
 You know both maides and young men
 live under countries lawes ; 84
 And should wee be but spied,
 we should have men enough,
 Where we should be derided
uppon the meddow brow." 88
- "If this be all you feare, sweet,
 leave this alone to me ;
 I'le poynt a time convenient,
 none shall our meeting see ; 92
 Where wee will merry be,
 and talk of what's to doe ;
 Where a kisse or twaine I'le give thee
uppon the meddow brooe." 96
- "[Aye],¹ when you have me there, Sir,
 you then may doe your pleasure ;
 But I will have you sweare, Sir,
 still for to doe in measure : 100
 Wee might repent at leasure,
 should we out of measure doe ;
 I am half affraide to meete you
uppon the meddow brooe." 104
- "Sweete-heart, I here protest and sweare
 to use you there most kinde ;
 Keep promise in your meeting,
 and love mee as you find ; 108
 I will not crosse your minde,
 what so ever I doe doe,
 So you would grant to meete mee
uppon the meddow brooe." 112
- "Then here's my hand, I'le meete thee,
 appoynt both place and time."
 Quoth he, "Uppon the meddow brooe
 to-morrow morne betime." 116

¹ "I" in the text.

“I’le meete,” quoth shee, “bout five a clock,
and that’s the most I’le doe :
So, gentle heart, a kisse and part,
and meete on meddow brow.” 120

Away then went these loving twaine ;
but when that they did meete,
Let such as know the use on’t,
judge how these two did greete : 124
But might I spend my judgment
as an other man may doe,
I doubt they plaid the wantons
upon the meddow brooe. 128

What e’er they did might I but know,
my tounge should prove no ranger ;
But did they well or did they ill,
let them oppose the danger. 132
Yet this shall be my wish for all,
that about such busines goe,
Heaven send all merrie meeting
uppon the meddow broe. 136

FINIS.

At London, Printed for John Trundle.

The Complaint of the Shepherd Harpalus.

WE have here two dismal ditties of despairing love—one for each sex—printed upon one broadside. “The Complaint of the Shepherd Harpalus” is subscribed with the initials D. M., but this author is now unknown. A search through all names beginning with M in Lowndes’ *Bibliographer’s Manual*, and in other books of reference, does not reveal a probable author. The initials are perhaps only to be found to this one ballad. Many men resort to rhyme but once in their lives, and then attempt it only when under the all-potent influence of Cupid. That blind little god is responsible for an interminable supply of indifferent rhymes in every age. The following ballad seems to have been a first attempt by one of these victims of Cupid. His rhyming capabilities do not show to advantage when he is forced to coin such a word as “suppone” to rhyme with his “matchlesse mone”—perhaps he had then the French word *soupçon* in his mind. But a still stranger case is the change of the verb “to breathe” into “to breath,” because it was required to rhyme with his “death.”

The idea of the ballad and the name of Harpalus are derived from an earlier production: “Harpalus complaint of Phillidaes love bestowed on Corin, who loved her not, and denied him that loved her.” See Tottell’s *Miscellany*, 1557. It begins:

“Phyllida was a faire mayde,
As fresh as any flowre,
Whom Harpalus, the herdman, prayde
To be his paramour.”

—Collier’s *Registers*, vol. i. p. 106.

The Roxburghe edition of the present ballad seems to be the only extant copy which was printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke. Two other editions are known—one printed for H[enry] G[osson] is in the Pepys Collection, I. 369, and in the Euing Collection, No. 29. The other is for Coles, Vere, and Wright. See Rawlinson Collection, No. 164, and Euing Collection, No. 30.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 414.]

The Complaint of the Shepherd Harpalus.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



Poore Harpalus, opprest with love,
 Sate by a cristall brooke,
 Thinking, his sorrowes to remove,
 Oft times therein to looke;
 And, hearing how on pibble stones
 The murmuring river ran,
 As if it had bewail'd his grones,
 Unto it thus began.

4

8

“Faire streame,” quoth he, “that pitties me,
 And hears my matchlesse mone—
 If thou be going to the sea
 As I doe now suppose—

12

Attend my plaints past all reliefe,
 Which dolefully I breath,
 Acquaint the sea-nymphs with the griefe
 Which still procures my death ; 16

“ Who, sitting in the cliffie rockes,
 May in their songs expresse,
 While as they combe their golden locks,
 Poore Harpalus’ distresse : 20
 And so parhaps some passanger
 That passeth by the way
 May stay and listen for to heare
 Them sing this dolefull lay. 24

“ Poore Harpalus, a shepheard swaine,
 More rich in youth th[a]n store,
 Lov’d faire Philena, haplesse man !
 Philena—oh [w]herefore ?¹ 28
 Who still, remorslesse-hearted maid,
 Tooke pleasure in his paine :
 And his good will, poore soule, repaid
 With undeserv’d disdaine. 32

“ Nere shepheard lov’d a shepheardesse
 More faithfully th[a]n he :
 Nere shepheard yet beloved lesse
 Of shepheardesse could be. 36
 How oft did he, with dying lookes,
 To her his woes impart !
 How oft his sighs did testifie
 The dolour of his heart ! 40

“ How oft, from vallies to the hils,
 Did he his griefe rehearse !
 How oft re-ecchoed they his ills
 Abacke againe, alas ! 44
 How oft on barks of stately pines,
 Of beech, of holly greene,
 Did he ingrave, in mournfull lines,
 The griefe he did sustaine ! 48

¹ “therefore” in the text.

“ Yet all his plaints could have no place
To change Philena's mind ;
The more his sorrowes did increase,
The more she prov'd unkind : 52
The thought thereof with wearied care
Poore Harpalus did move,
That overcome with high despaire,
He lost both life and love.” 56

FINIS.

D. M.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The Tragedy of Phillis, etc.

THE following is printed on the same broadside as the last ballad, but is not by the same author. The copy of Henry Gosson's edition in the Pepys Collection, I. 368, is subscribed with the initials R. A. The name of the publisher is on the other half of that broadside. The edition in the Roxburghe Collection was printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke, and one in the Rawlinson Collection (No. 73) for Coles, Vere, and Wright. Euing, No. 348, has been separated from No. 29 or 30 of that collection, and therefore the publisher's name does not now appear. When collectors divide their broadsides for the sake of classifying, or of arranging two ballads in alphabetical order, it is desirable to take note of the publisher of both, for the sake of the one which does not bear his address.

In the Percy Folio (II. 450) is a ballad entitled “Amintas.” It is rather an inferior version of this ballad up to line 40; but as lines 17 to 20, and 29 to 32, are there omitted, the copy extends only to its line 32. The remainder of the Percy Folio edition has been re-composed.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 415.]

The Tragedie of Phillis, complaining of the disloyall Love of Amyntas.

TO A PLEASANT NEW COURT TUNE.

Amyntas, on a summer's day,
 To shunne Apollo's beames,
 Was driving of his flockes away
 To taste some cooling streames; 4
 And, through a forrest as he went
 Unto a river side,
 A voice, which from a grove was sent,
 Invited him to bide. 8

The voice well seem'd for to bewray
 Some mal-contented minde,
 For oft times did he heare it say,
 "Ten thousand times unkind!" 12
 The remnant of that ragéd mone
 Did all escape his eare,
 For every word brought forth a grone,
 And every grone a teare. 16

And neerer when he did repaire,
 Both face and voyce he knew;
 He saw that Phillis was come there
 Her plaints for to renew. 20
 Thus, leaving her unto her plaints
 And sorrow-slaking grones,
 He heard her deadly discontents
 Thus all breake foorth at once. 24

"Amyntas, is my love to thee
 Of such a light account
 That thou disdain'st to looke on me,
 Or¹ love as thou wast wont? 28

¹ "And love" in Percy folio.

Were those the oathes that thou didst make,
The vowes thou didst conceive,
When I, for thy contentment's sake,
Mine heart's delight did leave? 32

"How oft didst thou protest to me
The heavens should turne to nought,
The sunne should first obscurèd be,
Ere thou wouldst change thy thought? 36
Then heaven, dissolve without delay!
Sunne, shew thy face no more!
Amyntas' love is lost for aye,
And woe is me therefore. 40

"Well might I, if I had beene wise,
Foreseene what now I finde!
But too much love did fill mine eyes,
And made my judgement blind: 44
But ah, alas! th' effect doth prove
Thy drifts were but deceit;
For true and undissembled love
Will never turne to hate. 48

"All thy behaviors were, God knowes,
Too smooth and too discreet;
Like sugar which impoysoned growes,
Suspect, because it's sweet: 52
Thine oathes and vowes did promise more
Th[a]n well thou couldst performe—
Much like a calme that comes before
An unsuspected storme. 56

"God knowes, it would not grieve me much
For to be kill'd for thee;
But oh! too neere it doth me touch
That thou shouldst murther me: 60
God knowes, I care not for the paine
Can come for want of breath;
'Tis thy unkindnesse, cruell swaine!
That grieves me to the death. 64

"Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,
 If any fault of mine
 Hath given thee cause thus to betray
 Mine heart's delight and thine? 68
 No, no, alas! it could not be,
 My love to thee was such—
 Unlesse, if that I urgèd thee,
 In loving thee too much. 72

"But ah, alas! what doe I gaine
 By these my fond complaints?
 My dolour double[s] thy disdain;
 My grieve thy joy augments: 76
 Although it yeeld no greater good,
 It oft doth ease my mind
 For to reproach the ingratitude
 Of him who is unkind." 80

With that her hand, cold, wan, and pale,
 Upon her brest she laies;
 And seeing that her breath did faile,
 She sighes, and then she sayes, 84
 "Amyntas!" and with that, poore maid,
 Shee sigh'd againe full sore;
 That,¹ after that, she never said,
 Nor sigh'd, nor breath'd no more. 88

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The two fervent Lovers.

THE following ballad is by L[Laurence] P[rice], and no other copy seems to be extant. A soldier who has returned from the wars makes fervent love "in modesty" to his sweetheart, and she being of like fervour towards him, they go together to be married.

The date is probably within the reign of Charles I.

¹ "That" = "So that."

[Roxb. Coll. I. 416, 417.]

The two fervent Lovers;

Dr,

A warlike kind of wooing, as here at large is said,
Betweene a brabe young man and a faithfull-hearted maid.

TO THE TUNE OF *The two loving Sisters*, OR
Lulling beyond thee.



As Phebus, in the lustrious aire,
The azure did adorne,
Diana, with her virgins faire,
Upon that chearefull morne

Did dance and sing to see the spring ;
 The chirping birds likewise :
 Melodious sound made dales rebound,
 And ecchoes pierce the skies. 8
This time a lad his darling had,
"My sweet," said he, "once prove me ;
And thou shalt finde, in heart and minde
How dearely I doe love thee." 12

I drew me neare unto the place
 To heare the friendly greeting ;
 A young man did his lasse imbrace,
 And blesse the time of meeting : 16
 Quoth he, "My heart by Cupid's dart
 Is now so sorely pierced,
 I dye, I dye, unlesse a salve
 I have to be redressed : 20
Therefore, my deare, while we are here,
In modesty once prove me ;
And thou shalt finde, in heart and minde
How dearely I doe love thee. 24

"As faithfull hero will I stand
 To [my] Penelope ;¹
 Leander-like, thou shalt command
 My heart, so true Ile be : 28
 My stormy eyes, like winter skies,
 Thou here maist well perceive ;
 My livings, goods, my life, and all,
 For thy content will leave.
Therefore my deare, etc. 33

"Like English George I will appeare,
 So valiant in behaviour,
 For Sabrine² bright, his chiefe delight,
 Who sought to win he[r] favour 37

¹ "his Penelope" in the text, and "hero" is printed with a capital letter in the line above. Capitals are freely used by the compositor in all directions, and it cannot be supposed that the ballad-writer was so at fault in his mythology as to mistake Ulysses for Hero. I take it that the name of Penelope is used only as emblematic of constancy and of fidelity.

² See Saint George and the Dragon, Vol. I. p. 385.

With sword and shield in dreadfull field,
As ancient stories say,
The fiery dragon there he kil'd,
And conquest brought away.
Therefore my deare, etc. 42

"If bold Sir Guy,¹ for chevalry,
In countries farre and neare
Did venture life to get a wife,
His Phillis faire and cleare; 46
When he came backe, she was not slacke
To fold him with imbraces
Within her armes; with hymnes and charms
Bedewed each other's faces.
Therefore my deare, etc. 51

"South-Hampton's Earle,² to win his girle,
Incountr'd with a foe
'Mongst Pagans, Turkes, and Infidels,
With many a bloody blow; 55
The lions strong he layd along,
And forc'd the serpent flye,
Great Askipart, with lofty heart,
On ground he forc'd to lye.
Therefore my deare, etc. 60

¹ Guy of Warwick. The ballad of his love for the fair Phillis will appear hereafter in this collection. It begins:

"Was ever knight, for lady's sake,
So tost in love as I, Sir Guy?"

² Bevis of Southampton, famed in romances, and in penny chap-books.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



“ Five yeeres be sure I did indure,
 All for the sake of thee,
 In direfull warres, with bleeding scars,
 As plainly thou must see;
 The canon shot I dreaded not
 When I in place did come;
 In stormes and wind, with blasts unkind,
 I march’d with sound of drumme.
 Therefore, my deare, while we are here,
 In modestie once prove me;
 And thou shalt finde, in heart and minde
 How dearely I doe love thee.

64

68

72

“ In Spaine and France I did advance
 My warlike speare and shield;
 My trusty sword did me afford
 Great conquest in the field;
 While trumpets sound, madd stirs rebound,
 My courage did not [faile];¹
 The muskettters let bullets flie,
 Like stormy drifts of haile:

76

80

¹ Misprinted “haile” in the text.

*Therefore my deare, while we are here,
In modestie once prove me ;
And thou shalt finde, in heart and minde
How dearely I doe love thee.* 84

“ Since from annoy, my only joy,
I passe [through so much] trouble,¹
Doe not disdaine, nor me refraine—
To make my sorrowes double : 88
One curteous word if thou afford,
My woes are all subdewed ;
If scornefully thou answerest me,
My griefes are fresh renewed : 92
*Therefore, my deare, while we are here,
In modestie once prove me ;
And thou shalt finde, in heart and minde
How dearely I doe love thee.*” 96

She, hearing of his loving talke,
How firme his minde was fixt,
Said she, “ My love hath spoke his part,
And mine shall be the next.” 100
This kinde reply then presently
In modesty she said,
“ While thou art absent from my sight,
My heart was sore afraid 104
*That grisly death had tane the breath
Of thee which so did love me ;
My heart and hand thou shalt command,
The world shall not remove me.* 108

“ While Neptune rules the raging seas,
And keepes [them] within² bounds ;
While Flora, with her fragrant flowers,
Bedeckes the dewy grounds ; 112
While shepheards keepe their feeding sheep
Along the pleasant fountaines ;
While roses spring, and small birds sing,
In valies, dales, and mountaines ; 116

¹ “ I passe have such trouble,” in the text.

² “ within her ” in the text.

*My love with thine shall freely joyne;
 The world shall not remove me;
 Thou sure shalt finde, in heart and minde
 How dearely I doe love thee.* 120

“The golden sunne shall darkened be,
 The moone shall lose her light,
 The glittering starres no eye shall see
 Shine in the sable night, 124

The turtle shall forsake her mate,
 The married wife a maide
 Shall prove to be, ere I to thee
 Deny the words I said: 128

*Then try, and trust; I will be just,
 No creature shall remove me;
 The world shall quite dissolvèd be
 Ere I refuse to love thee.”* 132

“Now will we goe,” the man replied,
 “Unto the place with speed,
 To make of thee my lovely bride;
 My word shall be my deed.” 136

So on they went, with good intent,
 Together to be married;
 Hee liked of her, shee liked of him,
 Nothing at all miscarried. 140

*So here I end, wishing each friend
 May true and faithfull prove;
 Jove guide and blesse with good successe
 Those that doe truly love!* 144

FINIS.

L. P.

London, printed for Fr. Coules.

The two kind Lovers.

THIS peculiar ballad of similes seems to be of the reign of James I. The “dainty new tune” became very popular, and it is often referred to in other ballads as *Two lovely lovers*, deriving that title from the first words of the following.

Another edition of the ballad is extant in the Pepys Collection, printed for F. Coules (I. 318).

[Roxb. Coll. I. 418, 419.]

The two Kinde Lovers;

Or,

The Maiden's resolution and will
To be like her true Lober still.

TO A DAINTY NEW TUNE.



Two lovely lovers walking all alone,
The female to the male was making pittious mone,
Saying, "If thou wilt goe, love, let me go with thee,
Because I cannot live without thy company.

"Be thou my master, Ile be thy trusty page
 To waite on thee in thy weary pilgrimage;
 So shall I still enjoy thy lovely presence,
 In which alone consists my earthly essence. 8

"Be thou the sunne, Ile be the beames so bright;
 Be thou the moone, Ile be the lightest night;
 Be thou Aurora, the usher of the day,
 I will be the pearly dew upon the flowers gay. 12

"Be thou the rose, thy smell I will assume,
 And yeeld a sweet odoriferous perfume;
 Be thou the rain-bow, Ile be the colours many;
 Be thou the cloud, Ile be the weather rainy. 16

"Be thou the lyon, Ile be the lionesse;
 Be thou the servant, Ile be the mistresse;
 Be thou the porpentine,¹ and Ile be the quill,
 That wheresoeuer thou goest, I may be with thee still. 20

"Be thou the turtle, and I will be thy mate,
 And if thou dye, my life Ile ever hate;
 Be thou the nimble fairy, that trips upon the ground,
 And I will be the circle where thou maist dance around. 24

"Be thou the swan, Ile be the bubling river;
 Be thou the gift, and I will be the giver;
 Be thou the chaste Diana, and I will be as chaste;
 Be thou the time, Ile be the houres past. 28

"Be thou the ship, Ile be the surging seas,
 That shall transport my love wher he doth please;
 Be thou the Neptune, Ile be triple mace;²
 Be thou the jocund hunter, Ile be the deere in chase. 32

¹ "porpentine" = porcupine.

² "triple mace" = trident.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



“Be thou the shepherd, Ile be the shepherdesse,
To sport with thee in joy and happinesse;
I will be the marigold, if thou wilt be the sunne;
Be thou the fryer, and I will be the nun.

36

“I will be the pelican, and thou shalt be the yong;
Ile spend my blood to succour thee from wrong;
Be thou the gardner, and I will [be] the flowers,
That thou maist make me grow with fruitfull showres.

40

“Be thou the falconer, the falcon I will be,
To yeeld delight and pleasure unto thee;
Be thou the lanthorne, I will be the light,
To lead thee to thy fancy every darkesome night.

44

“Be thou the captaine, Ile be the souldier stout,
And helpe in danger still to beare thee out;
Be thou the lovely elme, and I will be the vine,
In sweet concordance to sympathize and twine.

48

“Be thou the pilot, Ile be the sea-man’s card;
 Ile be the taylor, and thou shalt be my yard:
 Be thou the weaver, and Ile the shuttle be;
 Be thou the fruterer, and I will be the tree. 52

“Be thou the black-smith, I will be the forge;
 Be thou the waterman, I will be the barge;
 Be thou the broker, and I will be the pawne;
 Be thou the parasite, and I will learne to fawne.” 56

These lovely lovers being thus combin’d,
 Most equally agreed both in heart and mind.
 Accursèd may they be who seeke to part these twaine,
 Whom love and nature did to love ordaine. 60

I wish all yong men, that constant are in love,
 To find out a woman that will so loyall prove;
 And to all honest maidens in heart I wish the same,
 That Cupid’s lawes may be devoyed of blame. 64

FINIS.

Printed at London by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

A Ballad of Tobias.

THIS ballad from the Book of Tobit is a relief after so many love ditties. Two editions are in the Roxburghe Collection—the first of the reign of James I., or Charles I., and the second a Newcastle-upon-Tyne edition, of no authority.

The Bagford Collection includes a black-letter and a white-letter edition, both printed by W. O[nley], and sold “by the booksellers,” 643. m. 9. 28, and 10. 7. The Euing Collection includes two editions in black-letter—one printed by and for A. M[ilbourne], etc. (No. 270), and the other for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson (No. 276). The Pepys copy, I. 488, is for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger. Of all the above-named, the first copy in the Roxburghe Collection seems to be the oldest.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 420, 421, and III. 514, 515.]

A pleasant new Ballad of Tobias,
 wherein is shewed the wonderfull things which
 chanced to him in his youth: and how he wedded
 a young Damsell that had had seven husbands
 and never enjoyed their company: who were all
 slaine by a wicked spirit.



In Ninivie old Toby dwelt,
 An aged man and blind was he,
 And much affliction he had felt,
 Which brought him unto poverty.

4

He had by Anna, his true wife,
 One onely sonne, and eke no more,
 Which was the comfort of his life,
 And he by him did set great store.

8

He brought him up most vertuously,
 In true obedience and awe,
 And every day he did apply
 To feare the Lord and keepe his law.

12

Upon a time it came to passe,
 He call'd to him his sonne with speed,
 And thus to him his words did frame,
 "My sonne," quoth he, "thou knost my need. 16

"Thou must unto Gabael goe,
 At Raguel's in Media land,
 For I did lend him long agoe
 Ten talents on his only band."¹ 20

"My father deare," Tobias said,
 "At your command straight will I goe;
 How shall I get the money paid,
 Seeing the man I did never know?" 24

"Take here the writing then," quoth he,
 "Which is sufficient, being seene,
 And get a guide to goe with thee,
 Sith thou that way hast never beene." 28

A guid[e] Tobias' sonne had got,
 An angell in the shape of man;
 Which thing he did not know, God wot,
 The Lord did so appoint it than.² 32

Tobias, with his blessed guide,
 Went on his journey then with speed,
 Untill they came to Tigris' side;
 At that faire flood they did abide. 36

Tobias would [go] wash him there,
 By reason of the summer's heat;
 A mighty fish put him in feare,
 Which leapt out of the waters great. 40

"Cut up the fish," the angell said,
 "But keepe the liver, heart, and gall,
 To doe the same be not afraid,
 Great cures there shall be done withall." 44

¹ "band" = bond.

² This is another of the numberless instances of confounding "than" and "then" in the seventeenth century.

When this was done, away they went,
And comming neere their journey's end,
"Wee'll lodge to night," the angell said,
"With Raguel, thy father's friend.

48

"He hath a daughter faire of face,
And also of a vertuous life;
And when we come into that place,
Ile speake that she may be thy wife."

52

"Why, Azarias," then quoth he—
So Toby did the angell call—
"I wis she is no mate for me—
Swift death doth to her lovers fall.

56

"Seven men have to her married been,
Which in her love did take delight,
When her bed-chamber they have seen,
They have not lived out half the night.

60

"A wicked spirit loves her so,
He will not suffer any man
With her into the bed to goe,
But works his death, do what he can."

64

The angell said, "Good courage take,
For so it shall not be with thee,
For such perfumes I will thee make,
The wicked spirit away shall flee."

68

To Raguel's house away they came,
Where Sara met them, faire and bright;
And, after salutations done,
She brought him to her parents' sight.

72

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Great cheere they made, and downe they sat,
 And all for young Tobias' sake;
 And after long and pleasant chat,
 Betwixt these two a match they make.

76

By Moses' law they married were,
 The bride's chamber prepar'd likewise;
 When young Tobias came in there
 The teares fell downe from Sara's eyes.

80

A pan of coales he brought with him;
 The fishes heart and liver there
 Within that fire did he cast in,
 Which cast a savour everywhere;

84

And by that sweet and precious smell
 The wicked spirit was displac't;
 Within that roome he could not dwell,
 Whe[nc]e out away he went in hast.

88

In bed they laid the beauteous bride,
The chamber doore they shut therefore;
Young Toby lay downe by her side,
Whom [they]¹ did thinke to see no more. 92

And therefore Raguel, in the night,
For him before had made a grave;
And to his wife he wept, and said,
"There is no meanes his life to save. 96

"One of the maidens send," quoth he,
"To see how all the matter stands;
If it be so that dead he be,
He shall be buried by my hands." 100

The maiden joyfull newes did bring:
"Tobias is alive," quoth she:
When Raguel heard of this thing,
He did rejoyce exceedingly. 104

For joy he made a solemne feast,
The bridall foureteene dayes he kept,
Thereto came many a friendly guest:
In sorrow now no more they slept. 108

Then Azarias went straight way,
And to the feast Gabael brought,
Rejoycing at this marriage day,
Did pay the mony which he ought.² 112

But yet old Toby and his wife
Did all the time in sorrow dwell;
They thought their sonne had lost his life,
And nothing could their grieve expell. 116

His aged mother every day
Did watch along the highway side,
And for his welfare oft did pray:
No meat nor drinke she could abide. 120

But when the wedding ended was,
Young Toby, with his lovely bride,
To Ninivy did homeward passe,
With goods and cattell on each side. 124

¹ "he" in Roxb. I. 421.

² "ought" = owed.

But Toby (and the angell bright)
 Before his wife made haste to go,
 For to prepare all things aright,
 His lovely bride to welcome tho.¹ 128

His mother, watching in the way,
 Full soone espy'd her tender sonne :
 Rejoycing at the happy day,
 She told her husband he was come. 132

Whereat old Toby stumbled out,
 For he was blind and could not see :
 Young Toby, with the fishes gall
 Rub'd both his eyes immediatly. 136

Whereat the whitenesse of his eyes
 Incontinent did fall out quite :
 So that before he did arise
 He had againe his perfect sight. 140

Great joy was then on every side,
 Young Toby told his father all ;
 Who went to meet his lovely bride,
 With joy and mirth that was not small. 144

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old Baily.

The true Maid of the South.

THE Roxburghe and the Pepys Collections include each one copy of this ballad, and both were "printed at London for Francis Coules." The reference to the Pepys copy is I. 322. The story is of a maiden of Rye, who puts on the attire of a page to follow her lover to Germany, and is there married to him. The youth was The Pride of Leicestershire, and the ballad is sometimes referred to under that name.

¹ "tho" = then.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 422, 423.]

The true Mayde of the South ;

Dr,

A rare example of a Maide dwelling at Rie, in Sussex, who, for the love of a young man of Lester-shire, went beyond the Sea in the habit of a Page, and after, to their hearts' content, were both married at Magrum, in Germany, and now dwelling at Rye aforesaid.

TO THE TUNE OF *Come, come, my sweet and bonny one.*



To prize each other deare :

Sweet Margery

Lov'd Anthony,

The pride of Lester-shire.

40

Thus with concordant sympathy

These lovers were combin'd ;

One lov'd the other heartily,

Yet neither told their mind :

She long'd to speake,

Her minde to breake

45

Unto her lover deare,

She durst not tell,

Though she lov'd well

The pride of Lester-shire.

50

Within short time it came to passe

To sea the young man went,

And left this young and pretty lasse

In woe and discontent :

Who wept full sore,

And griev'd therefore,

55

When truely she did heare

That her sweet-heart

From her must part,

The pride of Lester-shire.

60

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

It was his hap that time to goe
 To travell with his lord,
 Which to his heart did breed much woe,
 Yet could he not afford
 A remedy 65
 To 's misery,
 But needs hee must leave here
 His Madge behinde,
 Who griev'd in minde
For the pride of Lester-shire. 70

She being then bereavèd cleane
 Of hope, yet did invent,
 By her rare policy, a meane
 To worke her heart's content :
 In garments strange 75
 She straight did change
 Her selfe, rejecting feare,
 To goe with him,
 Whom she did deeme
The pride of Lester-shire. 80

And, in the habit of a page,
 She did intreat his lord
 That, being a boy of tender age,
 He would this grace afford—
 That he might goe, 85
 Service to show
 To him both farre and neere ;
 Who little thought
 What love she ought
To the pride of Lester-shire. 90

This lord did take her, as she seem'd
 To be a pretty lad,
 And for his page he her esteem'd,
 Which made her heart full glad :
 To sea went shee, 95
 And so did hee

Whom shee esteem'd so deare ;
Who, for her sake,
Great moane did make,
And shed full many a teare. 100

Thus he, poore lad, lay with his love
Full many a tedious night ;
Yet neither of them both did proove
A lover's true delight :
She heard him weepe 105
When he should sleepe,
And shed forth many a teare
For Margery,
Who then lay by
The pride of Lester-shire. 110

Long time these lovers travellèd,
And were bed-fellowes still,
Yet she did keepe her mayden-head
Untill she had her will.
Shee heard his moane, 115
Yet still unknowne
She kept her selfe, for feare ;
Yet, at the last,
She cleaved full fast
To the pride of Lester-shire. 120

For having travellèd sixe weekes
Unknowne unto her lover,
With rosie blushes in her cheekes
Her minde she did discover :
"See here," quoth she, 125
"One that for thee
Hath left her parents deare—
Poore Margery,
The mayde of Rie,
I am, behold me here !" 130

When Anthony did heare this word,
His heart with joy did leape ;
He went unto his noble lord,
To whom he did report

This wonderfull thing, 135
 Which straight did bring
 Amazement to him there :
 "Of such a page,
 In any age,"
 Quoth he, "I did not heare." 140
 At Magrum then, in Germany,
 Their lord did see them marryed,
 From whence unto the towne of Rye,
 In England, were they carry'd ;
 Where now they dwell, 145
 Belovèd well
 Of neighbours farre and neere ;
 Sweet Margery
 Loves Anthony,
The pride of Lester-shire. 150
 You mayds and young men, warning take
 By these two lovers kinde,
 Whoever you your choyce doe make,
 To them be true in minde ;
 For, perfect love 155
 Comes from above,
 As may by this appeare,
 Which came to passe
 By Sussex lasse,
And the lad of Lester-shire. 160

FINIS.

Printed at London for Francis Coules.

A True Relation of Susan Higges.

THIS is a curious story of a woman who acted the part of a highwayman, and at last was driven into committing a murder by being recognized, in spite of her disguise. This uncontrived murder so dwelt upon her conscience that she revealed it to her servants, and was executed for her crimes.

A second copy, printed for H. G[osson], is in the Pepys Collection, II. 113.

The tune "Of a worthy London Prentice" will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 424, 425.]

A true Relation of one Susan

Higges, dwelling in Risborow, a towne in Buckinghamshire, and how shee lived twenty yeares by robbing on the High-ways, yet unsuspected of all that knew her; till at last, comming to Messeldon,¹ there robbing a woman, which woman knew her, and called her by her name. Now when she saw she was betrayed, she killed her; and standing by her while she gave three groanes, she spat three drops of blood in her face, which never could be washt out; by which shee was knowne and executed for the aforesaid murder at the Assises in Lent at Brickhill.

TO THE TUNE OF *The worthy London Prentice.*



To mourne for my offences
and former passèd sinnes,
This sad and dolefull story
my heavie heart begins:

4

¹ Missenden.

Most wickedly I spent my time,
devoid of godly grace;
A lewder woman never liv'd,
I thinke, in any place. 8

Neere Buckingham I dwellèd,
and Susan Higges by name,
Well thought of by good gentlemen,
and farmers of good fame: 12
Where thus, for twenty yeeres at least,
I liv'd in gallant sort;
Which made the countrey marvell much
to heare of my report. 16

My state was not maintained,
as you shall understand,
By good and honest dealings,
nor labour of my hand: 20
But by deceit and cozening shifts,
the end whereof, we see,
Hath ever beene repaid with shame,
and ever like to be. 24

My servants were yong country girles,
brought up unto my mind,
By nature faire and beautifull,
and of a gentle kinde: 28
Who with their sweet entising eyes
did many youngsters move
To come by night unto my house
in hope of further love. 32

But still at their close meetings,
as I the plot had laid,
I stept in still at unawares
while they the wantons plaid, 36
And would in question bring their names,
except they did agree
To give me money for this wrong
done to my house and me. 40

This was but petty coozenage
to things that I have done;
My weapon by the high-way side
hath me much money won : 44
In men's attire I oft have rode
upon a gelding stout,
And done great robberies valiantly
the countries round about. 48

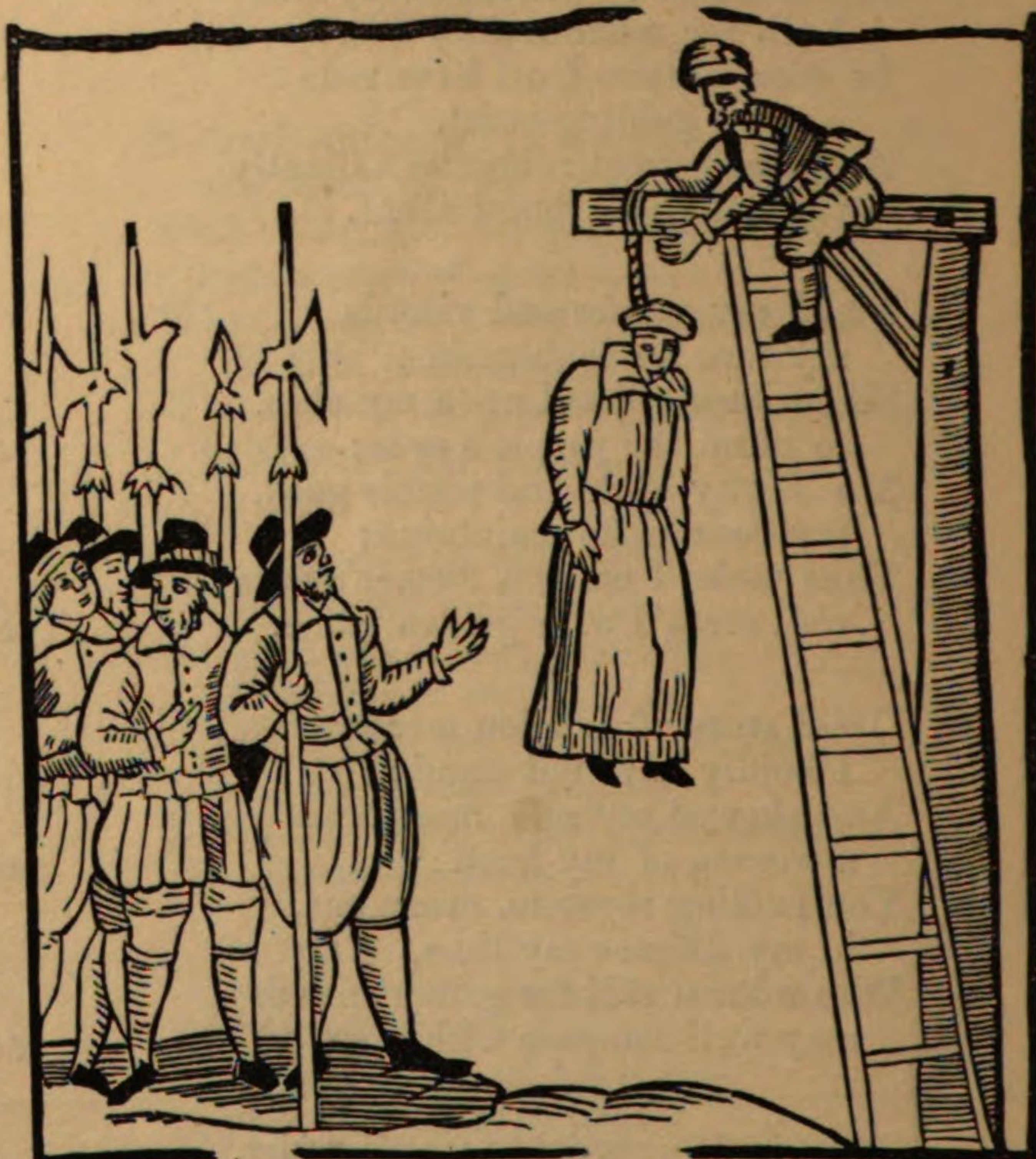
I had my scarfes and vizords
my face for to disguise;
Sometimes a beard upon my chin,
to blind the people's eyes : 52
My Turkey blade and pistols good,
my courage to maintaine;
Thus tooke I many a farmer's purse,
well cram'd with golden gaine. 56

Great store of London merchants
I boldly have bid stand;
And shewed my selfe most bravely
a woman of my hand :¹ 60
You ruffling roysters, every one,
in my defence say then,
Wee women still for gallant minds
may well compare with men. 64

¹ "of hand" = prepared for any undertaking.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



But if so be it chancèd
the countries were beset
With hue, and cryes, and warrants,
into my house I get :
And I so being with my maids,
would cloake the matter so
That no man could by any meanes
the right offender know.

68

72

Yet God, that still most justly
doth punish every vice,
Did bring unto confusion
my fortunes in a trice :

76

For, by a murther, all my sinnes
were strangely brought to light,
And such desert I had by law
as justice claim'd by right. 80

Upon the Heath of Misseldon,
I met a woman there,
And rob'd her as from market
homewards she did repaire; 84
Which woman cal'd me by my name,
and said that she me knew;
For which even with her life's deare blood
my hands I did imbrew. 88

But after I had wounded
this woman unto death,
And that her bleeding body
was almost reft of breath, 92
She gave a groane, and therewithall
did spit upon my face
Three drops of blood, that never could
be wipèd from that place. 96

For after I returnèd
unto my house againe,
The more that I it wash'd
it more appearèd plaine: 100
Each houre I thought that beasts and birds
this murther would reveale,
Or that the ayre so vile a deed
no longer would conceale. 104

So heavie at my conscience
this wofull murther lay,
That I was soone enforcèd
the same for to bewray; 108
And to my servants made it knowne,
as God appointed me;
For blood can never secret rest,
nor long unpunisht be. 112

My servants to the justices
 declar'd what I had said ;
 For which I was attachèd,
 and to the jayle conveyed ; 116
 And at the 'Sises was condemn'd,
 and had my just desert :
 Even such a death let all them have
 that beare so false a heart. 120

So farewell, earthly pleasure !
 my quaintance all, adue !
 With whom I spent the treasure
 which causeth me to rue. 124
 Leave off your wanton pastimes,
 lascivious and ill,
 Which, without God's great mercy,
 doth soule and body kill. 128

Be warnèd by this story,
 you ruffling roysters all !
 The higher that you climbe in sinne,
 the greater is your fall : 132
 And since the world so wicked is,
 let all desire grace :
 Grant, Lord, that I the last may be,
 that runneth such a race ! 136

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. C. dwelling in the Old Baily.

Truth's Integrity ; or, Love will find out the Way.

THIS old ditty was extremely popular, and "Love will find out the Way" became proverbial, although but few copies of the ballad now remain. The earliest broadside is in the Roxburghe Collection. Others are in the Rawlinson (No. 189), Euing (358), and Douce, B. 2 (232). Coles, Vere, and Wright are the publishers of the second and third. It is included by D'Urfey in the sixth volume of *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*.

A long account of this favourite theme will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and with it the music of the ballad. It is still in favour as one of the *Old English Ditties*.

The copy of the words published by Bishop Percy is an abbreviation, and avowedly derived from a comparatively modern edition.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 426, 427.]

Truth's Integrity ;

Dr,

A curious Northerne Ditty, called Love will finde out
the Way.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



Over the mountaines
And under the waves ;
Over the fountaines
And under the graves ;
Over floods which are the deepest,
Which doe Neptune obey ;
Over rockes which are the steepest,
Love will find out the way.

4

8

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worme to lye;
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a flye; 12
 Where the gnat she dares not venter,
 Lest her selfe fast she lay;
 But if love come hee will enter,
And will find out the way. 16

You may esteeme him
 A child by his force,
 Or you may deeme him
 A coward, which is worse; 20
 But if hee whom love doth honour
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon him,
Love will find out the way. 24

Some thinke to lose him,
 Which is too unkind;
 And some doe suppose him,
 Poore heart, to be blinde; 28
 If that he were hidden,¹
 Doe the best that you may,
 Blind love, if so you call him,
Will finde out the way. 32

Well may the eagle
 Stoope downe to the fist;
 Or you may inveagle
 The Phenix of the east; 36
 With feare the tiger 's moved
 To give over his prey,
 But never stop a lover,
He will poast on his way. 40

From Dover to Barwicke,
 And nations throughout,
 Brave Guy of Warwicke,
 That champion so stout, 44

¹ Durfey's edition has a different line: "But if ne'er so close you wall him."

With his war-like behaviour,
Through the world he did stray,
To win his Phillis' favour—
Love will finde out the way. 48

In order next enters
Bevis so brave,
After adventures,
And policie grave, 52
To see whom he desired,
His Josian so gay,
For whom his heart was fired,
Love found out the way. 56

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The Gordian knot,
 Which true lovers knit,
 Undoe you cannot,
 Nor yet breake it: 60
 Make use of your inventions
 Their fancies to betray,
 To frustrate your intentions
Love will finde out the way. 64

From court to the cottage,
 In bower and in hall,
 From the King unto the beggar,
 Love conquers all: 68
 Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
 Strive, doe what you may,
 Yet, be you ne'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way. 72

Love hath power over princes,
 And greatest emperour,
 In any provinces—
 Such is love's power— 76
 There is no resisting,
 But him to obey;
 In spight of all contesting,
Love will finde out the way. 80

If that hee were hidden,
 And all men that are
 Were strictly forbidden
 That place to declare,— 84
 Winds, that have no abidings,
 Pittying their delay,
 Will come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way. 88

If the earth should part him,
 He would gallop it ore;
 If the seas should orethwart him,
 He would swim to the shore: 92

Should his love become a swallow,
Through the ayre to stray,
Love would lend wings to follow,
And wil finde out the way. 96

There is no striving
To crosse his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent: 100
But if once the message greet him
That his true love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will finde out the way. 104

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old-Baily.

The Unfortunate Lovers; or, John True and Susan Mease.

THIS is a sad story. Master John True having, with some difficulty, gained the love of Susan Mease, began coquetting with another girl, in order to make Susan jealous. But she took it to heart, and died. Then followed John's repentance, and he fancied that she called to him from the grave to come. So he took to his bed, and died also. The ballad ends with a warning to all young men, that, if they have true loves, they must not play with them in that fashion, but be true unto the end.

The edition in Vol. I. is "at London for Henry Gosson." The copy in Vol. III. is modern. The Pepys Collection includes an edition printed for Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger (III. 328), the Euing, one by Coles, Vere, and Wright (363), and the Bagford, one in white-letter for W. Onley (643. m. 10. 125).

The tune of this ballad is sometimes referred to as *John True*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 428, 429, and III. 318, 319.]

Two unfortunate Lovers ;

Or,

A true Relation of the lamentable end of John True
and Susan Mease.

Their lives this ditty doth relate,
And how they dy'd unfortunate.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Bride's Buriall.*



Attend, you lovers, and give eare
unto my mournfull song,
Of two that lovèd faithfully,
yet each did other wrong.

4

At Coventry, in Warwickshire,
this young man he did dwell ;
His name, John True, a shoemaker,
and liv'd of it full well.

8

At Corley¹ did this maiden dwell,
three miles from Coventry;
Yet, for the love he bare to her,
oft times he would her see. 12

And comming unto her one day,
he told to her his mind;
“Susan,” quoth he, “I love thee deare,
be not to me unkind. 16

“If thou canst love and fancy me
in heart and eke in mind,
I will prove loving unto thee,
and never be unkind. 20

“Thy cheerefull looks rejoyce my heart,
and merry make my mind;
Sweet Susan, then love me againe,
Be not to me unkind.” 24

“Good John, I thank you for your love,
and wish ye ’t home to tarry;
I am too young for you to wed,
and have no mind to marry. 28

“Where you doe dwell are maids good store
of beauty faire and free;
Set not your love upon me then,
for I cannot love thee.” 32

This answer struck him to the heart
as cold as any stone:
Then homewards straight he did repaire,
with many a sigh and grone: 36

Wishing that he had nere bin borne,
or in his cradle dy’d;
Unhappy man, to love so true,
and yet to be deny’d! 40

¹ The late edition alters Corley into Borley Moor—“At Borley-Moor this maiden dwelt.”

Quoth he, "I will to her againe,
and heare what she doth say ;
It may be she may be more kind,
though first she said me nay." 44

Then, comming to the towne againe,
he sent for her straightway,
Desiring her to speake with him ;
but she did it deny. 48

Then did he sigh, lament, and grieve,
and knew not what to say ;
Then did he take his pen in hand,
and writ these words straightway : 52

" My heart's delight, and onely joy,
kill not me with disdain ;
Vouchsafe that I may speake with thee,
and rid me of my paine. 56

" Resolve me, sweetest, I thee pray,
why is thy hatred such ?
I know no cause, unlesse it be
for loving thee too much. 60

" As is my name, so is my love,
sweet Susan, unto thee :
True is my name, true is my love,
and ever so shall be. 64

" My love is loyall, just, and good ;
kill me not with disdain ;
Rather doe me that courtesie,
to love for love againe." 68

When she had read, and understood
his mind and his intent,
She then began to like and love,
and yeeld him heart's content. 72

" John, I am thine, if thou beest mine,
for ever and for aye ;
It was to prove thy constancy
that I did say thee nay. 76

“ But here’s my hand, my heart and love ;
Ile nere thee more deny :
My love is constant, firme, and true,
and shall be till I dye.” 80

Then they imbrac’d each other’s love,
and joy’d in heart and voyce,
That he of her, and she of him,
had made so sweet a choice. 84

But Fortune, which doth often frowne
where she before did smile,
The man’s delight and maiden’s joy
full soone she did beguile. 88

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

When she was settled in her love,
then he would change his mind ;
And, for to try her constancy,
would be to her unkind. 92

And thus resolvèd in his mind,
he’d come to her no more,
But went and woo’d another maid ;
which griev’d her heart full sore. 96

Quoth he, “ She provèd unto me
hard-hearted and unkind ;
But now her true love I have woon,
Ile beare the selfe-same mind.” 100

When she perceiv’d his love to her
not as ’twas wont to be,
She did lament, sigh, weep, and grieve,
and then these words spake she : 104

“False-hearted man, adue!” quoth she,
“disloyall and unkind!
And if I dye for love of thee,
thou shalt not know my mind. 108

“Woe to the time I did beleewe
that flattering looke of thine;
Would God that I had never seene
the teares of thy false eyne! 112

“Hard hap had I to set my love
on one that mockèd me;
Sure all the countrey doth not yeeld
a man so false as he.” 116

Thus was she brought to weak estate,
all comforts from her fled;
She did desire to speak with him
before that she was dead. 120

Her friends did seek to cheere her heart,
and to make glad her mind;
But she was kil’d with loving him,
that prov’d to her unkind. 124

“False-hearted man! may never maid
love thee as I have done,
But may my death remembred be
to time that is to come! 128

“And may all maids example take
by this my mournefull death,
And now, sweet Lord, receive my soule,
to thee I yeeld my breath!” 132

Thus dy’d the patterne of true love;
thus dy’d a vertuous maid;
Thus dy’d as good a harmlesse lasse
as ever love betray’d. 136

Six maids in white, as custome is,
did bring her to the grave;
Her parents grieve, lament, and mourne—
no child at all they have. 140

When as her lover understood
for truth that she was dead,
He rag'd, and ready was to teare
his haire from off his head. 144

But when he came into the towne
whereas his true love lay,
He straightway ran unto her grave,
and these words there did say : 148

"Susan," quoth he, "Ile kisse thy grave
upon my bended knee,
Whereby Ile shew to all the world
how deare I lovèd thee." 152

And as he lay upon the grave,
he heard a voyce to say,
"John True, if ere thou lov'dst me deare,
make hast and come away." 156

Then started he up from the grave,
and stood like one stricke dumb ;
But when he had regain'd his speech,
he cryed, "I come, I come !" 160

And thus, like one out of his wits,
he rag'd in piteous sort,
That all the neighbours presently
were griev'd at this report. 164

And thus, with sorrow and grief of heart,
he lay a whole fortnight ;
But when he had confest his fault,
he yeelded up his spright. 168

According to his heart's desire,
and as he did request,
They dig'd his grave, and laid him down
by her whom he lov'd best. 172

You yong men all, that have true loves,
prove true unto your friend ;
And if you love, be sure your love
be true unto the end. 176

And thus I end my story true,
 so full of griefe and woe,
 May never any seeke againe
 to wrong each other so!

180

FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson.

The Virgin's A, B, C.

THIS ballad contains some excellent moral lessons for young women of a time when public morality was rather lax.

The Roxburghe edition seems to be the only one in which the original metre is preserved; but each line is there divided into two, and that gives an appearance of irregularity which due printing removes. The ballad is in the same measure as the well-known

“Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?”

There are later editions in the Pepys and Euing Collections (Pepys, I. 500, and Euing, 369 and 370), as well as in the Bagford (643. m. 10, 173); but all those interpose a syllable in the first line, which unfits it for this metre. They have either “All *you* youthfull virgins,” or “All *you* faithfull virgins.” Perhaps the tune had been changed when these later versions were sung.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 430, 431.]

The Virgin's A, B, C;

Or,

An Alphabet of vertuous Admonitions for a chaste,
modest, and well-governed Maid.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Young Man's A, B, C.*



All youthfull virgins, to this song give eare,
And learne the lessons which are taught you here!
An alphabet of vertues here are set,
And, being learn'd, doe make a maid compleat. 4

Beare not a scornefull mind, although you are
Beauteous as Hellen, or like Venus faire;
It ill becomes a forehead smooth and white
To threaten anger in a lover's sight. 8

Chuse then a modest carriage, and still be
Courteous, and [not] too coy in company:
They're nature's changlings, and too much unkind,
Who have a lovely face and scornefull mind. 12

Disdainefull never seeme, nor yet too much
Doat on thy face's beauty, sleighting such
As sue for love, lest creeping age come on,
And then, too late, your folly you bemone. 16

Exchange no love, but alwayes constant be ;
Esteeme true love a perfect treasury ;
 For where true love and beauty both unite,
 It yields both parties both their hearts' delight. 20

Feigne no affection ; but, where vows are past,
Fixe there your heart ; let there your love be plate't ;
 For if by feignèd wiles love's knot be ty'd,
 It breeds dissention 'twixt the groome and bride. 24

Grow not too proud, though smiling Fortune doe
Great store of wealth and her best gifts bestow :
 For pride, the proverbe sayes, must have a fall,
 And so must maydens, widdowes, wives, and all. 28

Haste not too much for marriage, nor the thing
Hwhich doth not pleasure only, but grieve bring ;
 For hasty lovers often doe destroy
 The sweets of love, ere they their hopes enjoy. 32

If yet you chuse a mate whom you affect,
Injure him not with any disrespect ;
 But wary be, and ere love's knot you tie,
 Prove first your owne, and then his constancie. 36

Knowledge is gained by 'xperience, and by this
Kthou maist arrive unto the height of blisse ;
 First try, then trust ; and when you both have prov'd,
 You may both love, and be as well belov'd. 40

Looke ere you leape, the proverbe still doth say ;
Let no smooth tongues your love to lust betray ;
 In fairest grasse a snake is often found,
 And smoothest tongues with falshood most abound. 44

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Mourne not too much, nor be thou alwayes sad ;
Mirth sometimes may become a vertuous maid :
Yet use not too much laughter, lest you be
Sleighted and scorn'd for your immodesty. 48

Nor use uncivill talke, no gesture light,
Nor in unseemely wantonnesse delight ;
But keepe a chaste behaviour, that you may
Have good report in every kind of way. 52

Offend not with a foule and slandrous tongue
Others that doe not wish thee any wrong ;
But speake you well of all, and alwayes doe
With others as you'd have them deale with you. 56

Paint not your beauty when it is decay'd,
Prize not that for a jewell, which must fade ;
When you have done your best, ['t]will fal away,
And through red cheeks a wrinckled brow display. 60

Quench in thy selfe all lust's inflaming fires,
Which may provoke thee to unchast desires ;
For though a while such pleasure please thy mind,
Yet sorrow, want, and beggery come behind. 64

Remember next how, like a fading flower,
Rich earth's best treasures vanish in an hower,
And how the best of things that you enjoy
The sith[e] of Time will cut, and Death destroy. 68

Seeke therefore richer gifts than she can give,
So shalt thou in a state securer live ;
For though fraile beauty decke thy outward part,
Yet inward vertue best adornes the heart. 72

Try that rich gemme, which when thou hast attain'd,
Thou hast a beauteous maid's chiefe beauty gain'd :
And if faire vertue doe thy courses steere,
Like Jove's chaste daughter thou shalt bright appeare. 76

Vaine beauty's but a trifle, that a while
 Dame Nature lends thee with a flattering smile,
 Which lovers gaze at, and with greedy hands,
 Each one to crop a blossome of it stands 80

While in its fullest ripenesse it is growne :
 When it's decayed, their loves are with it gone :
 Let this then be thy care, and chiefest strife,
 To live a vertuous maid, an honest wife. 84

Xantippe-like, the wife of Socrates,
 Affect not thou thy husband to displease ;
 Nor with a rayling tongue pursue him still,
 But in humility obey his will. 88

Yeeld not to others, when you once are wed,
 The pleasures of your lawfull husband's bed ;
 For if thou guilty be of such an act,
 Thou shalt not scape unpunisht for thy fact. 92

Zealous then be in all these vertues, prove
 Both constant, chaste, and loyall in your love ;
 And if these lessons well thou learnst, for thee
 'Tis truely still, The Virgin's A, B, C. 96

FINIS.

Printed at London by M. P. for F. Coules, dwelling in the
 Old-Baily.

The Young Man's A, B, C.

THIS is indeed a dismal love ditty in "two dozen of verses," in order to begin one upon each letter of the alphabet. It is in the same metre as the last ballad.

There are four extant editions, all to be dated within the second half of the seventeenth century. See Pepys, I. 508, Euing, 407, Bagford, 643. m. 10. 174, and the following.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 432, 433.]

The Young Man's A, B, C;

Or,

Two dozen of Verses which a Young Man sent his
Love, who proved unkind.

THE TUNE IS *The Young Man's A, B,]C.*



A ccept, dear love, these shadows of my grief,
And let thy pittie yield me some relief;
A captive to thy will I must remain;
For thou art only she must ease my pain.

4

B e kind to me, as I am kind to thee;
Blast not thy fame with cruelty to me:
But let thy inward parts thy features grace—
Beauty in heart adornes the outward face.

8

C onsider how my service hath been bent
Continually to gain thy sweet content:
Canst thou, my dear, be so obdure to me—
Cross unto him that is so true to thee?

12

Defer no time to understand my grief,
 But with some speed come, ease me with relief;
 Thy beauty rare hath struck my heart so deep,
 That all my daies I mean to wail and weep: 16

Except thou dost some favour to me yield,
 I shall be slain with love, in Venus field;
 I am so discontent in mind and heart,
 That neither moans nor time can cure my smart. 20

Forget thou not the woe wherein I dwell;
 My torments do all other griefes excell:
 Consider well my wofull sable nights,
 And days I spend away, without delights. 24

Grant me thy love to mitigate my pain;
 The like thou shalt receive from me again:
 So love will we as doth the turtle dove,
 Whose firm affection[s] ever constant prove. 28

Have you respect on this—the grief I take,
 Which out of sleep doth sometimes me awake;
 In dreams I see that which I most desire;
 But waking sets my senses all on fire. 32

In dolefull sort these words I now relate;
 Which makes me think my self unfortunate
 To set my heart where I had nought but scorn;
 Which makes me rue the time that I was born. 36

Kill me not! in this desperation deep,
 Think how I neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep;
 [I] think of that which I cannot obtain,
 The which hath near my heart with sorrow slain. 40

Let tender pittie move thy gentle heart,
 And so from thee my love shall never start;
 To gain thy love I'll venture life and limb,
 And for thy sake the ocean I will swim. 44

My life I loath, because my woes increase;
 Therefore my torments cease, and me release:
 Then be not harsh whereas thou wouldst be kind,
 But for my love let me no hatred find. 48

Neither deny to grant me this request,
Nor seek thou not to work me more unrest ;
For, if you do, the worst share fall to thine :
The worst can come ends but one life of mine. 52

Oh that thou wouldst but now conceive aright !
Then would my darkness soon be turn'd to light :
My greatest sorrows I should then destroy,
And all my grief and care exchange to joy. 56

Pierce then no deeper to my bleeding heart,
The which is ready now for to depart :
He that still loves, and is not lov'd again,
Had better die than still to live in pain. 60

Quench thou the flames of this my burning breast,
Which for thy sake no time nor tide can rest :
My love to thee hath evermore been true ;
Therefore the same see that I have from you. 64

Regard my grief, how still it more exceeds ;
My life is like the herb that's spoil'd with weeds :
Among the finest wheat the tares do grow,
And thou, my love, hath wrought my overthrow. 68

Sweet love, now take on me, thy friend, some care ;
Regard my grief that still lives in despair
Of thy true love, which is more dear than gold ;
My griefs are more than numbers can be told. 72

Too long I've liv'd, and yet too late repent,
For why, the glory of my life is spent
In loving her that never did love me ;
O then what day of pleasure can I see ? 76

Would I had never liv'd thy face to have seen !
O then full happy surely had I been,
For never any one under the sun,
But thou alone, could me thus wrong [have] done. 80

X thousand times more cruel is thy mind,
Than Heathens, Jews, or Turks are, in their kind ;
Or any one that on the earth doth go,
And, woe is me ! for I have found it so. 84

Yet, if thy mind be so perversely bent
That nothing can procure my heart's content,
Know this from me, that I have learn'd of late,
No more to dote on her that doth me hate.

88

Zenobia to Tamberlain ne'er was
More dear than thou to me, but now, alas!
I find my toyl, my sighs and sobs in vain,
Why should I love, and not be lov'd againe?

92

& now to set a period to my woe,
If thou wilt have me, prithee, tell me so;
If otherwise thou mean'st, thy mind it send,
Resolve me off or on—and there's an end.

96

Printed by and for A. Milbourn, and sold by the Booksellers
of Pye-corner and London-Bridge.

ADDITIONAL NOTES, AND ERRATA.

P. 86.—“MAUDLIN THE MERCHANT’S DAUGHTER OF BRISTOL.” Mr. Payne Collier kindly reminds me of the old play founded upon this ballad, which play he attributes to John Day. This is an additional evidence of the early date of the ballad.

P. 132.—Mr. J. O. Phillipps (better known to the world as James Orchard Halliwell) kindly points out to me that the woodcut which the ballad-printer has employed as a representation of “Mock-Beggar’s Hall, in the spacious countrey called Anywhere,” is not copied from any country house the owners of which were famed for turning away beggars, but really represents a notorious brothel in Southwark, kept by a Mrs. Holland, in the reign of Charles I. This house seems to have been fortified by moat and by drawbridge, so as to delay, if not to prevent, the entrance of the Apparitor of the Ecclesiastical Court, as well as to guard against the virtuous enthusiasm of the apprentices of the City of London, which, added to their love of mischief, and, in some cases, of gain, led them periodically to sack, and to pull down such houses. The woodcut first appeared as a frontispiece to “Holland’s Leaguer” (or Camp), “an Historical Discourse of the Life and Actions of Dona Britannica Hollandia, the Arch Mistris of the wicked Women of Eutopia.” 4to. 1632. The present Holland Street derives its name from this woman, and runs over the site of the house.

P. 308.—“The Lover’s Complaint” is included in the “Royal Garland of Love and Delight,” by T. Deloney, 1681, a copy of which is in the Pepys Library. This is probable, but not certain, evidence that the ballad was written by Deloney. The doubt arises from the comparatively late date of the edition. In many cases additions were made to Garlands reprinted in the second half of the seventeenth century, and their editors were

not particular as to whether the ballads were written by one author or by another. See, for evidence, the introduction to the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses," by Richard Johnson, of which Two editions were edited by the writer, for the Percy Society, thirty or more years ago. The first was of 1612, while Richard Johnson was living, and the second, the reprint of 1659.

P. 339.—A second copy of "The Praise of Nothing" is in the Euing Collection, No. 263. Notice of this oversight is given at p. 481, but it is well to repeat it.

P. 392 and 393.—The references under the two woodcuts should be, to the first, page 393, and to the second, page 392 (instead of p. 394 and p. 393). Their positions were changed after the first proof-sheet.

P. 405.—In consequence of the copyist having mistaken M. P. for S. A. P., a cancel of pages 403, 404, 413, and 414 has been necessary, and those pages are reprinted for the subscribers. The S. A. P. entailed a fruitless search to find out an appropriate author.

ATTRIBUTED AUTHORS IN VOL. II.

- A . . . (R.), p. 607.
 Climsell, or Crimsall (Richard), p. 6, 280, 322, 475 ?
 Crouch (Humfrey), p. 153.
 D . . . (J.), p. 361.
 Deloney (Thomas), p. 659 ?
 Ford (Edward), p. 169.
 Guy (Robert), p. 110, 163, 245.
 Hamdulton (Valentine), *quere* Humbleton, or Hamilton, p. 100.
 Jonson (Ben), p. 80.
 L . . . (M.), p. 136.
 Lowberry (Peter), p. 234.
 M . . . (D.), p. 604.
 Marlowe (Christopher), p. 1.
 Parker (Martin), p. 114, 143, 158, 182, 239, 262 ?, 294, 316, 413,
 554, 581, 586.
 Price (Laurence), p. 111, 513, 610.
 Raleigh (Sir Walter), p. 1, 5.
 S . . . (J.), p. 177.
 Shakespeare, p. 2, 4.

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END OF VOL. II.

Supplementary Volume.

George Washington College

The
Roxburghe Ballads.

Supplementary Volume.

EDITED BY F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., CAMB.

PRINTED FOR
The Ballad Society,
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS,
HERTFORD.

[When starting the *Ballad Society*, I gave a pledge that all Collections undertaken by it should be printed entire. Mr. Chappell wishes to exclude some of the *Roxburghe Ballads* from his edition of the Collection for the Society. Those that he desires so to treat from time to time I shall print in this *Supplementary Volume*.—F. J. FURNIVALL, 2nd April, 1873.]

HERTFORD

STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS, PRINTERS.

Supplementary Volume.

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[Roxb. Coll. I. 242, 243.]

The Maid's Comfort;¹

Dr,

The kinde young Man, who, as many haue said,
Sweet comfort did peeld to a comfortlesse maid.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



Downe in a Garden sits my dearest Loue,
Her skin more white then is the Downe of Swan,
More tender-hearted then the Turtle Doue, 3
And farre more kinde then is the Pellican:
I courted her; she, blushing, rose and said,
“Why was I borne to liue and dye a Maid?” 6

¹ This ballad tells how a lover cured his sweetheart's complaint, “Why was I borne to live and dye a maid?” and then marries her. No other copy of it is known.

"If that be all your griefe, my Sweet," said I,
 "I soone shall ease you of your care and paine,—
 Yeelding a meane to cure your miserie, 9
 That you no more shall cause have to complaine:
 Then be content, Sweeting," to her I said;
 "Be rul'd by me, thou shalt not dye a Maid. 12

"A Medicine for thy griefe I can procure,
 Then wayle no more (my Sweet), in discontent;
 My loue to thee for euer shall endure, 15
 Ile giue no cause whereby thou shouldst repent
 The Match we make; for I will constant proue
 To thee, my Sweeting, and my dearest Loue. 18

"Then sigh no more, but wipe thy watry eyes;
 Be not perplext, my Honey, at the heart:
 Thy beautie doth my heart and thoughts surprise; 21
 Then yeeld me loue, to end my burning smart:
 Shrinke not from me, my bonny Loue," I said;
 "For I haue vow'd, thou shalt not dye a Maid. 24

"Pitty it were, so faire a one as you,
 Adorn'd with Natures chiefest Ornaments,
 Should languish thus in paine, I tell you true: 27
 Yeelding in loue, all danger still preuents;
 Then seeme not coy, nor, Loue, be not afraid,
 But yeeld to me: thou shalt not dye a Maid. 30

"Yeeld me some comfort, Sweeting, I entreat,
 For I am now tormented at the heart;
 My affection's pure, my loue to thee is great, 33
 Which makes me thus my thoughts to thee impart:
 I loue thee deare, and shall doe euermore;
 O pittie me; for loue I now implore!" 36

For her I pluckt a pretty Marigold,
 Whose leaues shut up even with the Euening Sunne,
 Saying, "Sweet-heart, looke now, and doe behold 39
 A pretty Riddle here in 't to be showne:
 This Leafe shut in, even like a Cloystred Nunne,
 Yet will it open when it feels the Sunne. 42

“What meane you by this Riddle, Sir?” she said;
“I pray expound it.” Then he thus began:
“Women were made for Men, and Men for Maids.” 45
With that, she chang’d her colour, and lookt wan.
“Since you this Riddle to me so well have told,
Be you my Sunne, Ile be your Marigold.” 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



I Gaue consent, and thereto did agree
To sport with her within that louely Bower:
I pleasèd her, and she likewise pleas’d mee— 51
Ioue found such pleasures in a Golden Shower.
Our Sports being ended, then she, blushing, said,
“I have my wish, for now I am no Maid. 54
“But, Sir,” (quoth she,) “from me you must not part,
Your companie so well I doe affect;
My loue you haue, now you haue woon my heart, 57
Your louing selfe for euer I respect:
Then goe not from me, gentle Sir,” quoth shee,
“’Tis death to part, my gentle Loue, from thee. 60

"The kindnesse you, good Sir, to me haue showne,
 Shall neuer be forgot, whiles Life remaines :
 Grant me thy loue, and I will be thine owne, 63
 Yeeld her reliefe, that now for loue complaines :
 O leaue me not, to languish in despaire,
 But stay with me, to ease my heart of care. 66

"Your Marigold for euer I will be ;
 Be you my Sunne ; 'tis all I doe desire :
 Your heating Beames yeeld comfort unto me, 69
 My loue to you is feruent and entire—
 Let yours, good Sir, I pray be so to me,
 For I hold you my chiefe felicitie. 72

"Content within your companie I finde,
 Yeeld me some comfort, gentle Sir, I pray,
 To ease my griefe and my tormented minde : 75
 My loue is firme, and neuer shall decay :
 So constant still, (my Sweet,) Ile prove to you,
 Loyall in thoughts, my love shall still be true." 78

"Content thy selfe," (quoth he,) "my onely Deare,
 In loue to thee I will remaine as pure
 As Turtle to her Mate : to thee I sweare 81
 My constant loue for euer shall endure :
 Then weepe no more, sweet comfort Ile thee yeeld,
 Thy beauteous Face my heart with loue hath fill'd." 84

Comfort she found, and straight was made a Wife ;
 It was the onely thing she did desire :
 And she enjoyes a Man loues her as life, 87
 And will doe euer, till his date expire.
 And this for truth, report hath to me told,
 He is her Sunne, and she his Marigold. 90

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 256, 257.]

The Merry Cuckold.¹

Who frolickly taking what chance doth befall,
Is very well pleased with Wife, Hornes and all.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Merry Cuckold.*



YOU married men, whom Fate hath assign'd,
To marry with them that are too much kind,
Learn, as I do, to beare with your wiues;
All you that doe so, shall liue merry lives.

4

I have a Wife, so wanton and so free,
That she, as her life, loues one besides me.
What if she doe? I care not a pin;
Abroad I will goe, when my riual comes in.

8

¹ This shameless fellow is something like the "compere" of Chaucer's cook's "Prentys" (*Cokes Tale*, ll. 55-8). He makes the best of his bad bargain, chuckles over his own dishonour, enjoys himself with the gains from it, and advises his fellow wearers-of-horns to follow his example. No other copy of the ballad is known. Two lines of the original are printed as one here.

I can be merry, and drinke away care
With Claret and Sherry and delicate fare.
My Wife has a Trade that will maintain me :
What though it be said that a Cuckold I be ! 12

While she at home is taking her pleasure,
Abroad I do roome, consuming her treasure :
Of all that she gets, I share a good share ;
She payes all my debts, then for what should I care ? 16

She keepes me braue and gallant in cloathing :
All things I haue, I do want for nothing.
Therefore I conniue and winke at her faults,
And daily I strue against iealous assaults. 20

While for small gaines my neighbours worke hard,
I liue (by her meanes), and never regard
The troubles and cares that belong to this life ;
I spend what few dares : gramercy, good Wife ! 24

Should I be iealous, as other men are,
My breath, like to bellows, the fire of care
Would blow and augment ; therefore I thinke it best
To be well content, though I were Vulcans crest. 28

Many a time vpbraided I am ;
Some say I must dine at the Bull or the Ramme :
Those that do ieere cannot do as I may,
In Wine, Ale, and Beere, spend a noble a day. 32

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



I By experience, rightly do know
That no strife or variances (causes of woe,)
Can make a wife so bent, to liue chast.
Then,¹ in stead of strife, let patience be plac't. 36

If a man had all Argus his eyes,
A wife that is bad will something deuise
To gull him to 's face: then what boores² mistrust,
The hornes to disgrace, though weare it I must! 40

Ile be content with this my hard chance,
And in merrymment my head Ile advance,
Wishing I were but as rich as some men,
Whose wiues chast appeare, yet they 'l kisse now and
then. 44

¹ Thou, *orig.*

² behoves, needs, is the good of. A.S. *gebyrian*, E.E. *buren*, O.N. *byrja*.

One thing¹ to me a great comfort is :
 Still quiet is she, though I do amisse.
 She dares do no other, because she knowes well,
 That gently I smother what most men would tell. 48

If I should raue, her minde would not alter ;
 Her swing she will haue, though 't be in a halter :
 Then sith that I get good gaines by her vice,
 I will not her let, but take share of the price. 52

Why should I vexe and pine in dispaire ?
 I knowe that her sexe are all brittle ware ;
 And he that gets one who constant² abides,
 Obtaines that which none, or but few, haue besides. 56

Yet will I not accuse my wife,
 For nothing is got by railing, but strife.
 I act mine owne sence, intending no wrong :
 No Cuckold nor Queane will care for this song. 60

But a merry Wife that's honest, I know it,
 As deare as her life, will sure love the Poet ;
 And he thats no Cuckold, in Countrey or City,
 Howeuer if lucke hold, will buy this our Ditty. 64

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcock.

¹ trying, *orig.*

² canstant, *orig.*

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